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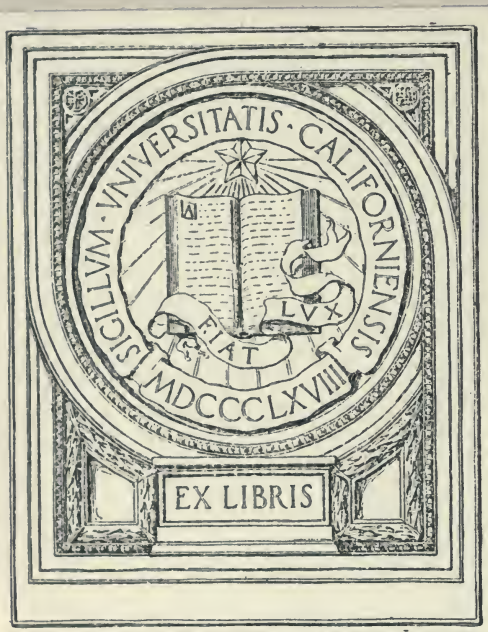
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WATSON'S
Choice Collection
OF
COMIC and SERIOUS
Scots Poems.

THE THREE PARTS, 1706, 1709, 1711,

IN ONE VOLUME.

GLASGOW:
REPRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.
1869.

IMPRESSION

STRICTLY LIMITED TO 165 COPIES

(10 OF WHICH ARE ON LARGE PAPER).

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NOTE TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

THE work known as "Watson's Collection" has long been "extremely scarce," and when a copy has occurred for sale, could only be obtained at an increasingly extravagant price. To meet the demand thus indicated, and render this important work accessible to the growing class of Book Collectors, the present limited *fac simile* reprint was projected; and for the cordial support which it has received from the lovers of our early Scots Literature, who have so promptly subscribed, acknowledgment and thanks are here tendered by

THE PUBLISHERS.

GLASGOW, *Oct.*, 1869.

439526

INTRODUCTION.

In reprinting this Collection, which, as Motherwell says,* "has preserved several interesting parcels "of our vernacular poetry," it may not be considered inappropriate to furnish a few particulars regarding James Watson, to whose enterprise as printer, publisher, and probably also as compiler, we owe the original edition of this, the first compilation of its kind which issued from the Scottish press, and who may therefore be regarded as the pioneer of a revival of literature "in our own Native "Scots Dialect," as well as in that of the Art of Printing in Scotland, both of which had fallen into decay, in consequence of the Civil Wars. The latter had, moreover, been most injuriously affected by the "Extensiveness" of the "Royal Gift" or monopoly of King's Printer, which "one Andrew Anderson," (son of George Anderson, the first printer in Glasgow), in consideration of the "pay-"ment of a composition in Exchequer, and *other* "*weighty reasons*,"† had succeeded, Anno 1671, in obtaining for a period of "Forty-one Years." "By "this Gift," says Watson, "the Art of Printing in "this Kingdom got a dead Stroke; for by it no "printer could print anything, from a Bible to a "Ballad, without Mr. Anderson's Licence."

From the same source, viz., "The Publisher's "Preface" to "The History of the Art of Printing," a work translated from the French, and issued by

* Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern, 1827, Introduction, page lx.
† Vide Acta Sec. Concil, March 14, 1701.

Watson as a sixpenny pamphlet, in 1713, we learn that the choice of profession followed by him, and probably in no small degree his success therein, resulted from the liberality of his grandfather, and of his father, as the latter, who was originally a merchant in Aberdeen, appears to have had his first connection with printing through his advancing "Money to thrice the Value of all they had in "the World" to two Dutch printers who had been brought to Edinburgh, in the first instance, as "Workmen," and who, after several mutations, had acquired the printing establishment, but had become involved in difficulties through the extent of their purchase, "and the ill Payment of most of "their Employers."

From the pamphlet referred to, we also learn that Watson's father befriended the Dutchmen, "From "mere Compassion to them as Strangers, and "being," as he says, "my Mother's Countrymen." In return, "they made over the Printing House" to their benefactor, who appears, in his turn, to have speedily got into difficulties, as, in 1685–6, his landlady, for mails (rent) due by him, pointed his press and goods, but he had them removed to Holyrood, where he also retired, and thus procured for himself and them the privilege of sanctuary. In this conjuncture "He went to Court, to demand," says Watson, "a Debt due to my Grandfather, of Money "lent King Charles II. in his Exile. But finding it "could not be paid at that Time, and having now "got too great a Concern in Printing, crav'd a Gift "of being the Sole Printer of Almanacks in *Scotland*, "which he obtain'd; and was also made Printer to "his Majesty's Family and Household, for which "he was to have a Salary of 100 lib. *Ster. per An-* "*num.* He dy'd *Anno* 1687, when I was young, "whom he had design'd to be bred a Printer; and "brought a Good Workman, for that End, from

" Abroad. Before his Death, he obtain'd a Gift in " my Favour of being King's Printer, after the ex- " piry of Mr. Anderson's Gift; but by his Death, " it was neglected to pass the Seals.

" In *October*, 1687, Peter Bruce (or Bruschii), " an Ingineer, a *German* by Birth, who brought in " the Water to the Wells in *Edinburgh*, by an order " from the then Chancellor, took Possession of my " Father's Printing-House. But the Mob, at the " Revolution, and a pretended Creditor of the " *Dutch*-Mens (who long before were divested of " all their Right in favour of my Father) carried " away the Printing-House, *brevi manu*, and the " pretended Creditor sold it to the Society of Sta- " tioners."

" In 1695" Watson " set up," and was soon doomed to experience the evils of his then perilous calling, as he was apprehended and imprisoned for having printed a book entitled " Scotland's Grievance respecting Darien." He did not, however, long remain in prison, for a rumour having reached Edinburgh, on 19th June, 1700, that the Spaniards had attacked the Scots colonists of Darien, but had been signally routed, these glad tidings raised such a tumult of joy that a large mob quickly assembled, kindled bonfires, forced the citizens to illuminate their windows, and broke the windows of those who declined to manifest their pleasure in this manner. A portion of the mob also forced an entrance into the house of Sir James Stewart, the King's Advocate, and compelled him to sign a warrant for liberating Paterson (no doubt the indefatigable projector of the Darien scheme) and Watson, while another portion of the mob, still more zealous, without waiting for such quasi-legal means of liberation, assaulted the prison, forced an entrance, and set free Paterson, Watson, and the other prisoners. As Watson prudently abstained

from obtruding himself upon public attention, after this opportune outbreak, until the public feeling subsided, Mrs. Anderson, who, on her husband's death, in 1676, had succeeded to his monopoly, and who, in the exercise of it, had "persecuted all the printers "in Scotland," availed herself of these proceedings, and, as stated by Watson, "prevailed with "the Magistrates of *Edinburgh* to discharge" his "Working for some time; and in 1701 obtain'd "a Warrant from the Privy Council, on a false "Representation, to shut up" his "Work-House. "But upon a full Information, given in by" him "to the Lords of Privy Council (wherein all the "printers in Edinburgh concurr'd), and a debate "in presence of their Lordships, she was so well "exposed that she made no attempt afterwards of "that kind." Her allegations were that Watson had been bred a Papist, that he printed Popish and Jacobitical Books, that he had been several times prosecuted, had fled from Justice, and that to enable him to carry on business he had recanted his popish principles and turned Protestant.

"In A.D. 1699, an Edinburgh Gazette was pub-"lished by authority, by James Watson,"* and on February 19, 1705, the first number of "The "Edinburgh Courant," a tri-weekly newspaper, was issued, of which Mr. Adam Boig was the "enter-"priser," and "James Watson, in Craig's Close," the "undertaker" of the printing. It consisted "of "a small folio, in double columns," and contained "about as much matter as a single column of a "newspaper of moderate size."†

On the near approach of the expiration of Mrs. Anderson's patent, Watson opened a negotiation with Robert Freebairn, a printer in Edinburgh, with the view of obtaining for themselves the office of King's

* Arnot's History of Edinburgh, Chap. IV., p. 455.
† Chambers's Domestic Annals of Scotland, Vol. III., p. 314.

Printers for Scotland. He seems to have rested some claim to the privilege on the fact of the King's concession to his father in 1685, which had not passed the Seals. Freebairn entered into the project, and it was agreed that application for the patent should be made in his name. A formal agreement was entered into along with John Baskett (Queen's Printer for England), by which Freebairn, Watson, and Baskett were each to have one-third of the patent, if obtained. Their efforts were successful, and in August, 1711, Freebairn obtained the Queen's warrant for the appointment to himself, his heirs, partners, assignees, or substitutes, for 41 years, and the patent passed the Seals in October the same year, which is also distinguished in the annals of printing as the year in which Baskett printed, at Oxford, his celebrated "Vinegar Bible."

In 1713 Watson issued the "History of Printing," to which reference has already been made, and from the introduction to which, or as he styles it, "The "Publisher's Preface to the Printer's in Scotland,"* the preceding autobiographic extracts have been derived. Watson, also, therein refers "to the Gift "lately obtain'd from Her Majesty," and apologetically explains "That tho' Mrs. Anderson had enjoy'd "her extensive Grant upwards of Forty years, and "was become rich and old; yet she left no Stone "unturn'd to procure a new one: Which Mr. Free-"bairn and I being appris'd of, used our Interest (for "the Ease and Relief of our selves and the other "Printers) to get a Patent in our own Favours, "which we happily obtain'd. You had no Reason "to dread ill Consequences from this Gift, which "is far less extensive than Mr. Anderson's, and

* In this Preface he gives a very interesting account of Printing in Scotland, from the earliest times down to his own day, forming a most valuable contribution to the materials for a history of this art in Scotland.

" gives much greater Liberty to all other Printers. " And I am very hopeful, the Art of Printing " shall lose nothing by Her Majesty's Favour to " us."

But Watson's old enemy, Mrs. Anderson, was not yet done with him, as by working on the avarice of Freebairn, and arranging to become his partner, they, in conjunction with Baskett, combined to represent the late patent " as void, and solicited a warrant " for a new Gift, for the purpose of annulling the " right of Watson, who printed much better than " either."* A lawsuit arose in consequence, and after the customary " law's delay," the Court of Session decided, in June, 1715, in Watson's favour, and, on appeal to the House of Lords, this judgment was affirmed.

On the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1715, Freebairn declared for King James the Eighth, " retired to *Perth*, and set up as the *Pretender's* " printer there, with the instruments the rebels had " brought out of the printing-house at Aberdeen."†

In consequence of this act of treason to the Hanoverian succession, Freebairn forfeited his patent, and a new one, for a like term of 41 years, was gifted in 1716 to Baskett in conjunction with the indefatigable Mrs. Anderson. But if by this fresh combination they expected to extinguish Watson, their hopes were not realized, and, singular to say, even Freebairn was permitted to resume his right as Printer to King George and his successors, who continued to employ Robert Freebairn, *and his assignees*, as printers, till the year 1752.

Several of the most distinguished Scottish writers have highly commended Watson for the excellence and accuracy of his printing. For instance, " in " speaking of the time which succeeded the expira-

* Lee's Memorial for the Bible Societies, note, p. 179.
† Rae's History of the Rebellion, 1715.

" tion of Mrs. Anderson's first patent," Principal Lee remarks that " it would be injustice to an " enterprising and ingenious man to pass over in " silence his neat and carefully executed editions of " the Bible—*some of which have never since been* " *excelled.* Four or five editions of small sizes, " printed in 1715, 1716, 1719, and 1722, are " deservedly in great request. His Folio of 1722 " is also much esteemed. This man, having been " persecuted by his rivals, was provoked to do his " utmost to excel them. How much he surpassed " them in the beauty of his work, is obvious at first " sight. But he was also incomparably more " studious of accuracy than any of his contemporaries " in the same office."*

Principal Lee, as evidence of the pains taken by Watson to secure accuracy, recapitulates certain proceedings in connection with an application made by the latter in the year 1717, to the General Assembly Commission, regarding the printing of the Church Standards, and of the Holy Scriptures. The Commission approved " a proposal tending so much to " the honour of religion," and appointed a committee of " ministers and elders " to supervise the texts. The result was the publication in (1719-22) of " A " Collection of Confessions of Faith, Catechisms, " Directories, Books of Discipline, &c., of public " authority in the Church of Scotland, commonly " known by the name of Dunlop's Confessions," and of various editions of the Bible printed between the years 1719 and 1722. The Folio Bible printed in 1722 being specially mentioned by Principal Lee as " generally valued" on account of its " accuracy."*

But Watson was not wholly occupied with the printing of Church Standards and of Bibles, as in addition to other and more bulky works,† we find

* Lee's Memorial, pp. 187–193.

† See General Index, (17.) (27.), and (28.)

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* Lee's Memorial, pp. 187–193.

† See General Index, (17.) (27.), and (28.)

issuing from his press, in 1718, a very neat reprint in 12mo, of "*The Famous History of the Renown'd and Valiant Prince, Robert, sirnamed the Bruce, King of Scotland:*" by Patrick Gordon, Gentleman; the first edition of which work had been printed at Dort, 1615. And, in 1719, in 12 pp. folio, the celebrated Ballad or Poem entitled

HARDYKNUTE; A FRAGMENT.

Watson set up his first printing house in Warriston Close, north side of High Street, but in 1697 he removed to Craig's Close, opposite the Cross, where he continued to print while he lived, and after his death it was long called "The King's Printing "House." In 1709 he opened a bookseller's shop, "next door to the Red Lion, opposite to the "Luckenbooths," which faced St. Giles' Church, High Street, which shop he continued to occupy during the remainder of his chequered life. He died on 24th September, 1722, and was buried in the Greyfriars Churchyard, his obituary in the newspapers styling him, as does his celebrated Folio Bible of the same year, "His Majesty's Printer." Notwithstanding the persecutions of Mrs. Anderson, and other rivals, his business appears to have proved lucrative, as may reasonably be inferred from the following obituary notice which appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, of 26th August, 1731—"Last Tuesday, "died Mrs. Heriot, late the widow of Mr. James "Watson, His Majesty's Printer, by whom she had "a very considerable estate, a great part of which "comes to her present husband."

Our best thanks are due to Mr. David Laing for several suggestions, kindly furnished by him during the course of the work through the press.

R. A.

GLASGOW, *Sept.*, 1869.

GENERAL INDEX.

THE quotations initialed A. C. have been extracted from "An Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland," by Alexander Campbell, 1798, 4to—a work of which "90 copies only" were "printed." Pages 151–65 of said work contain "a notice in detail" of "the contents" of Watson's Collection.

PART I.

PAGE

1. Christ's Kirk on the Green, ... 1

"Composed (as was supposed)," the 1st edition, as here reprinted, states, "by King James V." (1512–42), but the 2nd edition (1713) substitutes "King James I." (1394–1436). It appears in the Bannatyne MS. (1568), where it is ascribed to James I., and in the Maitland Folio MS. (1555–86), but without author's name. The earliest known printed edition appeared anno 1663, and in 1691 an edition with notes was published by Bishop Gibson, which latter edition Watson appears to have followed. Authorities differ as to the authorship.

2. The Blythesome Wedding, ... 8

"The first of the Sangs of the Lowlands to be met with in print." A. C., p. 10.

3. The Banishment of Poverty, ... 11

(2.) Is usually ascribed to Francis Sempill of Beltrees, (obiit. 1682); and (3.) is unquestionably his production. See infra (8.) and (48.)

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4. Lintoun Address to the Prince of Orange, 17
By Alexander Pennecuik, M.D., of Newhall, Edinburghshire (1652–1722). It exists as a Broadside, dated 1689, and is contained in his "Description of Tweeddale and Curious Collection of Select Scotish Poems." Edinburgh, 1715. 4to.

5. The Poor Client's Complaint, . . . 21
Translated from the Latin of Buchanan, by "Andrew Simpsone, Episcopale Minister," as is certified by a curious MS. note on a Broadside copy of the poem, in the Advocate's Library. Simpsone wisely relinquished preaching and took to printing. He wrote a curious book on the patriarchs, in verse, entitled "Tripatriarchicon, &c. Edinburgh, printed by the Author, 1705." A work esteemed by the book collector for its rarity, and by the book reader for its absurdity.

6. The Speech of a Fife Laird, . . . 25

7. Habbie Simson, the Piper of Kilbarchan, 32
"Standard Habbie." So styled by Ramsay from its form of stanza being adopted as a standard for much of our subsequent Scots poetry.

8. Epitaph on Sanny Briggs, . . . 36
(7.) Certainly, and (8.) probably, written by Robert Sempill of Beltrees (1595–1668), father of Francis Sempill. Mr. David Laing possesses two early Broadside copies of (7.), in both of which the second last verse is omitted. See ante (2.) and (3.), and infra (48.)
For particulars regarding "The Poems of the Sempills of Beltrees," see "First Collected Edition, with Notes and Biographical Notices of their Lives. Edin. 1849."

9. The Mare of Collingtoun, by P. D., . 39
A "piece of considerable merit." A. C., p. 155.

10. The Last Dying Words of Bonny Heck, 68
"A pretty little pathetic piece of poetry as ever was written." A. C., p. 155. By Lieut. William Hamilton of Gibertfield (1670–1751), poetical correspondent of Allan Ramsay, and author of the modernised and vulgarised version of "Henry's Wallace."
For Sibbald's opinion of (7.), (9.) and (10.), see Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, vol. iv., p. xlv.

Six Poems, (11.) *to* (16.) *inclusive, by Captain Alexander Montgomery* (15— *to* 16—). *See also infra* (33.)

"Three of his productions, namely, *Echo*, the *Flyting*, and the *Cherrie and the Slae*, are quoted in 'Ane Schort Treatise, conteining some Revlis and Cautelis to be obseruit and eschewit, in Scottis Poesie,' published by King James," in his work entitled *The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie*. Edin., 1584, 4to. See "Poems of Alexander Montgomery." Edin., 1821, p. xiv.

Campbell's remark, with reference to the orthography of "The Cherry and the Slae" (12.), is applicable to all Montgomery's poems here published, as compared with the versions in the MSS. and in the early printed copies.

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11. A Sweet Sonnet to the Blessed Trinity, . 71
Appears in the Drummond MS.

12. The Cherry and the Slae, . . . 71
"The orthography observed in this copy is modern compared with that in Ramsay's Evergreen." A. C., p. 156. Ramsay professedly followed the edition printed by Andro Hart, anno 1615, which edition is said to have been "newly altered, perfyted, and divided into 114 quatorziems, not long before the author's death." "Lord Hailes, Ritson, and other poetical antiquaries," are reported to have searched in vain for this said edition of Hart. Pinkerton, in his "List of the Scotish Poets," prefixed to "Ancient Scotish Poems," vol. i., p. 118, refers to an edition printed in 1595; but no one else seems to have discovered one of an earlier date than 1597.

13. Captain A. Montgomery, his Lamentation, 124
Appears in the Bannatyne MS. under the title of "A Godly Prayer."

14. The Solsequium, ... 126
Appears in the Bannatyne and Drummond MSS. In Lord Hailes Preface to "Ancient Scottish Poems" (1770), it is stated (p. vi.) that "*The Comparison*, and *The Solsequium*, are the work of the Earl of Stirling." This appears to be either a misprint or an awkward slip, as the reference evidently is to "four lines of a comparison, 'The bramble growis,' which, in the Evergreen, follow the *Solsequium*, and which four lines are attributed to Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling." See "Poems of Alexander Montgomery," 1821, p. 313, note 165. In the Bannatyne MS. (13.) and (14.) are erroneously ascribed to *Robert* Montgomery.

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15. Psalm xxxvi., ... 127

16. His Morning Muse, ... 128

(15.) and (16.) do not appear in either of the MSS., but are subjoined to all the ordinary editions of "The Cherry and the Slae."

17. Polemo-Middinia, ... 129

By William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585–1649). It was published by Bishop Gibson, in 1691, and is included in an edition of Drummond's Works, in one vol., folio, 1711. Printed by Watson, under the superintendence of Bishop Sage and Thomas Ruddiman. See infra (29.)

18. Poems on the King and Queen of Fairy—Latin and English, ... 135

By Archibald Pitcairne, an eminent physician of Edinburgh (1652–1713). Walter Dennestoune was his *nom-de-plume*. He is the author of "Babell, a Poem," printed from the MS., for the Maitland Club, by G. K. Kinloch; "The Assembly, a Comedy. London, 1722." &c., &c.

19. Hollow, My Fancie (17 stanzas), . . 142

Partly written by Lieut.-Colonel William Clelland (1661–1683), and published in a posthumous "Collection of several Poems and Verses," 1697, 8vo. For an interesting account of his Life and Poems, see Irving's "History of Scottish Poetry." Edinburgh, 1861. Pp. 581–5. The Percy Folio MS. (printed text, vol. 2, p. 32), contains a version of six stanzas, which differs considerably from that published in this Collection both in phraseology and arrangement. The Note (p. 142) prefixed to the text here printed is not quite accurate, as the last stanza, which is there ascribed to Clelland, is evidently derived from the concluding stanza of the Percy MS. version. The stanzas in Watson, and not in the Percy MS., are the 3rd, and the 7th to 16th inclusive.

PART II.

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20. Robert III. of Scotland's Answer to Henry IV. of England, . . . iii

"Maid by Deine David Steil," as stated in Maitland Folio MS. (1555–86), in pages 107–13, of which the poem is transcribed. It is mentioned in the "Complaint of Scotland" (1549). Exists as a Broadside, of about the year 1680, in the Pepysian Library, and was printed at Edinburgh, in 1700, 8vo, p. 8. (See Mr. David Laing's "Early Metrical Tales," p. 207.)

21. King James the VI.'s Queen's Entry into Edinburgh, May, 1590, . . . 1

22. The Passage of the Pilgrimer (2 parts), . 16

(21. and 22.) By John Bvrel, burgess of Edinburgh. A copy of his poems, printed by Waldegrave, Edinburgh (1595–6), and supposed to be unique, was sold at Bright's sale.

23. Sir Thomas Maitland's Satyr upon Sir Niel Laing, ... 54

By Thomas, third son of Sir Richard Maitland, to the latter of whom we owe the Maitland MSS.

24. Sir John the Grahame's Epitaph. Latin and Translation, ... 54

Sir John the Grahame, the compatriot of Wallace, fell at the battle of Falkirk, 1298, and was buried in Falkirk churchyard. Over his remains was placed a gravestone, inscribed, in Latin and English, with the Epitaphs in Part III., p. 97. In Nimmo's "History of Stirlingshire, 1777," it is recorded that "when some of Cromwell's English troops were stationed at Falkirk, one of the officers desired the schoolmaster of that town to translate the Latin lines, which he did in the" words of this translation. Baties or Bawties means dogs.

25. Epithalamium on the Marriage of Mary Queen of Scots, ... 55

A wretched translation from the Latin of George Buchanan (1506–1582). See Note, Part II., p. 66. See also ante (5.)

PAGE

26. William Lithgow, his Epitaph, . . 67

"Silly verses on a worthless drunken body." A. C., p. 158. They subsequently appeared in a volume entitled "A Collection of Scots Poems, on several occasions, by the late Mr. Alexander Pennecuick, Gentleman, and others." Edinburgh, 1756.

This Alexander Pennecuick was a burgess of Edinburgh, and must not be confounded with his uncle, the Laird of Newhall (See ante 4.)

27. Cælia's Country House and Closet, . . 71

"By Sir George Mackenzie, of Rosehaugh" (1636–91), known as "the bloody Mackenzie." Watson published a collected edition of his Works, with a Life, in 2 vols., folio, Edinburgh, 1716–22.

28. On the Names of the Actors of some Philosophical Disputations, . . 93

Percy, in the 1st edition of his *Reliques*, gave these verses as a specimen of the poetical talents of "Jamie the Sapient and Sext," but subsequently excluded them, "it having been suggested to" him "that the King only gave the quibbling commendations in prose, and that some obsequious court rhymer put them into metre." The royal pedant is also supposed to have been similarly indebted for "The Psalms of King David, translated by King James," reprinted "on a beautiful type and fine paper by the celebrated James Watson. Edinburgh, 1712." 8vo. A. C., p. 68.

29. Forth Feasting. By William Drummond, . 95

First published in "The Muses Welcome to King James." Edinburgh, 1618. See also ante (17.)

30. On Love—"Love's like a Game at Tables," 114

31. On a Gentlewoman that was Painted, . 115

32. On Returning late at Night from Court, . 116

(30 to 32.) inclusive, by Sir Robert Aytoun, of Kinaldie, Fifeshire (1570–1638). See Index, end of Part II. For other poems by him, see infra (34. to 41.) inclusive; and for others ascribed to him, more or less directly, see infra (48., 52. and 57.)

A MS. of his Latin Poems (circa. 1610) is preserved in the Advocates' Library, and several poems of his, in the same language, appeared in the *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*.

PART III.

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33. The Flyting betwixt Polwart and Montgomery, ... 1

By Captain Alexander Montgomery (see ante 11. to 16. inclusive), and Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth (obiit. 1609). An edition of this poem, printed by Andro Hart, 1621, in 4to., existed at one time in the Harleian Library. Two editions, one "by the Heires of Andro Hart," and the other "by the heirs of Thomas Finlayson," "for john Wood," were also printed at Edinburgh in 1629. (See "Poems of Alexander Montgomery," p. 100.)

The last-named disputant in this apparently good-humoured interchange of literary billingsgate, was author of "The Promine," on "King James the Sext, his first passing to the Fieldes." "Imprentit at Edinburgh be Johne Ros, for Henry Chartres, 1580," and reprinted by Mr. David Laing in his "Select Remains of the Ancient Poetry of Scotland." Edinburgh, 1822.

The eight following (34. *to* 41.) *inclusive were writ by Sir Robt. Aytoun. See also ante* (30. *to* 32.) *inc.*

34. On Diophantus and Charidora, . . 33

35. On Love—"There is no worldly Pleasure here below," 39

36. On the Lady Maderty, ... 41

37. On a Woman's Inconstancy; and the Answer, ... 41

38. On King James the VI., . . . 44

39. To Queen Anne, on a New-Year's-Day, 1604, ... 44

40. On Prince Henry's Death: to Prince Charles, ... 45

41. On Sir W. Alexander's Monarchical Tragedies, ... 46

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42. The Country Wedding — "Rob's Jock came to Wooe our Jennie," . . 46

The Bannatyne MS. contains 10 stanzas, while Watson's version extends to 16 stanzas. The latter is, moreover, considerably modernised and "altered much to the worse." The MS. version was published by Lord Hailes in his "Ancient Scottish Poems, 1770," and it is still more correctly printed by Mr. David Laing in his "Select Remains of the Ancient Poetry of Scotland."

43. The Parallel—"Our Love of others," &c., 51

44. A Translation of Ovid's 10 Eligie, lib. 3, Amorum, ... 52

45. Formula Lauream Candidatis dandi in Collegio Buterensi, ... 56

"I know not by whom those curious pieces were composed—the scene is laid in Aberdeen." (Anno 1699–71.) A. C., p. 162.

46 The Tunnice-Court, ... 69

47. The Election — "Some loves a Woman for her Wit," 71

Mr. Maidment, in his "Scottish Ballads and Songs," Edinburgh, 1859, pages 79–80, reprints "These pleasing verses from 'Several Scots Poems,' printed at Edinburgh in 1745, and containing, Seven curious Poems, composed by the Great Montrose, &c. It is not unlikely," he shrewdly adds, "that the Song has appeared in some other shape, which has escaped the notice of the Editor."

48. Old-Long-Syne (2 parts), ... 71

"Has been traced in Broadsides prior to the close of the Seventeenth century." Chambers' "*Songs of Scotland prior to Burns*," p. 274.

In "The Poems of the Sempills of Beltrees," pp. lxxiii.–iv., this earliest known version of a song which Burns has rendered famous, is ascribed to Francis Sempill, on the authority of some MSS.—not holograph of the alleged author—now or lately in the possession of one of his descendants. The editor of Sir Robert Aytoun's Poems (Edinburgh, 1844) states that the song, as here published, was rendered into English by Sir Robert Aytoun.

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49. The Indifferent Lover — "'Tis not your Beauty nor your Wit," . . . 74

50. The Constant Lover—"The Adamant doth draw indeed," 77

51. The Careless Lover—"I Scorn the State of that Lover's Condition," . . . 78

52. Lady Anne Bothwel's Balow, . . . 79
"The unhappy lady into whose mouth some unknown poet has put this lament, is now ascertained to have been Anne, daughter to Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney. Her faithless lover was her cousin, Alexander Erskine, son to the Earl of Mar. Lady Anne is said to have possessed great beauty, and Sir Alexander was reputed the handsomest man of his age. He was first a colonel in the French army, but afterwards engaged in the service of the Covenanters, and came to his death by being blown up, with many other persons of rank, in Dunglass Castle, on the 30th of August, 1640." Prof. Child's English and Scottish Ballads, vol. iv., p. 123. See page xxv.

53. A disswasive from Women; and An Answer, ... 82

54. Elegy on the Death of a Mistress, . . 85

55. On the Lady Cast - - - n, . . . 87

56. In praise of Woman. By Montrose, . 88
See infra (66. to 72.) inclusive.

57. On Black Eyes. By [George] my Lord Gordon (1617-45), ... 88
Eldest son of George, Second Marquis of Huntly. He was killed at the battle of Alford, Aberdeenshire, while in command of the right wing of the army led by the gallant Marquis of Montrose.

58. A Lover's Lamentation—"King Priamus had no more Pain," 89
"This is a poor attempt at Epigram." A. C., p. 164.

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59. Inconstancy Reproved — "I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair," . . . 91

Appeared in Playford's *Select Ayres*, 1659, under the title of a "*Song to his forsaken Mistress*, set to music by Henry Lawes." It is generally attributed to Sir Robert Aytoun, and was included in his Poems. Edinburgh, 1844. Robert Chambers points out that "the resemblance of the style of sentiment and diction to *Anne Bothwell's Lament* can scarcely be overlooked." *Songs of Scotland prior to Burns*, p. 272.

60. On the Death of John [Eleventh] Earl of Errol. (Obiit. December, 1704,) . 92

61. On the Death of Sir Charles Maitland, . 95

62. On the Death of Sir John the Grame, . 97

See ante (24.)

63. Lady Callendar's Epitaph, 1659, . . 97

This "Phœnix of her sex" was Margaret, daughter of the Earl of Yester, widow of the Earl of Dunfermline, and afterwards the wife of the first Earl of Callendar.

(60. to 63.) inclusive—"Are in the usual style of general commendation, which may apply to John Doe, or Richard Roe, as well as to those whose memories are immortalized in attempts at Elegy." A. C., p. 164.

64. On Judge Smith and Moseley, by S. Colvin, 1667, ... 98

Samuel Colvin—or rather Colville—is said to have been a younger son of Lady Colville of Culross, the author of "Ane Godly Dream, compylit in Scottish meter. Edinburgh, 1603." He wrote "The Whiggs Supplication—or the Scots Hudibras, a mock poem. London, 1681."

65. The Woman's Universe (1652)—"Wit's Blue-eyed Maid, Industrious Art," . 99

"This is a rude, unmannerly satire on woman, obscene in no small degree, and somewhat witty." A. C., p. 164.

Seven Poems (66. *to* 72.) *inclusive, by James Grahame, Marquis of Montrose. Born,* 1612; *beheaded,* 1650. *See also ante* (56.)

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66. "My Dear and only Love" (2 parts), . 107

67. "There's nothing in this World can prove," 112

68. "Unhappy is the Man," . . . 113

69. "Burst not, my Soul, in main of Tears," 114

70. "Can Little Beasts with Lions roar," . 115

71. On King Charles I.—"Great, Good, and Just, could I but rate," . . . 116

72. On hearing what was his [own] Sentence, 116

Of the above poems attributed to the great Marquis of Montrose, Dr. Irving (Hist. of Scot. Poetry, pp. 563–6) supposes it not "improbable that some or all of them had been printed in a fugitive form, on those frail and evanescent papers commonly denominated Broadsides." (66.) and (71.) at least exist in that form, as at the late Mr. Sim of Coultermains' sale, there was sold a copy of the former, comprising both parts. It is illustrated with two rude woodcut portraits, one of Charles II. and the other of J. G., Marquis of Montrose, and bears the title—"An excellent new Ballad, commonly known by the name of Montrose's Lines—to its own proper tune;" while a copy of the latter (which is in the possession of James Maidment, Esq.) bears the title—"Epitaphs. The first written by the Marquis of Montrose with the point of his Sword." This last poem is also "to be found, with his (Montrose's) name annexed, in a collection of papers relative to the unfortunate Charles, printed A.D. 1649." It is, moreover, printed or referred to in other publications of an early date. Of the other pieces no earlier copies than those here reprinted are known to exist.

73. King Charles' Lament—"You Gods and Goddesses that rules in Helicon," . 117

"Lamentable indeed, but more deplorable in its construction than the woes it commemorates. Alas! poor Charles!" A. C., p. 164.

The work concludes thus—

"THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME."

From which it appears that "the Undertaker" intended to issue, at least, another volume; but as the intention was never carried into effect, the work must be regarded as complete in its present form.

A second edition of Part I. appeared in 1713; but with the exception that, on page 1, it substitutes King James the First in place of King James the Fifth, as the supposed author of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," the changes are unimportant, being merely orthographical or typographical—the latter consisting in the substitution of capitals for small letters, and *vice versa*.

Alexander Campbell, in the work already referred to and quoted from, describes this "volume" as "containing several scarce and fugitive pieces," the publishing of which "marks an era," as he states, "wherein Scotish verse, strictly so called, that had given place to the more polished language of the South, was again revived," inasmuch "as in it appear, for the first time, after the accession of the Sixth James to the throne of England, any specimen of poetry in the Scotish low country dialect."

Mr. Maidment, the latest editor of Scottish Ballads, alludes to Watson thus—"It is a matter of much regret that he had not preserved many of the songs and ballads which existed in his time, but which have subsequently disappeared. He would have been at least a faithful editor, and not have attempted those alterations which Allan Ramsay has taken with many of the poems in the Evergreen."—*Scottish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditionary*. Edin. 1868. Vol. II., p. 44.

LADY ANNE BOTHWEL'S BALOW.

In the Percy Folio MS. (printed text), the editors have inserted an attack upon Watson's version of, and questioned the correctness of the title given by him to this ballad. It is considered advisable, therefore, to review the matter in this place somewhat in detail—furnishing, first, an account of the various versions of the ballad, MS. and printed; next, a reply to Mr. Chappell's "Statement" in the work above referred to; and, last, a table showing the order and correspondence of the stanzas in the different versions.

In Brome's *Northern Lass*, 1632, two stanzas are printed, which, however, do not occur verbatim in any other version.

Four versions of the *ballad* exist in MS.:—(I.) Pinkerton's, 1625–49, which MS. is now in the possession of Mr. David Laing, and is said to contain two *Balowes*, viz., (I. A.) Palmer's, and (I. B.) Allan's; (II.) Gamble's, 1649; (III.) Percy's, 1650; and (IV.) Roger's, 1658. (I. A.) and (II.) each consist "of six stanzas nearly verbatim;" (III.) has one stanza additional; and (IV.) omits two stanzas; but in other respects the four MS. versions are almost identical.

With the exception of the two stanzas mentioned above, Watson's (Part III., 1711, pp. 79–82) is the earliest existing version which appeared in print. It consists of thirteen stanzas, as does also Ramsay's, which appeared in the *Tea Table Miscellany*, 1724. The two last versions substantially agree, but Professor Child justly regards "the latter as the better version of the two, and equally authentic;" and it has, moreover, been adopted, with but slight variations, by Thomson in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, and by nearly all subsequent editors of Scotish ballad lore. Bishop Percy, in his *Reliques*, 1765, printed seven stanzas from his Folio MS., "corrected by [the version] in Allan Ramsay's *Miscellany*," the title in which last he adopted. Pinkerton, in his *Scotish Tragic Ballads*, 1781, p. 113, alleges that the two *Balowes* in his MS. "are injudiciously mingled in Ramsay's edition, and" that "several stanzas" have been "added;" which statement, if correct, is equally applicable to Watson's version. At p. 59 of the work referred to, Pinkerton also prints four selected stanzas, regarding which he explains, p. 113, that the three first stanzas [1, 4 and 2 of Watson's version] are taken from (I. A.), and that the fourth [which corresponds with Watson's and Ramsay's last] is taken from (I. B.). Mr. David Laing, however, designates Mr. Pinkerton's text as "utterly worthless."

An "account of the original personages of the Ballad," confirmatory of tradition, of the title given by Watson, and of the circumstances narrated in his version, as derived from "a passage in Father Hay's History of the Holyroodhouse Family," appeared in Chambers' *Scottish Ballads*, 1829, pp. 133–4 [not "p. 118," as stated in Percy MS., vol. iii., p. 515, note 3], and as a note to the *Scots*

Musical Museum, Song cxxx., in *Illustrations of the Lyric Poetry of Scotland*, 1853, pp. 203–5*. Mr. Chambers was indebted for the first account to, while the second is from the pen of, the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq.; and the information they convey has been ably summarised by Professor Child, in *English and Scottish Ballads*, as quoted ante (52.), page xxi.

In the Percy Folio MS. (printed text), vol. iii., 1868, under the heading *Balowe*, pp. 515–23, the MS. versions (II., III. and IV.) are printed; (III.) as the text, and the other two in the lengthened Introduction which precedes it. (I. A.) and (I. B.) are also referred to in a note, p. 516; while a "Statement," which "Mr. Chappell has been good enough to draw up, at some trouble," is incorporated in the Introduction.

The answers to his assertions, as therein contained, are—

Let Mr. Chappell, or any one else, produce a duly authenticated "sixteenth century" copy, or even fragment, and show that the alleged allusions "of our early dramatists" relate to, or that the tune accompanied the words of, any version of this Ballad, at or prior to "1599."

The Pinkerton MS., if not earlier, is at least as early as the earliest of the MSS. named by Mr. Chappell; but even if it were not so, does Mr. Chappell mean to assert that Scotish productions were not preserved in English MSS.?

It is probable that Watson's version was printed from an early Broadside, as it bears the rude tokens of such an origin; but it is not at all probable that the Broadside was an English one, and it must surely have been printed considerably earlier than the one which Evans "reprinted in his *Old Ballads*, &c., edit. 1810"!!!

Watson's Collection, Part III., was printed not "in 1713," but in 1711; and no "particular honour" is therein "claimed for Lady Anne Bothwel" on account of her misfortune. Will Mr. Chappell name the "Scotch antiquaries" who "have been very busy in searching into the *scandalous* History of the Bothwel family?" As already stated, C. K. Sharpe, Esq., derived from a family record the "account," which appears to be accepted as conclusive by every one but Mr. Chappell and his disciple Mr. Furnivall. This "account" Mr Chappell quietly ignores, and in papal style absolves "the whole race" of Bothwel from Watson's "imputation"—a stretch of charity bordering upon the sublime, but, unfortunately, utterly at variance with fact. His excess of charity, in this instance, may, however, be meant to atone for his lack of it towards the "Scotch antiquaries."

With reference to the lines ascribed to Montrose, Mr. Chappell adduces no reason why Watson should be blamed for printing them as he, no doubt, found them. (See ante, page xxiii.)

The same remark is equally applicable to Watson's version of "Lady Anne Bothwel's Balow," which is admittedly corrupt, and much inferior to Ramsay's, which last was probably derived or revised from the Pinkerton or some similar MS.

The "added" stanzas, above alluded to, are doubtless the work

of an inferior writer, and were probably written (see stanzas 10, 11, 12) shortly after the tragedy at Dunglass Castle, 1640, about which time the Ballad was also probably issued in an enlarged and *amended* form as a Broadside. Looking at the whole tenor of the Ballad, it is not at all probable that the writer, amender, or reciter, meant to convey any such meaning as the vulgar construction put upon lines 3 and 4 of stanza 3 by Mr. Chappell; and the writer of note 1, p. 520, vol. iii., Percy MS., may be informed that the corresponding stanza, as "polished" or "altered," was printed by Mr. R. Chambers verbatim from Ramsay's stanza 5.

As to the absence of "Scotch" words—Mr. Chappell is either not aware of, or he ignores the fact, that the Scotish poets of the period in question wrote in English—as, for instance, the Earl of Stirling, Drummond of Hawthornden, the Marquis of Montrose, and Sir Robert Aytoun. The last named, from the nature of his official connection with the court, must have been generally resident in London, in which city he died in 1638; and Mr. Robert Chambers suggests, with some considerable degree of probability, that he may have been the author of "Lady Anne Bothwel's Lament,"—as it appears in MSS. I. and II. See *Songs of Scotland prior to Burns*, page 272.

It may here be noted, as a curious coincidence, that two of Sir Robert Aytoun's Poems "are to be found" in Pinkerton's MS. (See *Scotish Tragic Ballads*, 1781, pp. 116–8.) It may also be mentioned that Richard Brome, who wrote *The Northern Lass*, was servant to Ben Johnson, the latter of whom boasted that "Sir Robert Aytoun loved him dearly."

But if the "lazy Southrons," who wrote the flippant and blundering Introduction to the *Balowe* of the Percy MS., will persist in thinking that "Lady Anne Bothwel" is not the *Northern Lass* of the Ballad, and will insist that "the sad lady and her lover are still to seek," by all means let them prosecute the Wild Goose chase.

The order of the corresponding stanzas is as follows:—

VERSIONS.	STANZAS.
WATSON'S, . . .	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.
RAMSAY'S, . . .	1, 2, 5, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, 4, 11, 10, 12, 13.
GAMBLE'S, . . .	1, 2, –, 3, 6, –, –, 5.
PERCY'S, ...	1, 3, –, 2, 6, –, –, 7.
ROGER'S, ...	1, 3, –, 2, 4.

The two stanzas in *The Northern Lass* bear some resemblance to stanzas 8 and 2 of Watson's version.

The Percy MS. stanza 5, is also, to some extent, an echo of Watson's stanza 2, and the corresponding stanzas of the other versions, Percy's included.

The last couplet of Watson's stanza 10 breathes the same sentiment of undying attachment as Gamble's and Percy's stanza 4.

A

Choice Collection

OF

COMIC and SERIOUS

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BOTH

ANCIENT and MODERN.

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PART I.

Quicquid agunt Homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, diſcurſus, noſtri eſt farrago Libelli.

EDINBURGH,
Printed by *James Watſon:* Sold by *John Vallange.*
M. DCC. VI.

THE *PUBLISHER* TO THE READER.

AS the frequency of Publiſhing Collections of Miſcellaneous Poems in our Neighbouring Kingdoms and States, may, in a great meaſure, juſtify an Undertaking of this kind with us; ſo 'tis hoped, that this being the firſt of its Nature which has been publiſh'd in our own Native Scots *Dialect, the Candid Reader may be the more eaſily induced, through the Conſideration thereof, to give ſome Charitable Grains of Allowance, if the Performance come not up to ſuch a Point of Exactneſs as may pleaſe an over nice Palate. And ſince*

ſince the Undertaker depends much on ſuch Generous Helps as he expects from the Repoſitories of ſome Curious and Ingenious Gentlemen, who take pleaſure in keeping ſeveral Comic and Diverting Poems by them; the Reader is not to look for an exact Precedency as to the Priority or order of Time in which the ſeveral following Poems were firſt Compoſed: yet at the ſame time, as a Teſt of the Undertaker's Care to pleaſe his Reader as much as he can, this firſt Eſſay is chiefly compoſed of ſuch Poems as have been formerly Printed moſt Uncorrectly, in all reſpects, but are now copied from the moſt Correct Manuſcripts that could be procured of them. And it is intended, that the next Collection ſhall conſiſt wholly of Poems never before Printed, moſt of them being already in the Undertaker's Hands, and ſhall (God willing) be publiſh'd at or before the firſt day of November *next.*

Pro captu Lectoris habent ſua fata Libelli.

Chriſt's Kirk on the Green.

Compoſed (as was ſuppoſed) by King James *the Fifth.*

WAs ne'er in *Scotland* heard nor ſeen
ſuch Dancing and Deray;
Neither at *Faulkland* on the Green,
nor *Peebles* at the Play,
As was of Wooers as I ween
at *Chriſt's Kirk* on a day:
For there came *Katie* waſhen clean
with her new Gown of Gray,
Full gay that day.

To dance theſe Damoſels them dight,
theſe Laſſes light of laits,
Their Gloves were of the Raffal right,
their Shoes were of the Straits;
Their Kirtles were of *Lincoln*-light,
well preſt with many Plaits;
They were ſo nice when Men them neigh'd
they ſquell'd like any Gaits,
Full loud that day.

Of all theſe Maidens mild as Mead,
was none ſo gimp as *Gillie*,
As any Roſe her Rude was red,
her Lire was like the Lillie,
But yellow yellow was her Head,
and ſhe of Love ſo ſilly,

Though all her Kin had ſworn her dead
ſhe would have none but *Willie*
Alone that day.

She ſcorn'd *Jack*, and ſcripped at him,
and murgeon'd him with Mocks;
He would have lov'd her, ſhe would not let him
for all his yellow Locks.
He cheriſht her, ſhe bade go chat him,
ſhe counted him not two clocks:
So ſhamefully his ſhort Jack ſet him,
his Legs were like two Rocks,
Or Rungs that day.

Tom Lutter was their Minſtrel meet,
good Lord, how he could lance;
He play'd ſo ſhril, and ſang ſo ſweet
while *Touſie* took a Trance:
Old *Lightfoot* there he could foreleet,
and counterfitted *France*,
He held him like a Man diſcreet,
and up the *Morice* Dance
He took that day.

Then *Stephen* came ſtepping in with ſtends,
no rink might him arreſt;
Splayfoot did bob with many bends,
for *Maſie* he made requeſt,
He lap while he lay on his lends,
and riſing was ſo preaſt,
While he did hoaſt at both the Ends
for honour of the Feaſt,
And danc'd that day.

Then *Robin Roy* began to revel,
and *Touſie* to him drugged:

Let

Let be, quoth *Jack*, and call'd him Jevel,
and by the Tail him rugged,
Then *Kenſie* clicked to a Kevel,
God wots as they two lugged;
They parted there upon a Nevel,
Men ſay that Hair was rugged
Between them twa.
With that a friend of his cry'd fy,
and forth an Arrow drew:
He forged it ſo fiercefully,
the Bow in flinders flew,
Such was the Grace of God, trow I,
for had the Tree been true;
Men ſaid, who knew his Archery,
that he had ſlain anew,
Belyve that day.
A yap young Man that ſtood him neiſt,
ſoon bent his Bow in ire,
And etled the Bairn in at the Breaſt,
the Bolt flew ov'r the Bire:
And cry'd fy, he hath ſlain a Prieſt
a mile beyond the Mire:
Both Bow and Bagg from him he kieſt,
and fled as faſt as Fire
From Flint that day.
An haſty Kinſman called *Hary*,
that was an Archer keen,
Tyed up a tackle withoutten tarry,
I trow the Man was teen:
I wot not whether his hand did vary,
or his Foe was his Friend:

But he eſcap't by the mights of *Mary*
as one that nothing mean'd
But good that day.
Then *Lawrie* like a Lion lap,
and ſoon a Flain could fedder:
He height to pierce him at the pape,
thereon to wed a Wedder:
He hit him on the wamb a wap,
it buff't like any Bladder.
He ſcaped ſo, ſuch was his hap;
his Doublet was of Leather
Full fine that day.
The buff ſo boiſterouſly abaiſt him,
that he to th' Earth duſht down,
The other Man for dead there left him,
and fled out of the Town.
The Wives came forth, and up they reft him
and found life in the Lown;
Then with three routs they raiſed him
and cur'd him out of ſown,
Fra hand that day.
The Miller was of manly make,
to meet him it was no mowes:
There durſt not Ten-ſome there him take
ſo cowed he there powes,
The Buſhment whole about him brake
and bickered him with Bows,
Then traiterouſly behind his back,
they hack'd him on the howes
Behind that day.
Then *Hutchon* with a Hazel rice
to red gan through them rummil:

He

He muddl'd them down like any Mice
he was no petty bummil,
Tho he was wight, he was not wiſe,
with ſuch jutors to jummil:
For from his Thumb there flew a ſlice
while he cry'd barlafummil,
I'm ſlain this day.

When that he ſaw his *B*lood ſo red
to flee might no man let him:
He trow'd it had been for old feed;
he thought and bade have at him.
He made his Feet defend his Head,
the far fairer it ſet him,
While he was paſt out of their dread:
they muſt be ſwift that gat him
Through ſpeed that day.

Two that were headſmen of the Herd,
they ruſht on other like Rams;
The other four which were unfear'd
beat on with Barrow Trams.
And where their Gobs they were ungear'd,
they got upon the Gams,
While that all bloody was their Beards,
as they had worried Lambs,
Moſt like that day.

They girn'd and glowred all at anes,
each Goſſip other grieved:
Some ſtriked ſtings, ſome gathered ſtanes,
ſome fled, and ſome relieved.
The Minſtrel uſed quiet means,
that day he wiſely prieved,

For he came hame with unbruis'd Banes,
where fighters were miſchieved,
Full ill that day.
With Forks and Flails they lent them ſlaps,
and flew together with frigs:
With bougres of Barns they pierc'd blue caps
and of their Bairns made Briggs;
The Rare roſe rudely with their raps,
then Rungs were laid on Riggs:
The Wives came forth with cries and claps,
ſee where my Likeing ligs,
Full low this day.
The black Souter of *Braith* was bowden,
his Wife hang at his Waiſt:
His body was in black all browden,
he girned like a Ghaiſt,
Her glittering hair was ſo gowden,
her love faſt from him laiſt,
That for his ſake ſhe was unyawden
while he a mile was chac'd
And mair that day.
When they had beir'd like baited Bulls,
the bone-fires burnt like bails,
And then they grew as meek as Mules
that wearied are with mails;
For thoſe forfoughten tyred fools
fell down like ſlaughtered Frails,
Freſh men came in and hail'd the Dools,
and dang them down in dails
Bedeen that day.
The Wives then gave a hideous yell,
when all theſe yonkiers yoked,
As fierce as flags of Fire-flaughts fell,
frieks to the Field they flocked,

The Carles with clubs did others quell
on Breaſt, while blood outboaked,
So rudely rang the common Bell,
that all the Steeple rocked
For dread that day.

By this *Tom Tailor* was in his gear,
when he heard the common Bell,
He ſaid, he ſhould make all a ſtear
when he came there himſell,
He went to fight with ſuch a fear
while to the Ground he fell,
A Wife that hit him on the Ear
with a great knocking Mell,
Fell'd him that day.

The Bridegroom brought a Pint of Ale,
and bade the Piper drink it,
Drink it quoth he, and it ſo ſtale,
aſhrew me if I think it.
The Bride her Maidens ſtood near by,
and ſaid it was not blinked,
And *Bartageſie* the Bride ſo gay,
upon him faſt ſhe winked.
Full ſoon that day.

When all was done *Dick* with an Ax
came forth to fell a Fother,
Quoth he, where are you whoreſon ſmaiks
right now that hurt my Brother?
His Wife bade him go hame *Gib Glaiks*,
and ſo did *Meg* his Mother;
He turn'd and gave them both their paiks,
for he durſt ding no other
But them that day.

FINIS.

The Blythſome Wedding.

FY let us all to the Briddel,
for there will be Lilting there,
For *Jockie*'s to be Married to *Maggie*
the Laſs with the Gauden-hair;
And there will be Lang-kail and Pottage
and Bannocks of Barley-Meal,
And there will be good Salt-herring
to reliſh a Kog of good Ale,
Fy let us all to the Briddel,
for there will be lilting there,
For Jockie's *to be married to* Maggie
the Laſs with the Gauden hair.

And there will be *Sandie* the Sutor,
and *Willie* with the meikle mow
And there will be *Tom* the Ploutter,
and *Andrew* the Tinkler I trow,
And there will be bow legged *Robbie*,
and *T*humbleſs *Kettie*'s Good-man,
And there will be blue cheeked *Dallie*
and *Lawrie* the Laird of the Land.
Fy let us all &c.

And there will be Sow-libber *Peatie*
and plouckie fac't *Wat* in the Mill,
Capper-nos'd *Gibbie* and *Francie*
that wins in the how of the Hill,
And there will be *Alaſter-Dowgal*
that ſplee-fitted *Beſſie* did woo,

And

And ſniffling *Lillie* and *Tibbie*,
and *Kirſtie* that Belly-god Sow,
Fy let us all &c.

And *Crampie* that married *Stainie*
and coft him Breeks to his Arſe,
And afterwards hanged for Stealing,
great Mercy it hapned no worſe;
And there will be fairntickl'd *Hew*,
and *Beſs* with the lillie white Leg,
That gat to the South for Breeding
and bang'd up her wamb in *Mons-Meg*.
Fy let us all &c.

And there will be *Geordie Mc Cowrie*,
and blinking daft B*arbra* and *Meg*,
And there will be blincht *Gillie-whimple*
and peuter-fac't flitching *Joug*.
And there will be Happer-ars'd *Nanſie*
and Fairie fac'd *Jeanie* be name,
Gleed *Katie* and fat lugged *Liſie*
the Laſs with the gauden wamb.
Fy let us all &c.

And there will be Girn-again *Gibbie*
and his glaked Wife *Jeanie Bell*,
And miſlie-chin'd flyting *Geordie*
the Lad that was Skipper himſell;
There'll be all the Lads and the Laſſes
ſet down in the midſt of the Ha,

With Sybows and Rifarts and Carlings,
that are both ſodden and ra
Fy let us all &c.

There will be Tartan, Dragen and Brachen,
and fouth of good gappoks of Skate,
Pow-Sodie, and Drammock, and Crowdie
and callour Nout-feet in a Plate;
And there will be Partans, and Buckies,
Speldens, and Haddocks anew,
And ſing'd Sheep-heads, and a Haggize
and Scadlips to ſup till ye're fow.
Fy let us all &c.

There will be good lapper'd-milk Kebucks
and Sowens and Farles, and Baps,
And Swats, and ſcraped Paunches,
and Brandie in Stoups and in Caps.
And there will be Meal-Kail and Caſtocks,
and Skink to ſup till you rive,
And Roſts to roſt on a Brander,
of Flouks that was taken alive.
Fy let us all &c.

Scrapt Haddocks, Wilks, Dulſe and Tangle,
and a Mill of good Snizing to prie,
When wearie with Eating and Drinking
we'll riſe up and Dance till we die.
Fy let us all to the Briddel,
for there will be lilting there,
For Jockie's *to be Married to* Maggie,
the Laſs with the gauden Hair.

FINIS.

The Baniſhment of *Poverty*,

BY

J. D. of *ALBANY.*

POx fa that poultring Poverty
Wae worth the time that I him ſaw,
Since firſt he laid his Fang on me
My ſelf from him I dought ne're draw:
His wink to me hath been a Law,
He haunts me like a penny-dog,
Of him I ſtand far greater awe
Than Pupil does of Pedagogue.
The firſt time that he met with me
Was at a Clachen in the Weſt,
Its name, I trow *Kilbarchan* be,
Where *Habbie*'s Drones blew many a blaſt.
There we ſhook hands cald be his caſt,
An ill dead may that Cuſtron die:
For there he gripped me right faſt
When firſt I fell in Cautionrie.
But yet in hopes to be reliev'd
And free'd from that foul ledly Lown,
Fernzier when *Whigs* were ill miſchiev'd
And forc'd to fling their weapons down.
When we chas'd them from *Glaſgow* Town
I with that Swinger thought to grapple,
But when Indemnity came down
The Laydron caught me by the Thraple.

But yet in hopes of more relief
A race I made to *Arinfrew*,
Where they did bravely buff my Beef,
And made my Body black and blue:
At Juſtice Court I them purſue,
Expecting help for their Reproof,
Indemnity thought nothing due,
The De'il a Farthing for my Loof.
But wiſhing that I might ride Eaſt,
To trot on Foot I ſoon would tyre,
My Page allow'd me not a Beaſt,
I wanted Gilt to pay the Hyre;
He and I lap o're many a Syre,
I heuked him at *Calder-cult;*
*B*ut long ere I came to *Clypes-myre*
The ragged Rogue caught me a whilt.
By *Holland-Buſh* and Brigg of *Bonny*
We bickered down towards *Bankier*,
We fear'd no Reavers for our Money,
Nor Whilly-whaes to grip our Gear;
My tatt'red Tutor took no fear,
(Though we did travel in the Mirk)
But thought it fit, when we drew near
*T*o filſh a Forrage at *Falkirk*.
No Man wou'd open me the Door,
Becauſe my Comrade ſtood me by,
*T*hey dread full ill I was right poor
By my forſaken Company.
But *Cuninghame* ſoon me eſpy'd,
By hue and hair he hail'd me in,
And ſwore we ſhould not part ſo dry,
*T*hough I were ſtripped to the Skin

I baid all Night, but long ere Day
My curſt Companion bade me riſe;
I ſtart up ſoon and took the way,
He needed not to bid me twice.

But what to do I did adviſe,
In *Lithgow* I might not ſit down,
On a *Scots* Groat we baited thrice,
And in at Night to *Edinburgh Town*.

We held the Lang-gate to *Leith-wynd*,
Where pooreſt Purſes uſe to be,
And in the *Caltoun* lodged ſyne,
Fit Quarters for ſuch companie.

Yet I the *High-Town* fain wou'd ſee,
But that my Comrade did diſcharge,
He wou'd me B*lackburn*'s Ale to prie,
And muff my Beard that was right large.

The Morn I ventur'd up the *Wynd*,
And ſlung'd in at the *Nether-Bow*,
Thinking that Trooker for to tyne,
Who does me dammage what he dow.

His company he does beſtow
On me to my great Grief and Pain,
Ere I the Throng cou'd wreſtle throw,
The Lown was at my Heels again.

I green'd to gang on the *Plain-ſtains*
To ſee if Comrades wou'd me ken,
We twa gaid pacing there our laines
The hungry Hours 'twixt Twelve and Ane.

Then I knew no way how to ſen,
My Guts rumbl'd like a *Hurle* B*arrow*.
I din'd with Saints and Noble-Men,
Ev'n ſweet Saint *Giles* and Earl of *Murray*.

Tykes

Tykes Teſt'ment take them for their Treat,
I needed not my teeth to pike,
Though I was in a cruel Sweat,
He ſet not by, ſay what I like.

I call'd him Turk and traked Tyke,
And weari'd him with many a Curſe,
My Banes were hard like a Stane-Dyke,
No *Rig-Marie* was in my *Purſe*.

Kind Widow *Caddel* ſent for me
To dine, as ſhe did oft forſooth,
But oh alas, that might not be:
Her Houſe was ov'r near the *Tolbooth*.

Yet God reward her for her Love
And Kindneſs which I feƈtlie fand,
Moſt ready ſtill for my behoof
Ere that Hells Hound took her in hand.

I ſlipt my Page and ſtour'd to *Leith*
To try my Credit at the Wine,
But foul a dribble fyl'd my Teeth,
He catch'd me at the *Coffee-Sign*.

I ſtaw down through the *Nether-Wynd*,
My Lady *Semples* Houſe was near,
To enter there was my Deſign,
Where Poverty durſt ne're appear.

I Dined there but baid not lang,
My Lady fain wou'd ſhelter me,
But oh alas, I needs muſt gang
And leave that comely Company.

Her Lad convoy'd me with her Key
Out through the Garden to the Fiels,
Ere I the *Links* could graithly ſee,
My Governour was at my Heels.

I dought not dance to *P*ipe nor Harp;
I had no Stock for Cards nor Dice;
But I ſure to Sir *VVilliam Sharp*,
Who never made his Counſel nice.

That little man he is right wiſe,
And ſharp as any Brier can be,
He bravely gave we his Advice
How I might poiſon *P*overty.

Quoth he there grows hard by the Dial
In *Hatton*'s Garden bright and ſheen,
A ſoveraign Herb call'd *Penny-Royal*,
Which all the year grows freſh and green.

Could ye but gather it fair and clean,
Your Buſineſs would go the better,
*B*ut let account of it be ſeen
To the Phyſicians of *Exchequer*.

Or if that Ticket ye bring with you,
Come unto me, you need not fear;
For I ſome of that Herb can give you
Which I have planted this ſame Year.

Your *P*age it will cauſe diſappear
Who waits on you againſt your will,
To gather it I ſhall you lear
In my own Yards of *Stonny-hill*.

But when I dred that wou'd not work,
I overthought me of a Wile
How I might at my leiſure lurk,
My graceleſs Guardain to beguile.

It's but my galloping a Mile
Through *Canongate* with little Loſs,
Till I have Sanctuary a while
Within the Girth of *Abbay-cloſs*.

There

There I wan in, and blyth was I
When to the *Inner-Court* I drew,
My Governour I did defy,
For joy I clapt my Wings and Crew.
There Meſſengers dare not purſue,
Nor with their Wans Mens Shoulders ſteer,
There dwells diſtreſſed Lairds enough
In peace, though they have little Gear.
I had not tarried an Hour or two
When my bleſt Fortune was to ſee
A ſight, ſure by the mights of *Mary*,
Of that brave Duke of *Albany*.
Where one blink of his princely Eye
*P*ut that foul Foundling to the Flight,
Frae me he baniſh'd *Poverty*,
And made him take his laſt Good-night.

F I N I S.

LIN-

Lintoun Addreſs,

To His Highneſs the Prince of ORANGE.

PROLOGUE.

VIctorious Sir, ſtill faithful to thy Word,
Who conquers more by Kindneſs than by Sword:
As thy Anceſtors brave, with Matchleſs Vigour,
Caus'd Hogen, Mogen, *make ſo great a Figure;*
So thou that art Great Britain's *only* Moſes,
To guard our Martial Thiſtle *with the* Roſes,
The diſcords of the Harp *in Tune to bring,*
And curb the Pride of Lillies *in the* Spring:
Permit, Great Sir, Poor Us, among the Preſs,
In humble Terms to make this blunt Addreſs,
In Limping verſe; for as Your Highneſs knows,
You have good ſtore of Nonſence, elſe in Proſe.

SIR, firſt of all, That it may pleaſe,
Your Highneſs, to give us an Eaſe
Of our Oppreſſions more or leſs,
Eſpecially that Knave the Ceſs;
And *P*overty for *P*ity cryes,
To Modifie our dear Exciſe:
If ye'll not truſt us when we ſay't,
Faith! we're not able, Sir, to pay't;
Which makes us ſigh when we ſhould Sleep,
And Faſt when we ſhould go to Meat,
Yea ſcarce can get it for to borrow,
Yet drink we muſt to ſloken Sorrow;
For this our grief, Sir, makes us now
Sleep ſeldom ſound till we be Fow;

Sir, let no needleſs Forces ſtand,
To plague this poor, but Valiant Land.
And let no Rhetorick procure
*P*enſions, but only to the *P*oor,
That Spend-thrift Courtiers get no ſhare,
To make the King's Exchequer bare.
Then, Valiant Sir, we beg at Large,
You will free Quarters quite diſcharge:
We live upon the King's hye Street,
And ſcarce a day we miſs ſome Cheat;
For Horſe and Foot as they come by,
Sir, be they Hungry, Cold or Dry,
They Eat, and Drink, and burn our *P*eets,
With Fiend a Farthing in their Breeks,
*D*eſtroy our Hay, and preſs our Horſe,
Whiles break our Heads, and that is worſe,
Conſume both Men and Horſes meat,
And make both Wives and Bairns to Greet.
By what is ſaid, Your Highneſs may
Judge if two *S*tipends we can pay;
And therefore if Ye wiſh us well,
You muſt with all ſpeed reconcile
Two jangling *S*ons of the ſame Mother,
Eliot and *Hay* with one another.
Pardon us, Sir, for all your wit,
We fear that prove a kittle *P*ut,
Which tho the wiſer ſort Condole,
Our *Lintoun* Wives ſtill blow the Coal,
And no Man here, as well we ken,
Would have us all *John Thomſon*'s Men.
Sir, it was ſaid ere we was born,
Who blows beſt, bear away the Horn,

And

And he that lives and preaches beſt,
Should win the Pulpit from the reſt.
The next Petition that we make,
Is, That for brave Earl *Teviot*'s ſake,
Who had great kindneſs for this place,
You'l move the Duke our Maſter's Grace
To put a Knock upon our Steeple,
To ſhew the Hours to Country People;
For we that live into the Town
Our ſight grows ſhort by Sun go down;
And charge him, Sir, our Street to mend,
And Cauſey it from end to end;
Pay but the Workmen for their *P*ains,
And we ſhall jointly lead the Stanes,
In caſe Your Highneſs put him to 't,
Our Mercat Cuſtoms well may do't,
For of himſelf he is not Raſh,
Becauſe he wants the ready Caſh;
For if Your Highneſs for ſome Reaſons,
Should Honour *Lintoun* with your preſence,
Your Milk-white Palfrey would turn Brown,
Ere ye Ride half out through the Town,
And that would put upon our Name,
A blot of everlaſting Shame,
Who are reputed honeſt Fellows,
And ſtout as ever *William Wallace.*
Laſtly, Great Sir, diſcharge us all
To go to Court without a Call,
*D*iſcharge Laird *Iſaac* and H*og-yards*
James Gifford and the *Lintoun* Lairds,
Old *William Younger* and *Geordie Purdie*,
James Dowglaſs, *Scrogs*, and little *Swordie*,

And *Engliſh Andrew*, who has Skill,
To knap at every word ſo well,
Let *King-Seat* ſtay for the *Town-head*,
Till that old peeviſh Wife be Dead,
And that they go on no pretence
To put this place to great Expence,
Nor yet ſhall Contribute their Share,
To any who are going there,
To ſtrive to be the greateſt Minion,
Or plead for this or that Opinion;
If we have any thing to ſpare
Poor Widows they ſhould be our Care,
The Fatherleſs, the Blind, and Lame,
Who ſtarve, yet for to beg think ſhame.
So Farewell, Sir, here is no Treaſon,
But wealth of Ryme, and part of Reaſon:
And for to ſave ſome needleſs coſt,
We ſend this our Addreſs by *Poſt*.

EPILOGUE.

THrice Noble Orange, *Bleſſed be the time*,
Such fair Fruit proſper'd in our Northren *Clyme*,
VVhoſe Sweet and Cordial Joyce affords us Matter,
And Sauſe to make our Capons *Eat the better.*
Long may thou Thrive, and ſtill thy Arms advance;
Till England *ſend an* Orange *into* France:
Well guarded thro' proud Neptun's *waves, and then*
What's ſweet to us, may prove ſour Sauſe to them:
As England *doth, ſo* CALEDONIA *boaſts*;
She'l fight with Orange, *for the* LORD *of Hoſts*,
And tho' the Tyrant hath unſheath'd his Sword;
Fy! fear him not, he never kept his Word.

FINIS.

THE

THE

Poor Client's Complaint.

Done out of BUCHANAN.

COlin, by Promiſe, being oblig'd to pay
Me ſuch a Sum, betwixt and ſuch a day:
Iask'd it, he refus'd it: I addreſt
Aulus the Lawyer; He reply'd, it's beſt
To Sue him at the Law, I'll make him Debtor;
Your Cauſe is good, there cannot be a better.
Being thus advis'd away to *Pete* I trudge,
Pray him, and pay him to beſpeak the Judge:
Engag'd thus far, be't better be it worſe
I muſt proceed, and thus I do depurſe,
For writing *Summons*, Signing, Signeting
With a red Plaiſter and a Paper Ring;
For Summoning the *Principal*, and then
For Citing Witneſſes to ſay *Amen*,
For *Executions*, (*alias* Indorſations)
For Tabling, Calling with Continuations:
Next for Conſulting *Aulus* and his Man;
(For he muſt be Conſulted now and then)
For Pleading in the Outter-Houſe and Inner
From Ten to Twelve, then *Aulus* goes to Dinner:

More

For writing Bills, for reading them, for Anſwers
More dubious than thoſe of *Necromancers.*
For *Interlocutors*, for little *Acts*;
For large *Decreets*, and their as large *Extracts.*
For *Hornings*, for diſcuſſing of *Suſpenſions*,
Full ſtuff'd with Lies and frivolous Pretenſions;
For *Pleaſe your Lordſhips*, and ſuch like Petitions,
For raiſing and for ſerving *Inhibitions*,
And for *Compriſings* or *Adjudications*,
For their allowances for Regiſtrations,
And many, many, many, other *ations*,
Which may be ſum'd up in one word *Vexations.*
Then unexpectedly upon a ſmall
Defect alledg'd, *Colin* reduces all:
We to't again, and *Aulus* doth disjoint
The Proceſs, and debates it Point by Point.
The Cauſe at length's *concluded*, but not ended,
This made me wonder! *Aulus* he pretended,
Decreets muſt not be given out at *Randum*,
But muſt abide a ſerious *Aviſandum*,
Conform to Courſe of Roll; when that will be,
Indeed I cannot tell, nor yet can he.
Thus *Aulus* hath for Ten years ſpace exten-ded
The Plea, and further more I have Expended
Vaſt Sums, to wit, for Waſhing, Lodging, Diet,
Yet ſeldom did I ſleep or eat in quiet.
For *Coal*, for *Candle*, *Paper*, *Pen* and *Ink*, (think
And ſuch like things, which truely one would
Were inſignificant, but yet they're come
In ten Years ſpace unto a pretty Sum.
To *Macers*, *Turn-keys*, *Agents*, *Catchpoles*, *Petes*,
Servants, *Sub-ſervants*, petty *Foggers*, *Cheats*;

For

For Morning-Drinks, Four-hours, half Gills
at Noon,
To fit their Stomack for the *Fork* and *Spoon*,
To which they go, but I poor man mean while,
Slip quietly to th' Earl of *Murray*'s*Iſle. *Old Kirk.
We meet again at Two, then to digeſt
Their bellyful, they'll have a Gill at leaſt,
Sometimes a double One; for Brandy-wine
Can only end the War call'd Inteſtine:
For *Mum*, *Sack*, *Claret*, *White-wine*, *Purl*, *Beer*, *Ale*.
(One he would have it new, another ſtale)
Both muſt be pleas'd: for Pipes, Tobacco, Snuff,
Twiſt, *Coffee*, *Tea*, and alſo greaſie Stuff
Call'd *Chocolate*, *Punch*, Clarified *Whey*,
With other Drinks, all which I duely pay:
For *Rolls*, for *Nackets*, *Roundabouts*, *Sour Cakes*,
For *Cheſhire Cheeſe*, freſh *Butter*, *Cookies*, *Bakes*,
For *Panches*, *Saucers*, *Sheepheads*, *Cheats*, *Plack-pyes*,
Lamb Legs, *Lamb Kernels* and *Lamb-Privities*,
Skate, *Lobſters*, *Oyſters*, *Muſſels Wilks Neats Tongues*
One he for *Leeks*, *Beer*, and *Red-herring* longs.
This muſt be had, an other doth prefer
Raw-herring, *Onions*, *Oyl*, *Spice*, *Vinegar*,
Rare Compoſition, and he's truely ſorry
It's not in *Culpeper's Diſpenſatory*: (*Peaſe*,
For *Apples*, *Pears*, *Plumbs*, *Cherries*, *Nuts*, *Green-Dilſe*, *Tangles*, *Purſlain*, *Turneeps*, *Radiſhes*,
With fourty other Things, I have forgot,
And I'm a Villain if I pay'd them not.
Moreover my Affairs at Home ſuſtain
Both the emergent Loſs, and ceſſant Gain;
Aulus himſelf terms this a double loſs,
And I call him and it a triple croſs.

By

By all theſe means my Expence do ſurmount,
Near ten times, ten times *Colin*'s firſt Account.
And now ere that I wholly be bereft,
Of th' little Time and Money to me left,
I'm at the length reſolved thus to do,
I'll ſhun my Debitor and Lawyer too.
And after this I never will give Credit
Unto one Word, if either of them ſaid it.
You'll ask, which of the two I'd rather ſhun?
Aulus; 'tis he, 'tis he hath me undone.
I've Words from both, yet ſad Experience tells,
That *Colin* gives, but *Aulus* dearly ſells.

Th' unwary Reader thinks perhaps that I
Have pen'd a Satyre 'gainſt the Faculty:
'Gainſt thoſe who by their accurate Debates
Maintain our Rights, and ſettle our Eſtates;
Who do their very Lungs with Pleading ſpend,
Us 'gainſt Oppreſſors ſtifly to defend.
A groſs Miſtake! for I'll be ſworn, I do
Admire their Parts and their Profeſſion too.
I wiſh that Law *and* Lawyers *both may thrive,*
And at the height of Grandeur *ſo arrive,*
That in all good Mens Eyes they may appear
Like Burniſht Gold both beautiful and clear.
That this may be, (and 'tis for this I pray)
Ruſt muſt be ſcour'd off, Cobwebs ſwept away.

FINIS.

The SPEECH of a *Fife* Laird,

Newly come from the Grave.

WHat Accident, what ſtrange Miſhap
Awakes me from my Heav'nly nap?
What Sp'rit? what God-head by the lave,
Hath rais'd my Body from the Grave?
It is a Hundred Years almoſt,
Since I was buri'd in the Duſt,
And now I think that I am living,
Or elſe, but doubt, my Brains are raving:
Yet do I feel (while as I ſtudy)
The Faculties of all my Body:
I Taſte, I Smell, I Touch, I Hear,
I find my Sight exceeding clear:
Then I'm alive, yea ſure I am,
I know it by my Corp'ral Frame:
But in what part where I can be,
My wav'ring Brains yet torture me.
Once I was call'd a great *Fife* Laird,
I dwelt not far from the *Hall-yard*:
But who enjoys my Land and Pleugh,
My Caſtle, and my fine Cole-heugh:

I can find out no living Man,
Can tell me this, do what I can.
Yet if my Mem'ry ſerve me well,
This is the Shire where I did dwell;
This is the Part where I was born:
For ſo beneath me ſtands *Kinghorn*:
And thereabout the *Lowmond* Hill
Stands as it ſtood yet ever ſtill.
There is *Bruntiſland*, *Aberdore*,
I ſee *Fife*'s Coaſt along the Shore.
Yet I am right, and for my life,
This is my Native Country *Fife*,
O! but it's long and many a year,
Since laſt my Feet did travel here.
I find great Change in old Lairds Places,
I know the Ground, but not the Faces,
Where ſhall I turn me firſt about,
For my Acquaintance is worn out?
O! this is ſtrange, that ev'n in Fife,
I do know neither Man nor Wife:
No Earl, no Lord, no Laird, no People,
But *Leſly* and the Mark Inch-Steeple,
Old Noble *Weems*, and that is all,
I think enjoy their Fathers Hall.
For from *Dumfermling* to *Fife-neſs*
I do know none that doth poſſeſs
His Grandfire's Caſtles and his Tow'rs:
All is away that once was ours.
I'm full of Wrath, I ſcorn to tarrie,
I know them no more than the Fairie:
But I admire and marvel ſtrange,
What is the cauſe of this great Change.

I hear a murmuring Report,
Paſſing among the Common Sort:
For ſome ſay this, and ſome ſay that,
And others tell, I know not what:
Some ſay the *Fife* Lairds ever rues,
Since they began to take the Lews:
That Bargain firſt did brew their Bale,
As tell the honeſt Men of *Creil.*
Some do aſcribe their Supplantation,
Unto the Lawyers Congregation.
No, but this is a falſe Suppoſe;
For all things wyts that well not goes.
Be what it will, there is ſome Source
Hath bred this univerſal Curſe;
This Tranſmigration and Earth-quake,
That caus'd the Lairds of *Fife* to break.
He that enthrones a Shepherdling,
He that dethrones a potent King,
And he that makes a Cotter, Laird,
The Baron's Bairns to delve a Yeard:
Almighty, He that ſhakes the Mountains,
And brings great Rivers from ſmall Fountains:
It is the power of His Hand,
That makes both Lords and Lairds have Land.
Yet there may be as all Men knaws
An Evident and well ſeen Cauſe,
A publick and a common Evil,
That made the meikle Maſter devil
To caſt his Club all F*ife* throughout,
And lent each Laird a deadly Rout.
Mark then, I'll tell you, how it was,
What way this Wonder came to paſs:

It ſets me beſt the Truth to pen,
Becauſe I fear no Mortal Men.
When I was born at *Middle-yard weight*,
There was no word of Laird or Knight:
The greateſt Stiles of Honour then,
Was to be Titl'd the Good-man.
But changing Time hath chang'd the Caſe,
And puts a Laird in th' Good-man's place.
For Why? my Goſſip Good-man *John*,
And honeſt *James*, whom I think on;
When we did meet whiles at the Hawking,
We us'd no Cringes but Hands ſhaking.
No Bowing, Should'ring, Gambo-ſcraping,
No *French* Whiſtling, or *Dutch* gaping.
We had no Garments in our Land,
But what were ſpun by th' Good-wife's hand:
No Drap-de-berry, Cloaths of ſeal:
No Stuffs ingrain'd in Cocheneel,
No Pluſh, no Tiſſue, Cramoſie;
No China, Turky, Taffety.
No proud Pyropus, Paragon,
Or Chackarally, there was none:
No Figurata, or Water-chamblet:
No Biſhop-ſatine, or Silk-chamblet,
No cloth of Gold, or Bever hats,
We car'd no more for, than the Cats:
No windy flowriſh'd flying Feathers,
No ſweet permuſted ſhambo Leathers,
No Hilt or Crampet richly hatched;
A Lance, a Sword in hand we ſnatched.
Such baſe and Boyiſh Vanities,
Did not beſeem our Dignities:

We were all ready and compleat,
Stout for our Friends, on Horſe or Feet,
True to our Prince to ſhed our Blood,
For Kirk, and for our Common Good.
Such Men we were, it is well known,
As in our Chronicles are ſhown,
This made us dwell into our Land,
And our Poſterity to ſtand:
But when the young Laird became vain,
And went away to *France* and *Spain*,
Rome raking, wandring here and there:
O! then became our bootleſs Care:
Pride puft him up, becauſe he was
Far travel'd, and return'd an Aſs.
Then muſt the Laird, the Good-man's Oye,
Be Knighted ſtreight; and make convoy,
Coach'd through the Streets with Horſes four,
Foot-grooms Paſmented o'er and o'er.
Himſelf cut out and ſlaſht ſo wide,
Ev'n his whole ſhirt his skin doth hide.
Gowpherd, Gratnizied, Cloaks rare pointed,
Embroider'd, lac'd, with Boots disjoynted,
A Belt emboſt with Gold and Purle:
Falſe Hair made craftily to curle:
Side Breeks be button'd o'er the Garters,
Was ne'er the like ſeen in our Quarters.
Tobacco and wine Frontinack,
Potato-Paſties, *Spaniſh* Sack,
Such uncouth Food, ſuch Meat and Drink,
Could never in our Stomachs ſink:
Then muſt the Grandſon ſwear and ſwagger,
And ſhow himſelf the braveſt Bragger,

A Bon-companion and a Drinker,
A delicate and dainty Ginker.
So is ſeen on't. Theſe fooliſh Jigs,
Hath caus'd his Worſhip ſell his Rigs.
My Lady, as ſhe is a Woman,
Is born a Helper to undo Man,
Her Ladiſhip muſt have a ſhare,
For ſhe is *P*lay-maker and mair;
For ſhe invents a thouſand Toys,
That Houſe and Hold and all deſtroys,
As Scarfs, Shephroas, Tuffs, and Rings,
Fairdings, Facings, and Powderings,
Rebats, Ribands, Bands and Ruffs,
Lapbends, Shagbands, Cuffs and Muffs,
Folding outlays, Pearling ſprigs,
Atrys, Vardigals, Periwigs:
Hats, Hoods, Wires and alſo Kells,
Waſhing-balls, and perfuming *S*mells:
French-gows cut out and double banded,
Jet Rings to make her pleaſant handed:
A Fan, a Feather, Bracelets, Gloves,
All new come-busks ſhe dearly loves:
For ſuch trim bony Baby-clouts,
Still on the Laird ſhe greets and ſhouts:
Which made the Laird take up more Gear
Than all the Lands or Rigs could bear.
Theſe are the Emblems, that declares
The Marchant's thriftleſs needleſs wares:
The Tailor's curious vanitie,
My Lady's Prodigalitie.
This is the truth which I diſcover:
I do not care for Feid or Favour;

For

For what I was, yet ſtill I am,
An honeſt, plain, true dealing Man;
And if theſe words of mine would mend them
I care not by, though I offend them.
Here is the cauſe moſt plainly ſhown,
That have our Country overthrown.
It's ſaid of old, that other's harms,
Is oftentimes the wiſe Man's arms:
And he is thought moſt wiſe of all,
That learns Good from his Neighbour's fall.
It grieves my heart to ſee this Age,
I cannot ſtay to act more Stage:
I will ingrave me in the ground,
And reſt there till the Trumpet ſound;
And if I have ſaid ought aſtray,
Which may a Meſſon's mind diſmay,
I do appeal before the Throne
Of the great Powers three in one;
The Supream Soveraignity,
The Parliament of veritie.
And if you think my words offends,
Ye muſt be there, I's make a mends.

F I N I S.

The

The LIFE and DEAEH OF THE Piper of *Kilbarchan* OR,

The Epitaph of Habbie Simſon,
Who on his dron e bore bony flags;
He made his Cheeks as red as Crimſon,
And babbed when, he blew the Bags.

Kilbarchan now may ſay, alas!
For ſhe hath loſt her Game and Grace,
Both Trixie, and the Maiden Trace:
but what remead?
For no man can ſupply his place,
Hab Simſon's dead.

Now who ſhall play, the day it daws?
Or hunt up, when the Cock he craws?
Or who can for our Kirk-town-cauſe,
ſtand us in ſtead?
On Bagpipes (now) no Body blaws,
ſen *Habbie*'s dead.

Or

Or wha will cauſe our Shearers shear?
Wha will bend up the Brags of Weir,
Bring in the Bells, or good play meir,
in time of need?
Hab Simſon cou'd, what needs you ſpeer?
but (now) he's dead.

So kindly to his Neighbours neaſt,
At *Beltan* and Saint *Barchan*'s feaſt,
He blew, and then held up his Breaſt,
as he were weid;
But now we need not him arreſt,
for *Habbie*'s dead.

At Fairs he play'd before the Spear-men,
All gaily graithed in their Gear Men.
Steell Bonnets, Jacks, and Swords ſo clear then
like any Bead.
Now wha ſhall play before ſuch Weir-men,
ſen *Habbie*'s dead?

At Clark-plays when he wont to come;
His Pipe play'd trimly to the Drum,
Like Bikes of Bees he gart it Bum,
and tun'd his Reed.
Now all our Pipers may ſing dumb,
ſen *Habbie*'s dead.

And at *Horſe* Races many a day,
Before the Black, the Brown the Gray,
He gart his Pipe when he did play,
baith Skirl and Skreed,

Now all ſuch Paſtimes quite away,
ſen *Habbie*'s dead.

He counted was a weil'd Wight-man,
And fiercely at Foot-ball he ran:
At every Game the Gree he wan,
for Pith and Speed.
The like of *Habbie* was na than,
but now he's dead.

And than, beſides his valiant Acts,
At Bridals he wan many Placks,
He bobbed ay behind Fo'ks Backs,
and ſhook his *He*ad.
Now we want many merry Cracks,
ſen *Hobbie*'s dead.

He was Convoyer of the Bride
With Kittock hinging at his ſide:
About the Kirk he thought a Pride
the Ring to lead.
But now we may gae but a Guide
for *Habbie*'s dead.

So well's he keeped his *Decorum*,
And all the Stots of *Whip-meg-morum*,
He ſlew a Man, and wae's me for him,
and bure the Fead!
But yet the Man wan hame before him,
and was not dead!

Ay whan he play'd, the Laſſes Leugh,
To ſee him Teethleſs, Auld and teugh.
He wan his Pipes beſide *Borcheugh*,
withoutten dread:
Which after wan him Gear enough,
but now he's dead,

Ay whan he play'd, the Gaitlings gedder'd,
And whan he ſpake, the Carl bledder'd:
On Sabbath days his Cap was fedder'd,
a ſeemly Weid.
In the Kirk-yeard, his Mare ſtood tedder'd,
where he lies dead.

Alas! for him my *He*art is ſair,
For of his Springs I gat a skair,
At every Play, Race, Feaſt and Fair,
but Guile or Greed.
We need not look for Pyping mair,
ſen *Habbie*'s dead.

F I N I S.

EPI-

EPITAPH
ON
Sanny Briggs,

Nephew to *Habbie Simpſon,* and Butler to the Laird of *Kilbarchan.*

A Lake for evermare and wae!
To wha ſhall I whan drouthie gae?
Dool, Sturt and Sorrow will me ſlae
without remeid,
For *H*ardſhip; and alake a day!
ſince *Sanny*'s dead.

O'er Buffet-Stools, and *H*aſſocks tumble,
O how he gart the Jutters jumble,
And glowren Fow, both Reel and Rumble,
and clour their Head!
Now they may Gape, and Girn, and Grumble,
ſince *Sanny*'s dead.

And how he gart the Carles clatter,
And blirten Fow their Bowſpreets batter,
Laughen to ſee them pitter-patter,
Naivel and Bleed?

He

He was a deadly Fae to Water,
but now he's dead.

Wha'll jaw Ale on my drouthy Tongue,
To cool the heat of Light and Lung?
Wha'll bid me when the Kaill-bell's rung.
to Board me ſpeed?
Wha'll ſet me by the Barrel-bung,
ſince *Sanny*'s dead?

Wha'll ſet me dribbling be the Tapp,
While winking I begin to Napp,
Then lay me down and well me *H*app,
and binn my *H*ead?
I need na think to get yae Drap,
ſince *Sanny*'s dead.

Well did the Maſter-Cook and he,
With Giff-gaff Courteſie agree,
With Tears as fat as Kitchen-fee
drapt frae his head.
Alake a day! though kind to me,
yet now he's dead

It very muckle did me pleaſe,
To ſee him howk the *Holland* Cheeſe:
I kend the clinking o' his Kies
in time of need.
Alake a day! though kind to me,
yet now he's dead.

He was as Stout as was his Steel,
And gen ye'll trow he cou'd fu' well
At Wapenſhaws the Younkers dreill,
and bra'ly lead,
Baith to the Field and frae the Field,
but now he's dead.

When firſt I heard the waeful Knell,
And Dool-ding o's Paſſing-Bell,
It made me Yelp, and Yeul, and Yell,
and Skirl and Skreed.
To Pantrie-Men I bid Farewell,
ſince *Sanny*'s dead.

Faſt is he bunn baith Head and Feet,
And wrapped in a Winnen-ſheet:
Now cou'd I ſit me down and Greet,
but what's the need?
Shou'd I like a Bell'd-Wadder bleet,
ſince *Sanny*'s dead?

POSTSCRIPT.

THe Chiel came in his Roum, is Bauld,
Sare be his Shins, and's Kail ay Cauld,
Which gars us ay pray for the Auld,
with Book and Beid.
Now Lord ha Mercy on his Saul,
for now he's dead.

FINIS.

THE

THE MARE OF COLLINGTOUN NEWLY REVIVED.

Compiled and Corrected by *P. D.*

AN Hether Man, as I heard ſay,
Senſyne, I think, a week or tway,
Came cantly cracking out the way,
None with him but his *Meir.*
Wha being late, he bade her ride,
And with a Spur did jag her Side,
But ay the ſilly *Mare* bade bide,
And further wou'd not ſtier.

2. But lay down on the Fair High-ſtreet,
And ſhooting out both Head and Feet,
She meekly ſpake theſe words ſo ſweet,
Your Spurring will not mack it.

Oft

Oft have I turſt your Hether Crame,
And born your ſelf right oft-times Hame,
With many a toom and hungry Wame,
Whan thou haſt been well packit.

But now is come my Fatal End,
With you I may no further wend,
To my ſweet Huſſy me commend,
And all the Reſt at Hame.
Oft have I born that on my Banes,
Hath caus'd their Beards all wag at anes:
But now for me they may chew Stanes,
VVe'll never meet again.

The ſilly Carl for VVae he grat,
And down upon his Arſe he ſat:
The Night was foul, he was all wat,
And periſhed of Cauld.
Yet with himſelf he did adviſe,
Longer to ſit he were not wiſe,
Then pray'd the ſilly *Meir* to riſe,
And draw her to ſome Hauld.

But no more than ſhe had been dead,
She cou'd remove her from that Stead,
VVhen he did preſs to lift her *H*ead,
*H*er Arſe fell down behind.
Then in a Grief he did her hail,
And drugged both at Main and Tail,
And other parts he could beſt wail,
Then bade her take the VVind.

Then he did take forth of a VVallat,
Some Draff, whereon this *Meir* did mallat,
VVhich fiercely gart her lift her Pallat,
Nor a' the reſt before.
She ate thereof with ſae good VVill,
VVhile I wat well, ſhe had her fill,
VVhen ſhe was full, then she lay ſtill,
And wou'd not eat nae more:

But ſtart on Foot, as it wou'd be
Nane being there but she and he:
The Night was cauld, and bitterly,
It blatter'd on o' Rain:
The Carl was cauld, the ſooth to ſay,
And fain he wou'd have been away
For paſſed was the light of Day,
And Night was cum again.

Yet with himſelf he did adviſe,
Longer to ſit he war not wiſe,
Then pray'd the ſilly *Meir* to riſe,
And draw her to ſum *H*old.
Then Fute for Fute they went togidder,
But aft ſhe fell the Get was ſlidder:
Yet where to take her he did ſwidder,
VVhile at the laſt he would.

He warily did her weiſe and weild,
To *Collingtoun*-Broom, a full gude Beild,
And warmeſt als in a' that Field,
*A*nd there he bade her hide her;
For there if *Duncan* apprehend thee,

VVith ſare ſad Stroaks indeed he'll end thee;
I pray thee, from his *W*rath defend thee:
Sine he ſat down beſide her.

And ſaid, Good-night my Darling dear,
My *B*read-winner this mony a Year:
Alas, that I shou'd leave thee here
So wilſome of thy wain!
Dear Maſter, quoth this *Meir*, ye shent you,
For my Diſtemper to torment you:
Sober thy kind *H*eart, and repent you,
VVe'll never meet again.

VVith this they shed, as I heard ſay,
VVith mony a Shout and VVall-away,
Referring to a bra new Day,
To mack her Latter VVill.
*B*ut truly as the Caſe befel,
(*A*nd here the truth I mind to tell)
They never met by twanty Ell,
That purpoſe to fulfil,

*B*y which aroſe right great Diſſention,
Much deadly Feed and het Contention:
For many of a wrang Intention,
Alledg'd ſum of her Gear.
*A*nd they, before wha never ſaw her,
Nor in her Life did never knaw her,
That they were of her Kin, did shaw her,
*A*s after ye shall hear.

The

The Carl gade hame a weary Groom,
But ſhe all Night amang the Broom
Lay ſtill, both weary, faint and toom,
VVhile Morn that it was Day.
Then forth came *Duncan* on the Morrow,
As he had been to ride on Sorrow,
With a lang Sting, which he did borrow,
To chaſe the *Meir* away.

He hit her twa'r three Routs indeed,
And bade her paſs ſweith from his Stead,
If thou bide here, I'le be thy dead:
With that gave her a Lounder,
*W*hile Mouth and Noſe ruſht out of *B*lood,
She ſtaggard alſo where she ſtood:
For she was tint for fau't of Food,
And ſae it was nae Wonder.

Yet, quoth this Beaſt with heavy chear,
I pray you, *Duncan*, thole me here,
Until the outcum of the Year:
And then if I grow better,
I shall remove, I you aſſure,
Tho' I were nere ſo Weak and Poor,
*A*nd ſeek my Meat throw *Curry* Moor,
*A*s faſt as I can ſwatter.

VVhen he perceived it was ſae,
That from that Part she could not gae,
Into a Grief he paſt her frae,
*A*nd would no longer tarry,
But ſent *Pete Peacock* in a Fray

For to have chaſte the *Meir* away,
VVith a long Cane as I heard ſay:
*A*nd in a feiry farry

Ran to the Mill and fetcht the Lowder,
VVherewith he hit her on the Shou'der,
That he dang't all to drush like Powder,
He laid it on ſo ſicker:
Then from theſe *B*ounds he bad her pack her,
Or elſe he ſwore, that he would wrack her.
Then through the Meadow she did tack her,
*A*s faſt as she might bicker.

*B*ut at the laſt, the *B*eaſt being poor,
Lang for to rin cou'd not endure,
He did o'rtack her in *Fordel* Moor,
*A*nd pat her in a Teather:
Then laid upon her *H*oughs and *H*eels,
Commanding her to leave theſe Fields,
*A*nd bad her paſs to *Liſtoun*-Shields,
*A*nd peul amang the *H*eather.

Yet, quoth this ſilly ſimple *B*eaſt,
I pray you *Pete* hear my Requeſt,
Lat me remain this Night here Eaſt,
*A*mang the *B*room to reſt me:
*A*nd on the Morn I thee behight,
Twa *H*ours and mair before Day-light,
I shall to *Bavelaw* tack the Flight,
*A*nd tell how ye ha'e dreſt me.

Thus *Petie* with her words contented,

Did

Did homeward gae and ſair repented,
That he this beaſt had ſaetormented,
And in this manner dreſt her.
And ſhe baith dolourous and wae,
Came poorly creeping up the Brae,
With a ſare skin, baith black and blae,
And there ſat down to reſt her.

And there frae time that ſhe ſat down,
For wearineſs ſhe fell in Swown
And ere ſhe waken'd, *John Calhown*
Came on her with a blatter,
Accompany'd with auld *Pakes Patoun*
And *Richie March*, who dwelt in *Hatoun*,
And laid upon her with a Batoun,
While a' her Harns did clatter.

To whom this Beaſt all wae began,
Said, Loving honeſt, guid ſweet *John*,
Lat me but this ane Night alone,
And I wiſh nor I worrie,
Upon the Morn, be I alive,
If I dow either lead or drive,
With Dogs ye ſhall me rug and rive,
If I make not for *Currie*.

Thus he bewailing her Punition,
Did leave her upon that Condition,
And ſhe but any Requiſition,
Came down to the Killogie,
Where ſhe thought to have lodg'd all Night,
And eaſe her the beſt way ſhe might:

But

But a falſe Lown ſoon ſaw that Sight,
Whoſe Name was *Willie Scrogie.*

Who came and tuik her by the Beugh,
And with a Rung both auld and teugh,
Laid on her, while ſhe bled enough,
And for dead left her lying
Into a deadly Swown and Trance,
Bewailing Fortune's Variance,
Her hard Miſluck and heavie Chance,
For Help and Pity crying.

But what ſhou'd any further ſpeaking?
For all her waful Cries and Greeting,
Her loving Words and fair Intreating,
(Theſe Follows were too tyked)
To her they would make naeSupplie,
Nor yet let her remaining be
Amang them, but twa days or three,
Say to them, what ſhe liked.

This ſilly Beaſt being thus confounded,
Sae deadly hurt, miſus'd and wounded,
With Meſſan-dogs ſae chas'd and wounded,
In end directs a Letter
Of Supplication with *John Aird*,
To purchaſe Licence frae the Laird,
That ſhe might bide about the Yeard,
While ſhe grew ſumwhat better.

But he wou'd na ways condeſcend
To gae the Meſſage ſhe did ſend,

For fear he ſhou'd the Laird offend:
  But bade her ſend *John Durie*.
And when they war in all their Dou'ts,
A Meſſenger, whaſe Name was *Couts*,
(Vengeance light on all their Snouts,)
  Came on her in a Fury.

Who did tack forth his Sergeants Wand,
And gave to her a ſtrait Command,
The ſelf ſame Night to leave the Land,
  Or on the Morn to burn her.
Then was this Beaſt ſo ſare amazed,
Into his Face ſhe glour'd and gazed,
And wiſt not well ſhe was ſo bazed,
  To what Hand for to turn her.

But fell down on her ſilly Knees,
And upward lifting up her Eyes,
Said, *Couts*, my Miſery thou ſees,
  Wherefore do not deride it:
But ponder my diſtreſt Eſtate,
How I am handled and what gate,
For I may mack na mair debate:
  Na langer can I bide it.

Then did ſhe halt lang in Diſpair,
Withdraw her to a Place, even where
She thought there ſhould be leaſt Repair,
  And that nane ſhou'd come near her.
But ſhe got never perfect Reſt,
Ga where ſhe lik'd, ſhe was oppreſt:
Wherefore in end it was thought beſt,
  With Men awa to bear her.

And ſo *Rob Rodger* in an Anger,
And *Will Tamſon* wha ay bade hang her,
By Sting and Ling they did up-bang her,
And bare her down between them,
To *Duncan*'s Burn, and there but dread,
They left her and came hame good ſpeed:
Ye wou'd have laughen well indeed,
So pudled to have ſeen them:

For *Willie Tamſon* well I ween,
Fell in a Pool o'er baith the Een,
And ne'er a bit of him left clean,
So throw the Dubs him carri'd.
And *Rob* who took in hand to guide him,
O'er both the Lugs he fell beſide him,
Then ſta away for ſhame to hide him,
He was ſo well begarri'd.

This being done but any mair,
Theſe twa they left her lying there,
Suppreſt with Dolour, Grief and Care,
Who made this Proteſtation:
If any Perſon far or near
Within this Pariſh would compear,
To lend her but ten Shillings here,
Upon her Obligation.

When the Cleck Geeſe leave off to clatter,
And Paraſites to flietch and flatter,
And *Prieſts*, *Maria*'s to pitter patter,
And Thieves from Thift refrain.

Or yet again, when there ſhall be
Nae Water in the Ocean Sea:
Then ſhe that Sum right thankfullie
Should pay them hame again.

But, oh, alas for all their Moan,
In all theſe Parts there was not One,
Would condeſcend to give that Loan,
For never ane did mean her!
And ſae alas! ſhe lay ſtill there
but Meat and Drink eight days and mair;
It wou'd have made a haill Heart ſair,
In that Caſe to have ſeen her.

Yet honeſt Antie in the Place,
Came and beheld her pale cauld Face,
And ſaid, for evermair, alace!
I ſee the ſae miſchieved:
Had I known of thy wearineſs,
Thy Miſery and great Diſtreſs,
I ſhou'd have helped mair or leſs,
And ſo thy Straits relieved.

I ſhou'd have put the in the Bank,
Where Nettles, Graſs and Weeds grew rank:
Where well thou might have fill'd thy Flank,
and fed amang the Willies:
Or otherways to have rejoic'd thee,
Within the Ward I might have clos'd thee,
Where well thou mighteſt have repos'd thee
Amang the Laird's beſt Fillies.

To whom the Beaſt ſaid ſoberly,
Sweet Miſtreſs, I moſt heartily
Do thank you for your Courteſy,
  So friendly who have us'd me:
Who has ſae lovingly reported,
And alſo ſweetly me comforted:
And with your Alms has me ſupported,
  When all my Kin refus'd me:

Yet mair attour, ſince there is nane,
To whom that I can mack my Mane,
But ſweet Miſtreſs to you alane,
  Before theſe Villains gore me,
Though I have neither Gier nor Gains,
For to preſent you for your Pains:
If it perturb not all your Brains,
  Yet this one thing do for me:

Gae to the Cook with ſpeedy haiſt,
And rin as faſt as ye were chaiſt,
And tell that I am dead almaiſt,
  And if ye can allure him,
A Dishfu' of his Broath to ſend me,
Which frae this cauld Night may defend me;
And if it prove a Help to mend me,
  Upon my Word aſſure him,

When Winter Cauld shall be but Froſt.
And Wives for Maſt'ry shall not boaſt,
And Men of Law wait on but Coſt,
  And Uſurers tack nae Gains:
Or when ye shall ſee *Pentland* Hills

B'ing carri'd down amang *Leith* Mills,
Then I with twanty mae good VVills.
Shall pleaſe him for his Pains.

This Meſſage Antie undertook,
And ſpeedily ran to the Cook,
VVho fand him ſitting in the Nook,
And as she was deſired,
Requeſted him right earneſtly
To ſend the ſilly Beaſt Supply:
And he again right thankfully
Did as he was required,

And without Grudging or Debate,
Did ſend a muckle Charger-plate
Fu' o' good Broath hynd down the Gate,
And bade her tack a care o'd:
And with her ſell likewiſe conclude,
That if she thought it healthſome Fude,
And if it did her ony gude,
The Morn she shou'd hae mair o'd:

But frae this Time this wraked Beaſt
Perceiv'd the Broath gae down her Breaſt,
Her Tongue frae crying never ceaſt
Till she had made Confeſſion:
And ſae came by Sir *Tamas Grant*,
About the *Sheens* who aft did haunt,
VVho thought, if she did VVitneſs want
To hear't, it were Oppreſſion.

Wherefore he ſaid unto the *Meir*,
I ſee thy Death approacheth near,
Then ſee, that ye be very clear,
For Death to mack thee ready:
For I ſee by thy Viſage pale,
Nathing but Death for thee but fail,
As freely then tell me your Tale,
As if I were your Deddie.

Then up she hoov'd her hinder Heels,
And ſaid (when she lay in the Fiel's)
*T*hough you with me shou'd caſt the Creils
And of your Help refuſe me:
I will naways at all think Shame,
*T*ho't be contrar to a good Name,
*T*o you, ſweet Father, to proclame,
How lang time they did uſe me.

My Maſter was a ſimple Man,
VVha had nathing, but what he wan
by cadging Heather now and than:
At *Bavelaw* was his winning.
My Huſſie likewiſe was a VVife
Ay hading into Sturt and Strife,
VVha had nathing during her Life,
But what she wan by Spinning.

And I was toſſed up and down,
VVith Heather cadging to the *T*own,
For fau't o' Food whils did I Swown,
For a' that e'er I wan them.
But I think plain Neceſſitie

Was it, why ſae they uſed me:
Wherefore I think aſſuredlie,
I hae nae Cauſe to ban them.

But yet, becauſe they us'd me ſae,
I thought to mack their Hearts as wae,
Anes to the Butler I did gae,
Poſtponing ev'ry Peril:
Where I fand naught but twa Sheep-breeds,
Some *H*aggiſe-bags and twa Nowt-heads,
VVith twa'r three Pecks of Sowing-ſeeds,
VVell tramped in a Barrel.

I took the Seeds which I thought beſt,
VVith *H*unger being ſare oppreſt,
And ate of them while they mought laſt,
VVhen all the Reſt were ſleeping.
Syne privily I did me hy
Into the Stable near hand by,
(VVhich is the Place wherein I ly)
On *H*ands and Feet faſt creeping.

But oh I dought na ſleep a VVink
For Drowth, but came back to the Bink,
VVhere that I took a miekle Drink,
But it was very bitter.
I trow my *H*uſſy *Meg* had piſht it,
And up upon the Bink had diſht it,
Oh, if that I had never toucht it,
It gart me tack the Sk----!

But

But Good *John Smith*, my Maſter dear,
Upon the Morn ere Day grew clear,
Before his Wife he did compear:
And ſaid to her, my Lady,
Riſe up, I pray you, with good Speed,
Hang on the Sowings, for indeed
I trow ye be right ſcant of Bread,
Some Hate-thing ſoon mack ready.

The Wife expecting for nane ill
Raſe up his Biding to fulfill,
With merry Heart and right good Will,
To mack for ſome Proviſion:
But when ſhe miſt the Seeds away,
She wiſt not what to do or ſay,
Cry'd many *Alas*, and *Wall-away!*
And ſaid, *John*, in deriſion

I trow ye cry for your Disjoon:
When were ye wont to cry ſo ſoon?
It is your ſelf this deed hath done:
And that hath made Concluſion
Of all the Seeds we got in *Morton*;
Or elſe it hath been glied *Wil Morton.*
Ill be his Chance, his Hap and Fortune,
VVho hath wrought this Confuſion.

When ſhe was macking all this Mane,
And had him tauld that all was Gane,
A Race to her the Carl hath tane,
As faſt as he might Bicker,
And hit her ſuch a Stroak but Dread,

VVhile

While he thought, that ſhe had been dead:
For he had hit her on the *H*ead
A ſad Stroak and a ſicker.

So when with a lang heavy Rung,
I did perceive my Huſſie dung,
I was ſtanne-ſtill, and held my *T*ongue,
*A*nd felloun cloſs I held me.
For if they had had any Feel,
*T*hat I had made them ſuch a Reel,
*T*he one of them, I wat right well,
But queſtion wou'd have fell'd me.

Now this is the warſt *T*urn, I ſay,
*T*hat e're I did by Night or Day:
Wherefore, ſweet Father, I you pray,
Since you hear my Confeſſion:
*T*hat in this Place before I die,
You grant me Pardon chearfully,
For that I wat aſſuredly
Belangs to your Profeſſion.

*T*hen ſpake this Father venerable
*T*o her this Sentence comfortable,
*A*s I a man am trowable,
I ſay this in ſubmiſſion:
Since ye deſire to be remitted
*O*f all the fau'ts ye have committed,
(Now ſurely on the head I hit it)
I grant you full Remiſſion.

Then

Then was ſhe blyth, and ſaid, I think,
*T*hat I am an begins to wink,
Sweet Father now take Pen and Ink
And write as I command you.
For on my Credit I dare ſwear,
It was ſome Good thing brought you here,
Recorded be the *T*ime and Year,
And Day, that e'er I found you.

And firſt write, that it pleaſeth me,
My Body be ſolemnouſly
Laid in that place with Honeſty,
Where ly my Predeceſſors.
I nominate my Maſter *John*
And his good Brother *Tam Gillon*,
Executors to me alone,
*T*heſe twa are nae Oppreſſors.

I know they will do nought but Right
*T*o me and mine, for many a Night
I did them Pleaſure as I might,
Wherefore you may aſſure them.
For often-times I wou'd them tack,
E'en as a Chap-man doth his Pack,
Upon my ſillie feeble Back,
*A*nd throw the Dubs I bure them.

I leave them therefore Power all,
*T*o meddle with Debts great and ſmall,
*A*nd with all *T*hings in general,
*T*hat any way belangs me.
Firſt, I am awing to *Andro Rid*

At the Waſt-port for ſix Gray-bread,
Five Shilling, for the which indeed
He and his Wife o'regangs me.

And in my great Neceſſitie,
Tam Linkie's Wife ſhe furniſht me,
As meekle Draff of Veritie,
The laſt day of *December*,
As by the laſt Count we did mack,
Came to five Shilling and a Plack,
Well counted before auld *John Black*:
If I do right remember.

There is a cankard Carl ſicklyke,
Whom I have born o'er many a Syke,
They ca' him *Jockie* in the Dyke,
(I had amaſte fargot it)
Some Nights, when I cou'd not win Hame,
To tell the Truth I think na Shame,
For Draff and Satlings to my Wame,
Six Placks I am addebted.

Now ſa far as I underſtand,
I awe na mare in a' this Land,
But to a ſilly Colibrand,
Tam Rid that dwals in *Currie*,
Upon a time as he may prove:
An Achiſon for a Remove,
But 't was little for my Behove,
I pray nor he may may worry.

There is a Man, they ca' *John Blair*,
Beſide the *H*owps wha macks Repair,
*H*im did I ſerve ſeven Years and mair,
But I ſaw ne'er his Conzie,
And in my Need and Povertie,
My Sickneſs and Calamitie,
That ſame Carl ne'er viſit me:
Now Pox light on his Grounzie.

The Thing to me he is addebted,
I purpoſe not ov'r high to ſet it,
It is if I have not forgot it,
*B*y our juſt Calculation,
Three Pound: here without Dilatours,
I ordain my Executours,
To gang amang my Creditours,
And to their Contentation,

Off the firſt end, right chearfully,
Content them a' with Honeſty,
Leſt afterward they wearie me,
When I may not amend it:
And to ſuch as are deſtitute
Of wardly Goods, I conſtitute
That all the reſt be diſtribute,
*S*ae ſoon's my Life is endit.

I ha'e not meekle mair free Gear,
In very deed, to ſpeak of here:
But had I liv'd another Year,
If Folks had been good willie,
I had had mair, yet will I ſhaw,
The Thing I have but any aw,

I have into the Caſtle-law,
A *Meir* but and a *Fillie*.

My Will is, and I leave the *Mierie*
To ane they ca' him *John Macklierie*,
e cauſe of Foot he is not feirie,
And may not deal wth Travel.
For in his Youth that Carl us'd ay,
With Wenches for to ſport and play,
Where through he hath this mony a day,
Been troubled with the Gravel.

I leave the *Fillie* to *John Kilmanie*,
An honeſt Maſter in B*alenie*:
The which if it be *P*oor and Banie:
Yet if it be well uſed,
It will do Good. Aft-times, ſaid I,
I might have had for 't already,
From my ſweet Maſter's Luckie-dedy,
Five Crowns, which was refuſed.

My *H*alter and my four New Shods,
My Turs-raips, curpel and my Sods,
I liſt not let them gae to ods,
For that indeed wou'd Grieve me:
I leave them therefore to *Tam Stean*,
Who hath his winning in Smiddy-green:
For many a Night, right late at e'en,
That poor Man did relieve me.

My Main, my Tail, and a' my *H*air,
I leave but any Proceſs mair,

To Cheaſly, *Matman*, and *Tam Blair*,
*T*hree Fiſhers by Vocation:
For aft-times when it wou'd be Late,
And might not mack nae mare Debate,
*T*heſe three wou'd lodge me by the Gate
*A*nd give me *S*uſtentation.

I leave my bony round white *T*eeth
To Willie Friſel into *Leith*,
For on a time when *Jenny Reith*
*W*ith plotted Broe demaim'd me,
*H*e fed me in his *H*ouſe a' hail
Eight Days, with good Fleſh *B*roe and Kaill,
And aft-times with Bread and Ale,
VVhere worſe Chear might have gain'd me.

To honeſt Auntie in *Collingtoun* Place,
My Bliſſing light upon her Face,
VVho was my Friend in every Caſe,
I cannot well forget her.
I leave her therefore to her Part,
My true, my kind, and tender *H*eart,
For into mony Grief and Smart,
Of her I was the better.

I leave the Creaſh within my VVame,
VVith a' my *H*eart to *Finlay Grame*,
It will be better than Swine Seam,
For any *W*ramp or Minzie.
Firſt ſhear it ſmall, and rind it fine,
Into a Kettle clean and fine,
It will be good againſt the Pine
Of any *W*rieſt or Strienzie.

I leave my Liver, Puds and Tripes
To the twa Brethren in the *Snipes*,
Wha though they be but greedy Gipes,
Yet being once in *Cramond*
Storm-ſted and in great Miſerie,
For very Hunger like to die,
Did give me lodging chearfullie,
And fed me well with Salmond.

My twa gray Eyes like Criſtal clear,
Wherefrae great brightneſs did appear,
I leave in this my Teſt'ment here,
To ſilly *John Mackwirrie*:
For going wild into the Night
Beſide *Blackbav'law* on the *He*ight,
He took me to an Ale-houſe right,
And made to be mirrie.

I leave my Tongue Rethorical,
My duice Voice, Sweet and Muſical,
And all my Science Natural,
To good ſweet Maſter *Mathow*:
For when I was by *Mortoun* Dogs,
O'erbladed through the Stanks and Bogs,
And had ſtood three Days in the Jogs,
Within the Town of *Ratho*;

He came into a Morning ſoon,
And gave Contentment lang ere Noon,
To a' to wham I wrang had done,
Sine ſent me with a Letter
With Expedition down to *Cammock*:

VVhere

Where that for to refreſh my Stamock,
I was receiv'd and fed with Dramock
Aught Days and with the better.

I leave my *H*ead to *Sanny Purdie*,
A Man whereof I think him wurdie:
For once when that I took the Sturdie,
That Man but any Grudging,
Made me great Succour and Supply,
And uſed me right tenderly,
And gave me Food abundantly,
Twa Weeks within his Lodging.

I leave to *Claud* in *Hermiſtoun*,
For his Bounteth and Wariſoun,
My *H*ide, with my braid Benniſoun,
To be a pair of Bellies:
For whan he fand me lying Sick,
At *Gogor* Bridge, and dought not ſpeak,
Upon his back he did me cleick,
And bare me to Laird *Skellies*.

To theſe Fellows of *Collingtoun*,
Who brought me to Contention,
I leave them my black Maliſon,
For here I do proteſt it.
If theſe Men had licenced me
To ha' biddin twa Nights or three,
Amang the Broom, where quietlie,
I might have ly'n and reſtit:

I had not then with every Lown,
With every Butcher up and down,
Been bladded frae Town to Town,
Nor gotten ſick Oppreſſion:
Nor yet had been in ſick a Blunder:
Nor made then ſick a VVarld's VVonder:
I wiſh mae Miſchiefs nor a hunder
On them and their Succeſſion.

Now ſweet Sir *Tamas* earneſtly,
I pray you let me hear and ſee,
If that my VVill and Legacie,
Be done as I directed:
For ſome Suſpition e'en now breed I,
That you are grieved Lucki-deddy,
In that I have diſpatcht already
My Goods and you neglected.

But ſurely, Sir, the Reaſon why
That I did ſo and ſet you by,
It was indeed, becauſe that I
Knew not, that you were needy.
And next again, as Reaſon ſhaws,
I did it for another Cauſe,
VVhich is, that all the VVarld knaws,
That ſuch Men are not Greedy.

To wham Sir *Tamas* ſoberly
Did Anſwer mack, and ſaid, truely
All Things, as ye commanded me,
Are orderly perfected:
Therefore of that tack ye na Care,

And of that Matter ſpeak nae mair:
Think on your Sickneſs and your Sair,
As for your Gear I quite it.

*T*hen for final Concluſion,
*T*his poor Beaſt on her Knees fell down,
And ſaid, Sir, for my Benniſoun,
Since Death thinks to betray me:
And ſince I clearly do perceive,
*T*hat of my *B*reath and all the leave
Of the Five Senſes that I have,
Death threatens to bewray me.

I you beſeech moſt earneſtlie,
Of your Gentrice and Courteſie,
*T*o gae to *Bav'law* ſoon for me,
And there with Expedition,
Shew to *John Smith*, my Maſter dear,
*T*hat I am ſair Siek lying here,
At point of Death, and dow not ſteer:
And mack him Requiſition,

For to come down peremptorlie,
*T*he Morn about twa *H*ours or three,
*T*o *Geordie Miln*, where publicklie
I will repeat this Sentence.
*T*hat I dare ſay in Veritie,
It were great Pleaſure unto me,
*T*hat we ſhou'd meet before I die
For honeſt auld Acquaintance.

Sir *Tamas* then began to clatter,
And told, that he wou'd nae ways flatter,
But plainly to her ſhew the Matter:
Sine ſaid to her, my Dearie,
Ly ſtill and reſt you: for I think,
That I ſhall neither eat nor drink,
Nor with mine Eyes ſhall ſleep a Wink,
Though I were ne'er ſae wearie,

Whilſt all and haill my laſt Direction
Be done and ended but Defection.
Then unto *Pluto* his Protection
He heartily bequeath'd her:
And ran to *Bav'law* with good will,
Brought down *John Smith* to *Gorgie-mill*,
Wha ſae ſoon as he came her till,
Into his Arms he caught her.

And ſaid, alas for evermair!
That I ſhou'd ſee thee lying there
Sae Comfortleſs, baith Sick and Sair,
Sae Helpleſs, Poor, and Needy;
Sae Bruis'd and Birs'd, ſae Black and Blae,
Sae ill demaim'd frae Tap to Tae:
Alas that I ſhou'd leave thee ſae!
Fy! is there nae Remeedy?

Alas for evermair, alace!
This is a dolorous dolefu' Caſe
To me, to ſee that well-fa'our'd Face
And Countenance ſae guided:
Now where are theſe twa brightfu' Een

Into thy Head, which I have ſeen,
*T*hat now are ſae yellow and green?
Oh, I cannot abide it!

Oh and alas that harmes be ay:
Dolour and Dool fell me this day.
What ſhall I either do or ſay?
*T*his is a dolefu' Meeting.
*T*o whom this Beaſt with Voice moſt weak
Said, Maſter, my Heart do not break,
Let Sorrow be, ſome Comfort take,
I dow not bide your Greeting.

Your Sighs, your Sobs, your Mourning ſair,
Doth nathing but augment my Care:
*T*herefore deſiſt and Mourn nae mair,
With Greeting ye are wrackit:
And ſince that ye withoutten Swither,
*T*o Viſit me are come down hither,
Be blyth, and let us drink together,
For Mourning will not mack it.

And ſince, ſweet Maſter, that you ſee,
*T*hat there is nought but Death for me,
I pray you tack it patientlie,
Since there is nae Redemption:
And I do mack you Supplication,
*T*o carry hame my Commendation
*T*o all and haill the Congregation
Of *Curry*, but Exemption.

As for my Goods, they're elſe divided,
Na Part thereof is undecided,
Except my Sp'rit, and that to guide it,
I leave the King of Fairie,
Perpetually for to remain
In Wilderneſs with his great *T*rain,
And never to come back again,
But in his Court to tarry.

The Speech thus ended, ſhe ſat down,
All Comfortleſs and fell in Swoon,
Where ſhe in that great Paſſion,
Baith Heartleſs, Faint and Weary,
With a great Exclamation,
*T*o *Pluto* macks Invocation,
Did yield her Sp'rit but Moleſtation:
*T*hus ended *John Smith*'s Meiry.

Now have ye heard the *T*ragedy,
*T*he latter Will and Legacy
Of this *Meir*, and the Certainty,
When, where, and how ſhe ended.
Which though it be both Groff and Rude,
And of all Eloquence denude:
Yet, Sirs, imbrace't as it were good,
For I took Pains to mend it.

F I N I S.

The Laſt DYING WORDS of Bonny *HECK*,

A Famous Grey-Hound in the Shire of *Fife*.

ALas, alas, quo' bonny *Heck*,
On former Days when I reflect!
I was a Dog much in Reſpect
For doughty Deed:
But now I muſt hing by the Neck
Without Remeed.

O fy, Sirs, for black burning Shame,
Ye'll bring a Blunder on your Name!
Pray tell me wherein I'm to blame?
Is't in Effect,
Becauſe I'm Criple, Auld and Lame?
Quo' bony *Heck*.

What great Feats I have done my Sell
Within Clink of *Kilrenny* Bell,
When I was Souple, Young and Fell,
But Fear or Dread:
John Neſs and *Paterſon* can tell,
Whoſe Hearts may bleid.

They'll witneſs that I was the Vier
Of all the Dogs within the Shire,
I'd run all Day, and never tyre:
but now my Neck
It muſt be ſtretched for my Hyre,
quo' bonny *Heck*.

*H*ow nimbly could I turn the Hair,
Then ſerve my ſelf, that was right fair!

For

For ſtill it was my conſtant Care
the Van to lead.
Now, what could ſery *Heck* do mair,
ſyne kill her dead?

At the K*ing*'s-*Muir*, and *Kelly-law*,
Where good ſtout Hairs gang faſt awa,
So cliverly I did it Claw,
with Pith and Speed:
I bure the Bell before them
as clear's a Beid.

I ran alike on a' kind Grounds,
Yea in the midſt of *Ardry* Whines,
I grip't the Mackings be the Bunns,
or be the Neck:
Where nathing could ſlay them but Guns,
ſave bonny *Heck*:

I Wily, Witty was, and Gaſh,
With my auld felni packy Paſh,
Nae Man might anes buy me for Caſh
in ſome reſpect.
*A*re they not then confounded Raſh,
that hangs poor *Heck*?

I was a bardy Tyk and bauld,
Tho' my Beard 's Gray, I'm not ſo auld.
Can any Man to me unfald,
what is the Feid,
To ſtane me ere I be well Cauld?
a cruel Deed!

Now Honeſty was ay my Drift,
An innocent and harmleſs Shift,
A Kaill-pot-lid gently to lift,
or Amry-Sneck.

Shame fa the Chafts, dare call that *T*hift,
quo' bonny H*eck*.

So well's I cou'd play H*ocus Pocus*,
And of the Servants mack *Jodocus*,
And this I did in every *Locus*
throw their Neglect.
*A*nd was not this a Merry *Jocus*
quo' bonny H*eck*?

But now, good Sirs, this day is loſt,
*T*he beſt Dog in the Eaſt-Nook Coaſt:
For never ane durſt Brag nor Boaſt
me, for their Neck.
But now I muſt yeild up the Ghoſt,
quo' bonny H*eck*.

And put a period to my Talking,
For I'm unto my *Exit* making:
Sirs, ye may a' gae to the Hawking,
and there Reflect,
Ye'l ne'er get ſick a Dog for Makin
as bonny *Heck*.

But if my Puppies ance were ready,
Which I gat on a bonny Lady:
They'l be baith Cliver, Keen, and Beddy,
and ne'er Neglect,
To Clink it like their ancient Deddy
the famous *Heck*.

F I N I S.

THE Cherry and the Slae.

Compiled into Metre by
Captain Alexander Montgomery.

A Sweet Sonnet to the *Bleſſed Trinity.*

SUpream Eſſence, Beginner Unbegun,
Ay Trinal One, and undivided Three,
Eternal Word that Victory hath won,
O'er Death, o'er Hell, triumphing on the Tree.
Fore-knowledge, Wiſdom, and All-ſeeing Eye,
JEHOVAH, Alpha, *and* Omega *all,*
Like unto none, and none like unto Thee,
Unmov'd moving the Rounds about the Ball:
Container uncontain'd, Is, Was, and Shall
Be Sempiternal, Merciful and Juſt:
Creator Uncreated, now I call,
Teach me thy Truth, ſince into Thee I truſt,
Increaſe, Confirm, and kindle from above
My Faith, my Hope, but by the lave my Love.

ABout a Bank with balmy Bews,
Where *Nightingales* their Notes renews
With gallant *Gold-ſpinks* gay:
The *Mavis*, Merle, and Progne proud,
The *Lintwhite*, *Lark*, and *Laverock* loud,
ſaluted mirthful *May:* When

When *Philomel* had ſweetly ſung,
to *Progne* ſhe deplored;
How Tereus cut out her Tongue,
and falſly her Deflou'red.
Which Story, ſo ſory,
to ſhew aſham'd ſhe ſeem'd;
To hear her, ſo near her,
I doubted if I dream'd.

The *Cuſhat* crowds, the *Corbie* cryes,
The *Cucko* cuks, the pratling *Pyes*
to geck her they begin:
The *Jargoun*, or the jangling *Jayes*,
The cracking *Craws*, the keckling *Kayes*,
they deav'd me with their din:
The painted *Pown* with *Argos* Eyes
can on his Mayock call,
The *Turtle* wails on wither'd Trees:
and *Echo* anſwer'd all,
Repeating, with greeting,
how fair *Narciſſus* fell,
By lying, and ſpying
his Shadow in the Well,

I ſaw the *Hurcheon* and the *Hare*,
In Hidlings hirpling here and there,
to make their Morning-mange:
The Con, the *Coney*, and the *Cat*,
Whoſe dainty Downs with Dew were wet,
with ſtiff Muſtachoes ſtrange,
The *Heart*, the *Hynd*, the *Dae*, the *Rae*,
the *Fulmart* and falſe *Fox*,

The

The bearded *Buck* clamb up the Brae
with birſie *Bairs* and *Brocks*:
Some feeding, ſome dreading,
the Hunter's ſubtile Snares,
With skipping, and tripping,
they plaid them all in Pairs.

The Air was ſober, ſoft and ſweet,
*B*ut miſty Vapours, Wind and Weet,
but quiet, calm and clear;
To foſter F*lora's* fragrant flow'rs,
Whereon *Apollo*'s Paramours
had trickl'd many a Tear;
The which like Silver ſhakers ſhin'd,
embrod'ring *B*eauty's Bed:
Wherewith their heavy Heads declin'd,
all in *May's* Colours cled:
Some knopping, ſome dropping
of Balmy Liquor ſweet:
Excelling in ſmelling,
through *Phœbus* wholſome Heat.

Me thought an Heav'nly heartſome thing,
Where Dew like Diamonds did hing,
o'er-twinkling all the Trees,
To ſtudy on the flouriſh'd Twiſts,
Admiring *Nature's* Alchymiſts,
laborious buſie *B*ees.
Whereof ſome ſweeteſt Honey ſought,
to ſtay their Lives to ſterve;
And ſome the Waxie Veſſels wrought,
their *P*urchaſe to preſerve:

So heaping, for keeping,
it in their Hives they hid:
Preciſely, and wiſely,
for Winter they provide.

To pen the Pleaſures of that Park,
How ev'ry Bloſome, *B*ranch and *B*ark,
againſt the Sun did ſhine,
I paſs to *P*oets to compile
In High, Heroick, Stately Stile,
whoſe Muſe ſurmatches mine.
But as I looked me alone,
I ſaw a River rin,
Out o'er a ſteepy *R*ock of Stone,
ſyne lighted in a Lin:
VVith tumbling, and rumbling,
among the Roches round,
Devalling, and falling
into a Pit profound.

Through routing of the River rang
The Roches, ſounding like a *S*ang;
where Deſcant did abound,
VVith Treble, Tenor, Counter, Meen:
An *Echo* blew a *B*aſſe between,
in Diapaſon ſound,
*S*et with the C ſol-fa-uth Clief,
with Large and Long at liſt,
VVith Quiver, Crotchet, *S*emibrief,
and not a Minim miſt;
Compleatly, more ſweetly,
ſhe fir'd down Flat and *S*harp,

Than

Than Muſes, which uſes,
to pin *Apollo*'s Harp.

VVho would have tir'd to hear that *T*une
VVhich Birds corrob'rate ay abune,
with Layes of loveſome *Larks*?
Which climb ſo high in criſtal *S*kies,
While *Cupid* wak'ned with the Cries
of Nature's Chappel-Clarks:
Who leaving all the Heav'ns above,
alighted on the Eard.
Lo, how that little Lord of Love
before me there appear'd
*S*o mild-like, and Child-like,
with Bow three quarters skant,
*S*yne moyly, and coyly,
he looked like a *S*aint!

A cleanly Criſp hang o'er his Eyes,
His Quiver by his naked Thighs,
hang in a *S*ilver Lace
Of Gold, between his Shoulders grew
Two pretty Wings, wherewith he flew,
on his left Arm a Brace.
This God ſoon off his Gear he ſhook
upon the Graſſie Ground,
I ran as lightly for to look,
where Ferlies might be found;
Amazed, I gazed
to ſee his Gear ſo gay,
Perceiving mine having,
he counted me his Prey,

*H*is Youth and Stature made me ſtout,
Of doubleneſs I had no Doubt;
  but bourded with my Boy:
Quoth I, how call they thee, my Child?
  Cupido, Sir, (quoth he) and ſmil'd,
  pleaſe you me to imploy:
For I can ſerve you in your *S*uit,
  if you pleaſe to impyre,
With Wings to flee, and Shafts to ſhoot,
  or Flames to ſet on fire:
    Make choiſe then, of thoſe then,
      or of a thouſand *T*hings,
    But crave them, and have them;
      with that I woo'd his Wings.

What would you give, my *H*eart, quoth he,
*T*o have theſe wanton Wings to flee,
  to ſport thy Sp'rit a while?
Or, what if *Love* ſhould lend thee here,
*B*ow, Quiver, Shafts, and Shooting-gear,
  ſome *B*ody to beguile?
*T*his Gear, (quoth I) cannot be bought,
  yet would I have it fain.
What if (quoth He) it coſt thee Nought,
  but rendring all again?
    *H*is VVings then, he brings then,
      and band them on my *B*ack:
    Go flee now, quoth he now,
      and ſo my Leave I take.

I ſprang up with *Cupido's* VVings,
VVhoſe Shots and *S*hooting-gear reſigns
  to lend me for a *D*ay.

As

As *Icarus* with borrow'd Flight,
I mounted higher than I might,
o'er perillous a Play:
Firſt forth I drew the double Dart,
which ſometimes ſhot his Mother,
Wherewith I hurt my wanton Heart,
in hope to hurt another;
It hurt me, or burnt me,
while either end I handle:
Come ſee now, in me now,
the B*utterflee* and Candle.

As ſhe delights into the Low;
So was I browden of my Bow,
as ignorant as ſhe;
And as ſhe flies, while ſhe is fir'd,
So with the Dart that I deſir'd,
mine hands have hurt me too;
As fooliſh *Phaëton* by ſuit,
his Father's Chair obtain'd;
I longed in *Love's* Bow to ſhoot,
not marking what it mean'd;
More wilful, than skilful,
to flee I was ſo fond,
Deſiring, Impyring,
and ſo was ſeen upon't.

Too late I knew, who hews too hie,
The Spail ſhall fall into his Eye,
too late I went to Shools,
Too late I heard the *Swallow* Preach,
Too late *Experience* doth teach
the School-Maſter of Fools.

Too late I find the Neſt I ſeek,
when all the Birds are flown:
Too late the Stable Door I ſteek,
when as the Steed is ſtown;
Too late ay, their ſtate ay,
as fooliſh Folk eſpy,
Behind ſo, they find ſo,
remeed, and ſo do I.

If I had ripely been advis'd,
I had not raſhly enterpriz'd
to ſoar with borrow'd Pens,
Nor yet had ſey'd the Archer-Craft,
To ſhoot my ſelf with ſuch a Shaft,
as *Reaſon* quite miskens.
Fra *Wilfulneſs* gave me my Wound,
I had no force to flee:
Then came I groaning to the Ground,
Friend, welcome home, quoth he,
When flew ye, whom flew ye,
or who brings home the Booting?
I ſee now, quoth he now,
you have been at the Shooting.

As Scorn comes commonly with *S*kaith,
So I behov'd to bide them baith;
ſo ſtagg'ring was my State,
That under Cure I got ſuch Check,
Which I might not remove nor neck,
but either ſtaile or maire:
Mine Agony was ſo extream,
I ſwelt and ſwoon'd for fear.

But

But ere I waken'd off my Dream,
he ſpoil'd me of my Gear,
With flight then, on hieghth then,
ſprang *Cupid* in the Skies,
Forgetting, and ſetting,
at nought my careful Cries.

So long with Sight I follow'd him,
While both my dazled Eyes grew dim,
through ſtaring on the Starns;
Which flew ſo thick before my Een,
Some red, ſome yellow, blue and green,
which troubled all mine Harns,
That ev'ry thing appeared two
to my parboiled *B*rain,
But long might I ly looking ſo,
ere *Cupid* came again:
Whoſe Thund'ring, with wond'ring,
I heard up through the Air:
Through Clouds ſo, he thuds ſo,
and flew I wiſt not where.

Then when I ſaw that God was gone,
And in a *L*anguor left alone,
and ſore tormented too,
Sometime I ſigh'd, while I was ſad,
Sometime I mus'd, and moſt gone mad,
I doubted what to do:
Sometime I rav'd half in a Rage,
as one into Deſpair:
To be oppreſt with ſuch a Page,
Lord, if my Heart was fair!

Like

Like *Dido*, *Cupido*,
I widdle and I warie,
Who reft me, and left me,
in ſuch a feiry-farie.

Then felt I *Courage* and *Deſire*
Inflame mine Heart with uncouth Fire,
to me before unknown:
But then no Blood in me remains,
Unburnt or boil'd within my Veins,
by *Love* his Bellows blown;
To drown it ere I was devour'd,
with Sighs I went about:
But ay the more I ſhoop to ſmoor't,
the bolder it brake out;
Ay preſſing, but ceaſing,
while it might break the Bounds,
Mine Hew ſo, forth ſhew ſo,
the Dolour of my Wounds.

With deadly Viſage, pale and wan,
More like Anatomy than Man,
I wither'd clean away.
As Wax before the Fire, I felt
Mine Heart within my Boſom melt,
and piece and piece decay;
My Veins by brangling like to break,
my Pulſes lap with pith:
So Fervency did me infect,
that I was vext therewith:
Mine Heart ay, it ſtart ay,
the fiery Flames to flee:

Ay hoping, through *L*ouping,
to leap at Liberty.

But (O alas!) it was abus'd,
My careful Corps kept it inclus'd
in Priſon of my Breaſt:
With Sighs ſo ſopite and o'er-ſet,
Like to a Fiſh faſt in a Net,
in dead-thraw undeceaſt;
Which though (in vain) ſhe ſtrives by Strength
for to pull out her Head:
Which profits nothing at the length,
but haſt'ning to her Dead:
With thriſting, and wriſting,
the faſter ſtill is ſhe:
There I ſo, did ly ſo,
my Death advancing to;

The more I wreſtled with the Wind,
The faſter ſtill my ſelf I find,
no Mirth my Mind could meaſe,
More Noy than I, had never None,
I was ſo alter'd and o'ergone,
through drought of my Diſeaſe:
Yet weakly, as I might, I raiſe,
my Sight grew dim and dark,
I ſtagg'red at the Windleſtraes,
no Token I was ſtark;
Both Sightleſs, and Mightleſs,
I grew almoſt at once:
In Anguiſh, *I* languiſh,
with many grievous Groans.

With ſober pace yet I approach
Hard to the River and the Roch,
whereof I ſpake before:
The River ſuch a Murmur made,
As to the Sea it ſoftly ſlade,
the Craig was ſtay and ſhore;
Then *Pleaſure* did me ſo provoke,
there partly to repair;
Betwixt the River and the Rock,
where *Hope* grew with *Deſpair:*
A Tree then, I ſee then,
of *Cherries* on the Braes;
Below too, I ſaw too,
a Buſh of bitter *Slaes.*

The *Cherries* hang about my Head,
Like trickling Rubies round and red,
ſo high up in the Heugh:
Whoſe Shadows in the River ſhew
Their Shape, as graithly as they grew,
on trembling Twiſts and teugh:
Whiles bow'd through burden of the Birth,
declining down their Tops:
Reflex of *Phœbus* off the *Firth*
now colour'd all their Knops,
With Dancing, and Glancing,
in trile as Dornick Champ,
Which ſtreamed, and leamed,
through lightneſs of that Lamp.

With earneſt Eye, while I eſpy
That Fruit between me and the Sky,
half gate almoſt to Heaven, The

The Craig ſo cumberſome to climb,
The Tree ſo tall of Growth and trim,
as any Arrow even;
I call'd to Mind how *Daphne* did
within the *Laurel* ſhrink;
When from a *Apollo* ſhe her hid,
a thouſand times I think;
That Tree there, to me there,
as he his *Laurel* thought,
Aſpiring, but tyring,
to get the Fruit I ſought.

To climb that Craig it was no buit,
Let be to preſs to pull the Fruit,
in top of all the Tree:
I knew no way whereby to come,
By any Craft to get it clumb,
appearantly to me:
The Craig was ugly, ſtay and driegh,
the Tree long, ſound and ſmall,
I was afraid to climb ſo high,
for fear to fetch a Fall;
Afrayed, I ſtayed,
and looked up aloft,
Whiles minting, whiles ſtinting,
my Purpoſe changed oft.

Then *Dread*, with *Danger*, and *Deſpair*
Forbade me minting any mair
to rax above my Reach.
What? Tuſh, (quoth *Courage*) Man, go to,

He is but daft that hath to do,
and ſpares for ev'ry Speech;
For I have oft heard Sooth Men ſay
and we may ſee't our ſells,
That Fortune helps the Hardy ay,
but Pultrons ay repells;
Then ſpare not, and fear not
Dread, *Danger*, nor *Deſpair*,
To Fazards, hard Hazards,
is Death ere they come there.

Who ſpeeds, but ſuch as High aſpires?
Who Triumphs not, but ſuch as tires
to win a Noble Name?
Of Shrinking what but Shame ſucceeds?
Then do as thou would have thy Deeds
In Regiſter of Fame.
I put the Caſe, thou not prevail'd,
ſo thou with Honour die,
Thy Life, but not thy Courage fail'd,
ſhall Poets Pen of thee:
*T*hy Name then, from Fame then,
can never be cut aff.
*T*hy Grave ay, ſhall have ay,
that Honeſt Epitaph.

What canſt thou loſe when Honour lives,
Renown thy Virtue ay revives,
if Valiantly thou end.
Quoth *Danger*, Huly Friend, take heed,
Untimous Spurring ſpills the Steed,
take tent what ye pretend:

*T*hough

Though *Courage* counſel thee to Climb,
be war thou kep no Skaith,
*H*ave thou none Help but *Hope* and him,
they may beguil thee baith.
*T*hy ſell now, can tell now,
the Counſel of theſe Clarks;
Wherethrow yet, I trow yet,
thy Breaſt doth bear the Marks.

Burnt Bairns with Fire the Danger dreads,
So I believe thy Boſome bleeds,
ſince laſt that Fire thou felt:
Beſides that, ſeindle times thou ſees,
That ever *Courage* keeps the Keys
of *Knowledge* at his Belt:
Though he bid forward with the Guns,
ſmall Powder he provides:
Be not a Novice of that Nuns,
who ſaw not both the ſides:
Fools haſte ay, almaiſt ay,
o'erſyles the Sight of ſome;
Who luiks not, who huiks not
what afterward may come.

Yet *Wiſdom* wiſheth the to weigh
*T*his Figure in Philoſophie,
a Leſſon worth the lear;
Which is in time for to take tent,
And not, when time is paſt, repent,
and buy Repentance dear;
Is there none Honour after Life,
except thou ſlay thy ſell?

Wherefore hath *Atropos* that Knife?
I trow thou canſt not tell.
Who but it, would cut it,
which *Clotho* ſcarce hath ſpun,
Deſtroying, the joying,
before it be begun?

All o'ers are repute to be Vice,
O'er High, o'er Low, o'er Raſh, o'er Nice,
o'er *H*ot, or yet o'er Cold,
*T*hou ſeems unconſtant by thy Signs,
*T*hy Thoughts are on a thouſand Things,
thou wots not what thou would.
Let *Fame* her Pity on thee pour,
when all thy Bones are broken:
Yon *Slae*, ſuppoſe thou think it four,
would ſatisfy to ſlocken.
*T*hy Drought now of Youth now,
which dries thee with Deſire:
Aſſwage then thy Rage then,
foul water quenches Fire.

What Fool art thou to die a-thriſt,
*A*nd now may quench it if thou liſt,
ſo eaſily but Pain?
More *H*onour is to Vanquiſh ane
*T*han fight with tenſome and be tane,
and either *H*urt or Slain.
The Practick is to bring to paſs,
and not to Enterpriſe:
And as good drinking out of Glaſs,
as Gold in any wiſe.

I lever, have ever
a Fowl in hand or tway,
Then ſeeing ten flying
about me all the day.

*L*ook where thou light before thou loup,
And ſlip no *Certainty* for *Hope*,
who guides thee but begueſs.
Quoth *Courage*, Cowards take no Cure
To ſit with ſhame, ſo they be ſure:
I like them all the leſs.
What pleaſure purchaſt is but Pain,
or *H*onour won with Eaſe?
He will not ly where he is Slain,
who doubts before he dies.
For Fear then, I hear then,
but only one Remeed,
Which late is, and that is,
for to cut off the *H*ead.

What is the way to heal thy *H*urt?
What way is there to ſtay thy Sturt?
what Mean to make the Merry?
What is the Comforts that thou craves?
Suppoſe theſe Sophiſts thee deceives,
thou knows it is the *Cherrie*;
Since for it only thou but thirſts,
the *Slae* can be no Bait:
In it alſo thine Health conſiſts,
and in none other Fruit.
Why quakes thou, and ſhakes thou,
or ſtudies at our Strife?

Adviſe thee, it lies thee,
on no leſs than thy Life.

If any Patient would be Panc'd,
Why ſhould he leap when he is Lanc'd,
or ſhrink when he is ſhorn?
For I have heard Chirurgions ſay,
Oft times deferring of a Day
might not be mend the Morn.
*T*ake time in Time, ere Time be tint,
for Time will not remain;
What forceth Fire out of the Flint,
but as hard Match again?
*D*elay not, nor fray not,
and thou ſhall ſee it ſae:
Such gets ay, who ſets ay,
ſtout Stomacks to the Brae.

Though all Beginnings be moſt hard,
The End is pleaſant afterward,
then ſhrink not for no ſhowre.
VVhen once that thou thy Greening get,
Thy Pain and Travel is forget,
the ſweet exceeds the ſower:
Go then quickly, fear not thir,
for *Hope* good Hap hath height.
Quoth *Danger*, be not ſudden, *S*ir,
the Matter is of Weight.
Firſt ſpy both, then try both,
Adviſement doth none ill:
Thou may then, I ſay then,
be wilful, when thou will.

But

But yet to mind the *P*roverb call,
Who uſes Perils, periſh ſhall,
ſhort while their Life them laſts.
And I have heard (quoth *Hope*) that he
Should never ſhape to ſail the Sea,
that for all Perils caſts.
How many through *Deſpair* are dead,
that never Perils priev'd?
How many alſo, if thou read,
of Lives have we reliev'd?
Who being, even dying,
but *Danger*, but deſpair'd,
A hunder, I wonder,
but thou haſt heard declar'd.

If we two hold not up thine Heart,
Which is the chief and nobleſt Part,
thy Works will not go well:
Conſidering theſe Companions can
Diſſwade a ſilly ſimple Man,
to hazard for his Heal.
Suppoſe they have deceived ſome,
ere we and they might meet;
They get no Credance where we come,
in any Man of Sp'rit.
*B*y reaſon, their Treaſon
by us is plainly ſpy'd:
Revealing their Dealing,
which dow not be deny'd.

With ſleekie Sophiſms ſeeming Sweet
As all their Doings were Diſcreet,

they wiſh thee to be Wife;
Poſtponing Time from hour to hour,
But Faith, its underneath the Flow'r
the lurking Serpent lyes;
Suppoſe thou ſeeſt her not a ſtime,
while that ſhe Sting thy Foot,
Perceives thou not what precious Time
thy Sleuth doth overſhoot:
Alas Man, thy Caſe Man,
in Lingring I lament!
Go to now, and do now,
that *Courage* be content.

What if *Melancholy* come in,
And get a Grip ere thou begin?
then is thy Labour loſt,
For he will hold thee hard and faſt,
Till Time, and Place, and Fruit be paſt,
and thou give up the Ghoſt:
Then ſhall be Grav'n upon that Place,
which on thy Tomb is laid,
Sometime there liv'd ſuch one, alace!
but how ſhall it be ſaid?
Here lyes now, but Praiſe now,
into Diſhonour's Bed,
A Coward, as thou art,
who from his Fortune fled.

Imagine Man, if thou were laid
In Grave, and ſyne might hear this ſaid;
would thou not ſweat for Shame?

Yes,

Yes, faith, I doubt not but thou would:
Therefore If thou have Eyes behold,
how they would ſmore thy Fame.
Go to, and make no more Excuſe,
ere Life and Honour loſe;
And either them or us refuſe,
there is no other choſe:
Conſider, together
that we do never dwell:
At length ay, by Strength ay,
the Pultrons we expell.

Quoth *Danger*, Since I underſtand,
That Counſel can be no Command,
I have no more to ſay;
Except, if that ye think it good,
Take Counſel yet, ere ye conclude,
of Wiſer Men than they;
They are but Rackleſs, Young and Raſh,
ſuppoſe they think us fleit,
If of our Fellowſhip ye faſh,
go with them hardly be it.
God ſpeed you, they lead you,
who have not meikle Wit,
Expel us, ye'll tell us
hereafter, comes not yet.

While D*anger* and *Deſpair* retir'd,
Experience came in and ſpeir'd,
what all the Matter mean'd.
With him came *Reaſon*, *Wit* and *Skill*:

Then they began to ask at *Will*,
where make ye to, my Friend?
To pluck yon luſty *Cherrie* lo,
quoth he, and quite the *Slae*.
Quoth they, is there no more ado,
ere ye win up the *Brae*:
But do it, and to it,
perforce your Fruit to pluck?
Well Brother, ſome other,
were better to Conduct.

We grant, ye may be good enough,
But yet the Hazard of yon Heugh
requires a greater Guide:
As Wiſe as ye are may go wrang,
Therefore take Counſel, ere ye gang,
of ſome that ſtands beſide.
But who were yon three, ye forbade,
your Company right now?
Quoth *Will*, three Preachers, to perſwade,
the poiſon'd *Slae* to pow:
They tratled, and pratled
a long half hour and mair,
Foul fall them, they call them;
Dread, *Danger*, and *Deſpair*.

They are more Faſhious than of Feck,
Yon Fazards durſt not for their Neck,
climb up the Craig with us,
Fra we determined to die
Or then to climb the *Cherrie* Tree,
they bode about the Buſh.

They

They are Condition'd like the *Cat*,
  they would not weet their Feet:
But yet if any Fiſh they gat,
  they would be apt to Eat.
    Though they now, I ſay now,
      to hazard have no Heart:
    Yet luck we, or pluck we
      the Fruit, they would have part.

*B*ut when we get our Voyage won,
They ſhall not then a *Cherrie* cun,
  who would not enterpriſe.
Well, quoth *Experience*, ye boaſt:
But he, who reck'ned but his Hoſt,
  oft times has counted twiſe.
Ye ſell the *Boar's* skin on his Back,
  but bide while ye it get:
When ye have done, its time to Crack,
  ye fiſh before the Net.
    With haſte, Sir, ye taſte, Sir
      the *Cherrie* ere ye pow it.
    Beware, Sir, ye are, Sir,
      more talkative than trow it.

Call *Danger* back again (quoth *Skill*)
To ſee what he can ſay to *Will*;
  we ſee him ſhod ſo ſtrait,
We may not trow what each One tells.
Quoth *Courage* we concluded els,
  he ſerves not for our Mait,
For I can tell you all *P*erquiere,
  his Counſel ere he come.

Quoth H*ope*, whereto ſhould he come here?
he cannot hold him Dum;
He ſpeaks ay, and ſeeks ay
delay of Time and drifts,
To grieve us, and deive us,
with Sophiſtry and Shifts.

Quoth *Reaſon*, why was he debar'd?
The Tale is ill cannot be heard;
yet let us hear him anes.
Then *Danger* to declare began,
How *Hope* and *Courage* took the Man,
to lead him all their lanes:
How they would have him up the Hill,
but either Stop or *S*tay;
And who was welcomer than *Will*,
he would be foremoſt ay.
He could do, and ſhould do,
who ever would or dought,
Such ſpeeding, proceeding
unlikely was I thought.

Therefore I wiſht him to beware,
And raſhly not to run o'er far,
without ſuch Guides as ye.
Quoth *Courage*, Friend, I hear you fail,
*T*ake better tent unto your *T*ale,
ye ſaid it could not be;
Beſides that, he would not conſent,
that ever we ſhould Climb.
Quoth *VVill*, for my part I Repent,
we ſaw them more than him:

For they are, the ſtayer
of us as well as he;
I think now, they ſhrink now,
go forward, let them be.

Go, go, we do nothing but Gucks,
*T*hey ſay the Voyage never lucks,
where each one hath a Vote.
Quoth *Wiſdom* gravely, Sir, I grant,
We were no worſe your Vote to want,
ſome Sentence now *I* Note;
Suppoſe you ſpeak it but begueſs,
ſome Fruit therein I find,
Ye would be foremoſt I confeſs,
but comes oft-times behind.
It may be, that they be
deceiv'd, that never doubted:
Indeed Sir, that Head, Sir,
hath meikle Wit about it.

*T*hen wilful *Will* began to Rage,
And Swore, he ſaw nothing in Age,
but Anger, Ire, and Grudge:
And for my ſelf (quoth he) I ſwear
*T*o quite all my Companions here,
if they admit you Judge.
Experience is grown ſo Old,
that he begins to Rave:
*T*he reſt, but *Courage*, are ſo cold,
no hazarding they have:
For *Danger*, far ſtranger
hath made them than they were.

Go fra them, we pray them,
who neither dow nor dare.

Why may not we three lead this one?
I led an Hundred mine alone,
but Counſel of them all.
I grant (quoth *Wiſdom*) ye have led,
But I would ſpeir how many ſped,
or further'd but a fall?
But either few, or none I trow,
Experience can tell.
He ſays, that Man may wite but you,
the firſt time that he fell;
He kens then, whoſe Pen then
thou borrow'd him to flie:
*H*is Wounds yet, with Stounds yet,
he got them then through thee.

That (quoth *Experience*) is true,
Will flatter'd him when firſt he flew.
Will ſet him in a Low.
Will was his Counſel and Convoy,
Will borrow'd from the blinded Boy,
both Quiver, Wings, and Bow:
Wherewith before he ſey'd to ſhoot,
he'd neither yield to Youth,
Nor yet had need of any Fruit
to quench his deadly Drouth;
Which *P*ines him, and *D*wines him
to *D*eath, I wot not how:
If *Will* then, did ill then,
himſelf remembers now.

For

For I *Experience* was there,
(Likeas I uſe to be all where)
what time he wyted *Will*,
To be the ground of all his Grief;
As I my ſelf can be a Prief,
and Witneſs thereuntil:
There are no Bounds but I have been,
nor Hidlings from me hid,
Nor ſecret things but I have ſeen,
that he or any did.
Therefore now, no more now
let him think to conceal't:
For why now, even I now
am Debt-bound to reveal't.

My Cuſtom is for to declare
The Truth, and neither eek nor pair
for any Man a Jot.
If wilful *Will* delights in Lies,
Example in thy ſelf thou ſees,
how he can turn his Coat,
And with his Language would allure
thee yet to break thy Bones:
Thou knows thy ſelf, if he be ſure,
thou us'd his Counſel once,
Who would yet, be Bold yet,
to wreck thee were not we.
Think on now, on yon now,
(quoth *Wiſdom* then to me.)

Well (quoth *Experience*,) if he

Submits himſelf to you and me,
I wot what I ſhould ſay,
Our good Advice he ſhall not want,
Providing always that he grant,
to put yon *Will* away;
And baniſh both him and *Deſpair*,
that all good Purpoſe ſpills:
So you will mell with them no mair,
let them two flyte their fills.
Such toſſing, but loſſing,
all honeſt Men may uſe;
*T*hat Change now, were ſtrange now,
quoth *Reaſon*, to refuſe.

Quoth *Will*, Fy on him, when he flew,
That pow'd not *Cherries* then a new
for to have ſtay'd his Sturt.
Quoth *Reaſon*, though he bear the *B*lame,
He never ſaw nor needed them,
while he himſelf had *H*urt.
Firſt, when he miſter'd not, he might;
he needs, and may not, now:
Thy Folly, when he had his Flight,
empaſhed him to pow.
But he now, and we now
perceive thy purpoſe plain,
To turn him, and burn him,
and blow on him again.

Quoth *Skill*, what would you longer ſtrive?
Far better late than never *T*hrive,
come let us Help him yet:

*T*int Time we may not get again,
We waſte but preſent *T*ime in vain.
Beware with that, quoth *Wit*,
Speak on, *Experience*, let's ſee,
we think you hold you Dumb.
Of Bygones I have heard, quoth he,
I know not Things to come.
Quoth *Reaſon*, the Seaſon
with Slouthing ſlides away:
Firſt take him, and make him,
a Man if that you may.

Quoth *Will*, if he be not a Man,
I pray you, Sirs, what is he than?
he looks like one at leaſt.
Quoth *Reaſon*, if he follow thee,
And mind not to remain with me,
nought but a brutal Beaſt;
A Man in Shape doth not conſiſt,
for all your tanting *T*ales;
Therefore, Sir *Will*, I would ye wiſt
your *Metaphyſick* fails:
Go lear yet, a year yet,
your *Logick* at the Schools,
Some day then, you may then
paſs Maſter with the Mools.

(Quoth *Will*) I marvel, what you mean,
Should I not trow my own two Een,
for all your *Logick-Schools*?
If I did not, I were not wiſe.

(Quoth *Reaſon*) I have told you thriſe
none fairlies more than Fools:
There be more Senſes than the Sight,
which ye o'er hale for haſte,
To wit, if ye remember right,
*S*mell, Hearing, Touch, and Taſte:
All Quick things, have ſick things,
I mean both Man and Beaſt;
*B*y kind ay, we find ay,
few lacks them at the leaſt.

So by that Conſequence of thine,
Or *Syllogiſm* ſaid like a *Swine*,
a *Cow* may learn the Lear;
Thou uſes only but the Eyes,
She Touches, Taſtes, Smels, Hears, and Sees,
which Matches thee and mair.
But ſince to Triumph ye intend,
as preſently appears,
Sir, for your Clergy to be kend,
take ye two *Aſs's* Ears.
No Miter, perfyter,
got *Midas* for his Meed:
That Hood, Sir, is good, *S*ir,
to hap your Brain-ſick-head.

Ye have no Feel for to define,
Though ye have Cunning to decline
a Man to be a Mool.
With little work yet ye may vow'd,
*T*o grow a galland Horſe and good,
to ride thereon at Yool.

But

But to our Ground where he began,
for all your guſtleſs Jeſts:
I muſt be Maſter of the Man,
but thou to brutal Beaſts;
So we two, muſt be two
to cauſe both Kinds be known:
Keep thine then, for mine then,
and each one uſe their own.

Then *Will* as angry as an *Ape*;
Ran ramping, ſwearing, rude and rape,
ſaw he none other Shift,
He would not want an inch of's Will,
Ev'n whether't did him good or ill,
for thirty of his *T*hrift:
He would be Foremoſt in the Field,
and Maſter if he might;
Yea, he ſhould rather die than yield,
though *Reaſon* had the Right.
*S*hall he now, make me now,
his Subject, or his Slave?
No rather, my Father
ſhall quick go to his Grave.

I height him, while mine Heart is heal,
*T*o periſh firſt ere he prevail,
come after what ſo may.
Quoth *Reaſon*, doubt you not indeed,
Ye hit the Nail upon the Head,
it ſhall be as ye ſay.
Suppoſe ye ſpur for to aſpire,
your Bridle wants a *B*it:

That

That Mare may leave thee in the Mire,
as ſicker as ye ſit;
Your Sentence, Repentance,
ſhall you leave I believe,
And Anger, you langer,
when you that Practick prieve.

As ye have dyted your Decreet,
Your Propheſy to be compleat,
perhaps and to your Pains.
It hath been ſaid and hath been ſo,
A wilful Man wants never Wo,
though he gets little Gains.
But ſince ye think't an eaſie Thing
to mount above the Moon,
Of your own Fiddle take a Spring,
and Dance when ye have done:
If then, Sir, the Man, *S*ir,
like of your Mirth he may;
And ſpier firſt, and hear firſt,
what he himſelf will ſay.

Then all together they began,
And ſaid, come on, thou martyr'd Man,
what is thy Will, adviſe.
Abas'd a bony while I bade,
*A*nd mus'd ere I mine *A*nſwer made,
I turn'd me once or twiſe,
Beholding every one about,
whoſe Motion mov'd me maiſt,
Some ſeem'd aſſur'd ſome dread for *D*oubt,
Will ran Red-wood for haſte:

With

With wringing and flinging,
for Madneſs like to Mang;
Deſpair too, for Care too,
would needs himſelf go Hang.

Which when *Experience* perceiv'd,
Quoth he, remember if I rav'd,
as *Will* alledg'd of late:
When as he ſwore, nothing he ſaw,
In Age, but Anger ſlack and ſlaw,
and canker'd in Conceit;
Ye could not luck as he alledg'd,
Who all Opinions ſpeir'd:
He was ſo Frank and fiery edg'd,
He thought us Four but fear'd.
Who panſes, what chances,
quoth he, no Worſhip wins,
To ſome beſt, ſhall come beſt,
who Hap well, Rack well rins.

Yet (quoth *Experience*) behold,
For all the Tales that he hath told,
how he himſelf behaves.
*Be*cauſe *Deſpair* could come no Speed,
Lo here he hings all but the Head,
and in a Widdie waves;
If you be true, once thou may ſee,
to Men that with them mells,
If they had hurt or helped thee,
conſider by themſelves.
Then chuſe thee, to uſe thee,
by us or ſuch as you,

Syne

Syne ſoon now, have done now,
make either off or on.

*P*erceiv'ſt thou not, wherefrae proceeds
That frantick Fantaſie, that feeds
thy furious flaming Fire,
Which doth thy bailful Breaſt combure,
That none indeed (quoth he) can Cure,
nor help thine Heart's Deſire?
The piercing Paſſion of thy Sp'rit,
which waſtes thy vital Breath,
Doth hold thine heavy Heart with *H*eat,
Deſire draws on thy *D*eath.
Thy *P*unces renounces
all kind of quiet Reſt;
That Fever hath ever
thy Perſon ſo oppreſt.

Couldſt thou come once acquaint with *Skill*,
He knows what Humours do thee ill,
and how thy Cares contracts,
He knows the Ground of all thy Grief,
*A*nd *Recipees* of thy Relief,
all Medicine he makes.
Quoth *Skill*, come on, content am I
to put mine helping Hand,
Providing always he apply
to Counſel and Command.
While we then, quoth he then,
are minded to remain,
Give place now, in caſe now
thou get us not again.

Aſſure

Aſſure thy ſelf, if that we ſhed,
Thou ſhalt not get thy *P*urpoſe ſped,
take heed we have thee told;
Have done and drive not off the Day,
The man that will not when he may,
he ſhall not when he would.
What wilt thou do? I would we wiſt:
accept or give us o'er.
(Quoth I,) I think me more than Bleſt
to find ſuch famous Four
Beſide me, to guide me,
now when I have to do,
Conſidering what ſwiddering,
you found me firſt into.

When *Courage* cry'd a Stomach ſtout,
And *Danger* drave me into Doubt,
with his Companion *Dread*:
Whiles *Will* would up above the Air,
Whiles I am drown'd in deep *Deſpair*,
whiles *Hope* held up mine Head.
Such pithy Reaſons and Replyes
on ev'ry ſide they ſhew,
That I who was not very Wiſe,
thought all their Tales were true:
So mony and bony
old Problems they propon't,
But quickly and likely,
I marvel meikle on't,

Yet *Hope* and *Courage* wan the Field,

Though *Dread* and *Danger* never yield,
but fled to find Refuge:
Yet when the four came they were fain,
Becauſe ye gart us come again,
they grien'd to get you Judge.
Where they were Fugitive before,
ye made them frank and free
To ſpeak, and ſtand in aw no more.
Quoth *Reaſon*, ſo ſhould be,
Oft times now, but Crimes now;
but ev'n perforce it falls,
The *S*trong ay, with Wrong ay,
puts Weaker to the Walls.

Which is a Fault ye muſt confeſs,
*S*trength was not ordain'd to oppreſs
with Rigor by the Right:
*B*ut by the contrair, to ſuſtain
The loaden which o'erburden'd been,
as meikle as they might.
*S*o *Hope* and *Courage* did (quoth I)
experimented like,
Shew skill'd and pithy Reaſons why,
that *Danger* lap the Dike.
Quoth *Danger*, take head, Sir,
long ſpoken part muſt ſpill:
Inſiſt not, we wiſt not,
we went againſt our Will.

With *Courage* ye were ſo content,
Ye never ſought our ſmall Conſent,
of us ye ſtood not Aw;

Then

Then *Logick* Leſſons ye allow'd,
And were determined to trow 't
Alledgance paſt for *Law*;
For all the Proverbs we perus'd,
ye thought them skantly skill'd:
Our Reaſon had been as well rus'd
had ye been as well will'd
To our ſide, as your ſide,
ſo truely I may term't,
I ſee now, in thee now
Affection doth affirm't.

Experience then ſmirking ſmil'd,
We are no Bairns to be beguil'd,
(quoth he) and ſhook his Head:
For Authors who alledges us,
They ſtill would win about the Buſs
to foſter deadly Feed:
For we are equal for you all,
no Perſons we reſpect;
We have been ſo, are yet, and ſhall
be found ſo in Effect.
If we were, as ye are,
we had come unrequir'd:
But we now, ye ſee now,
do nothing undeſir'd.

There is a Sentence ſaid by ſome,
Let none uncall'd to Counſel come,
that welcome weens to be:
Yea, I have heard another yet,

Who came uncall'd, unſerv'd ſhould ſit,
perhaps ſit ſo may ye.
Good-man, gramercie for your Geck,
(quoth *Hope*) and lowly louts;
If ye were ſent for we ſuſpect,
becauſe the Doctors doubts:
Your years now appears now,
with Wiſdom to be vext,
Rejoicing in gloſſing,
while ye have tint your Text.

Where ye were ſent for, let us ſee,
Who would be welcomer than we,
prove that, and we are pay'd.
Well (quoth *Experience*) beware,
You know not in what Caſe you are,
your Tongue hath you betray'd.
The Man may able tine a *S*tot,
who cannot count his Kinch,
In your own Bow you are o'er ſhot,
by more than half an Inch.
Who wats, Sir, if that, Sir,
be four which ſeemeth ſweet;
I fear now, ye hear now
a dangerous Decreet.

Sir, by that Sentence ye have ſaid,
I pledge, ere all the Play be plaid,
that ſome ſhall loſe a Laik;
Since ye but put me for to prove
Such Heads, as help for my Behove,
your Warrand is but weak.

Speer at the Man your ſelf, and ſee,
  ſuppoſe you ſtrive for State,
For he regarded not, how he
  hath learn'd my Leſſon late:
    And granted, he wanted
      both *Reaſon*, *Wit*, and *Skill*,
    Complaining, and meaning,
      our Abſence did him ill.

Confront him farther face to face,
If that he rue his rackleſs Race,
  perhaps and ye ſhall hear:
For ay ſince *Adam* and ſince *Eve*,
Who firſt the Leaſing did believe,
  I ſold thy Doctrine dear.
What hath been done unto this day,
  I keep in Mind almaiſt:
Ye promiſe farther than ye pay,
  Sir *Hope*, for all your Haſte;
    Promitting, unwitting,
      your Heghts you never hooked:
    I ſhow you, I know you,
      your By-ganes I have booked.

I would, in caſe Account were crav'd,
Show thouſand thouſands thou deceiv'd,
  where thou was true to one;
And, by the contrair, I may vant
Which thou muſt (though it grieve thee) grant
  I trumped ne'er a Man;
But truely told the naked Truth
  to Men, that mell'd with me,
For neither Rigour nor for Ruth,
  but only loath to lie.

To

To ſome yet, to come yet,
thy Succour ſhall be ſlight,
Which I then, muſt try then,
and Regiſter it Right.

Ha, ha, (quoth *Hope*) and lowdly leugh,
Ye're but a Prentice at the Pleugh,
Experience, ye prieve.
Suppoſe all By-ganes as ye ſpake,
Ye are no Prophet worth a Plack,
nor I bound to believe.
Ye ſhould not ſay, *S*ir, till ye ſee,
but when ye ſee it ſay.
Yet (quoth *Experience*) at thee
make many Mints I may
By Signs now, and things now,
which ay before me bears,
Expreſſing, by gueſſing,
the *P*eril that appears.

Then *Hope* repli'd, and that with Pith,
And wiſely weigh'd his Words therewith,
ſententiouſly and ſhort.
Quoth he, I am the Anchor grip,
That ſaves the Sailers and their Ship
from Peril to their Port.
Quoth he oft-times that Anchor drives
as we have found before;
And loſes many thouſand Lives,
by Shipwrack on the Shore.
Your Grips oft, but ſlips oft,
when Men have moſt to do;

Syne

Syne leaves them, and raves them,
of my Companions too.

Thou leaves them not thy ſelf alone,
But to their Grief when thou art gone,
gars *Courage* quite them alſe.
Quoth *Hope*, I would ye underſtood,
I grip faſt, if the Ground be good,
and fleets it where its falſe.
There ſhould no Fault with me be found,
nor I accus'd at all,
With ſuch as ſhould have ſound the Ground,
before the Anchor fall:
Their Lead ay, at Need ay,
might warn them if they would,
If they there, would ſtay there,
or have good Anchor-hold.

If ye read Right it was not I,
But only *Ignorance*, whereby
their Carvels all were cloven;
I am not for a Trumpet tane.
All (quoth *Experience*) is ane,
I have my *Proceſs* proven:
To wit, that we are call'd each one,
to come before we came,
That now Objections ye have none,
your ſelf muſt ſay the ſame.
Ye are now, too far now,
come forward for to flie:
Perceive then, ye have then
the worſt End of the Tree.

When

When *Hope* was gall'd into the Quick,
Quoth *Courage*, kicking at the *P*rick,
we let you well to wit,
Make he you welcomer than we,
Then By-ganes, By-ganes, farewell he,
except he ſeek us yet;
He underſtands his own Eſtate,
let him his Chiftains chuſe,
But yet his Battel will be blate,
if he our Force refuſe.
Refuſe us, or chuſe us,
our Council is, he Climb:
But ſtay he, or ſtray he,
we have none Help for him.

Except the *Cherry* be his choſe,
*B*e ye his Friends, we are his Foes;
his Doings we deſpite:
If we perceive him ſettled ſae,
To ſatisfie him with the *Slae*,
his Company we quite.
Then *Dread* and *Danger* grew ſo glad,
And wont that they had won,
They thought all ſeal'd, that they had ſaid,
ſyne they had firſt begun.
They thought then, they mought then,
without a Party plead:
But yet there, with *Wit* there
they were dung down indeed.

Sirs *Dread* and *Danger* (then quoth *Wit*)
Ye did your ſelves to me ſubmit,
Experience can prove. That

That (quoth *Experience*) I paſt,
Their own Confeſſion make them faſt,
they may no more remove.
For if they right remember me,
this Maxim then they made,
To wit, The Man with *Wit* ſhould weigh,
what Philoſophs had ſaid.
Which Sentence, Repentance
forbade him dear to buy;
They knew then, how true then,
and preſs'd not to reply.

Though he dang *Dread* and *Danger* down,
Yet *Courage* could not be o'ercome,
Hope height him ſuch a Hire:
He thought himſelf, how ſoon he ſaw
His Enemies were laid ſo law,
it was no Time to tire:
He hit the Ir'n while it was heat,
in caſe it might grow cold:
For he eſteem'd his Foes defeat,
when once he found them fold.
Though he now, quoth he now,
hath been ſo free and frank,
Unſought yet, he mought yet
for Kindneſs cun'd us thank.

Suppoſe it ſo, as thou haſt ſaid,
That unrequir'd we offer'd Aid:
at leaſt it came of Love,
Experience, ye ſtart too ſoon,
Ye dow nothing while all be done,
and then perhaps ye prove

More plain than pleaſant too perchance,
ſome tell, that you have try'd:
As faſt as ye your ſelves advance,
ye dow not well deny't;
Abide then the Tide then,
and wait upon the Wind:
Ye know, Sir, ye owe, Sir,
to hold you ay behind.

When ye have done ſome doughty Deeds,
Syne ye ſhould ſee how all ſucceeds,
to write them as they were.
Friend, hulie, haſte not half ſo faſt,
Leſt (quoth *Experience*) at laſt
ye buy my Doctrine dear.
Hope puts that haſte into your head,
which boils your barmie Brain:
Howbe't Fool's haſte makes hulie Speed,
fair Heghts makes Fools be fain.
Such ſmiling, beguiling,
bids fear not for no Freets:
Yet I now, deny now,
that all is Gold that gleets.

Suppoſe not Silver all that ſhines;
Ofttimes a tentleſs Merchant tines,
for buying Gear begueſs.
For all the Vantage and the Winning,
Good Buyers gets at the Beginning.
Quoth *Courage* not the leſs,
Whiles as good Merchants tines as wins,
if Old Men's Tales be true:
Suppoſe the Pack comes to the Pins,
who can his Chance eſchew? Then

Then, good Sir, conclude, Sir,
good Buyers have done baith:
Advance then, take Chance then,
as ſundrie Good Ships hath.

Who wiſt what would be cheap or dear,
Should Need not traffique but a Year,
if things to come were kend.
Suppoſe all bygane things be plain,
Your Propheſy is but prophane,
ye'd beſt behold the End.
Ye would accuſe me of a Crime,
almoſt before we met;
Torment me not before the Time
ſince Dolor pays no Debt:
What by-paſt, that I paſt,
ye wot if it was well:
To come yet, by Doom yet,
confeſs ye have no feel.

Yet, (quoth *Experience*) what than?
Who may be meeteſt for the Man,
let us his Anſwer have.
When they ſubmitted them to me,
To *Reaſon* I was fain to flee,
his Counſel for to crave.
Quoth he, ſince ye your ſelves ſubmit,
to do as I decreet;
I ſhall adviſe both *Skill* and *Wit*,
what they think may be meet.
They cry'd then, we bide then,
at *Reaſon* for Refuge:
Allow him, and trow him,
as Governour and Judge.

So

So ſaid they all with one Conſent,
What he Concludes, we are content
his Bidding to obey:
He hath Authority to uſe,
Then take his Choice whom he would chuſe,
and longer not delay.
Then *Reaſon* roſe and was rejoic'd,
quoth he, mine *H*earts come hither,
I hope this Play may be compos'd,
that we may go together.
To all now, I ſhall now,
his proper Place aſſign,
That they here, ſhall ſay here,
they think none other thing.

Come on quoth he, Companion *Skill*,
Ye underſtand both Good and Ill,
in Phyſick ye are fine:
Be Mediciner to this Man,
And ſhew ſuch Cunning as ye can,
to put him out of Pine.
Firſt guard the Ground of all his Grief,
what Sickneſs ye ſuſpect;
Syne look what he lacks for Relief,
ere further he infect.
Comfort him, exhort him,
give him your good Advice:
And pance not, nor ſcance not
the Pearl nor the Price.

Though he be cumberſome, what reck,
Find out the Cauſe by the Effect,
and Working of his Veins;

Yet

Yet while we grip it to the Ground,
See firſt what Faſhion may be found
to pacifie his Pains.
Do what ye dow to have him heal,
and for that purpoſe preſſe;
Cut off the Cauſe, th' Effect will fail,
ſo all his Sorrows ceaſe;
His Fever, ſhall never
from henceforth have no Force:
Then urge him, to purge him,
he will not wax the worſe.

Quoth *Skill*, his Senſes are ſo ſick,
I know no Liquor worth a Leek,
to quench his deadly Drouth;
Except the *Cherrie* help his heat,
Whoſe ſappie Slockning, ſharp and ſweet,
might melt into his Mouth,
And his Melancholy reprove,
to mitigat his Mind:
None wholſomer for his Behove,
nor more cooling of kind.
No *Nectar*, directer
could all the Gods him give,
Nor ſend him, to mend him,
none like it, I believe.

For Drought decays as it digeſts,
Why then (quoth *Reaſon*) nothing reſts,
but how it may be had.
Moſt true (quoth *Skill*) that is the Scope,
Yet we muſt have ſome Help of *Hope*.
Quoth D*anger*, I am red,

His haſtineſs breeds us Miſ-hap,
when he is highly Hors'd;
I would we looked ere we lap.
Quoth *Wit*, that were not worſt;
I mean now, conveen now,
the Council one and all:
Begin then, call in then.
Quoth *Reaſon*, ſo I ſhall.

Then *Reaſon* roſe with Geſture grave,
Belyve conveening all the lave,
to ſee what they could ſay,
With Silver-Scepter in his Hand,
As Chiftain choſen to command,
and they bent to obey.
He panced long before he ſpake
and in a Study ſtood,
Syne he began and Silence brake,
come on, quoth he, conclude.
What way now, we may now,
yon *Cherrie* come to catch:
*S*peak out Sirs, about Sirs,
have done, let us diſpatch.

Quoth *Courage*, ſcourge him firſt that skars,
Much muſing Memory but mars;
I tell you mine intent.
Quoth *Wit*, who will not partly pance,
In Perils periſhes perchance,
o'er rackleſs may repent.
Then quoth *Experience*, and ſpake,
Sir I have ſeen them baith
In bairnlineſs, and ly a back,
eſcape and come to *S*kaith.

But

But what now, of that now?
Sturt follows all extreams,
Retain then, the Mean then,
the ſureſt Way it ſeems.

Where ſome has further'd, ſome has fail'd,
Where Part has periſht, Part prevail'd,
alike all cannot luck;
Then neither venture with the one,
Nor with the other let alone,
the *Cherrie* for to pluck.
Quoth *Hope*, for fear Folk muſt not faſh.
Quoth *Danger*, let not light.
Quoth *Wit*, be neither rude nor raſh.
Quoth *Reaſon*, ye have right.
The reſt then, thought beſt then,
when *Reaſon* ſaid it ſo,
That roundly, and ſoundly
they ſhould together go,

To get the *Cherrie* all in haſte,
As for my *S*afety ſerving maiſt.
Though *Dread* and *Danger* fear'd
The Peril of that irkſome Way,
Leſt that thereby I ſhould decay,
who then ſo weak appear'd:
Yet *Hope* and *Courage* hard beſide,
who with them went content,
Did take in hand us for to guide
unto our Journey's end:
Empledging, and wedging
both their two Lives for mine,
*P*roviding, the guiding
to them were granted ſyne. Then

Then *Dread* and D*anger* did appeal,
Alledging it could not be well,
nor yet would they agree:
But ſaid they ſhould ſound their Retreat,
Becauſe they thought them no ways meet
Conductors unto me,
Nor to no Man in mine Eſtate,
with Sickneſs ſore oppreſt,
For they took ay the neareſt Gate
omitting oft the beſt:
The neareſt, perquireſt
is always to them baith,
Where they, Sir, may ſay, Sir,
whatracks them of their Skaith.

But as for us two, now we ſwear,
By Him before whom we appear,
our full Intent is now,
To have you Whole, and alwas was,
That Purpoſe for to bring to paſs,
ſo is not theirs I trow.
Then *Hope* and *Courage* did atteſt
the Gods at both theſe parts,
If they wrought not for all the beſt
of me with upright Hearts:
Our Chiftain, then lifting
his Scepter, did enjoyn
No more there, uproar there,
and ſo their Strife was done.

Rebuking D*read* and D*anger* ſore,
Suppoſe they meant well evermore,
to me as they had ſworn:

Be-

Becauſe their Neighbours they abus'd,
In ſo far as they had accus'd
them, as ye heard beforn.
Did he not elſe (quoth he) conſent,
the *Cherrie* for to pow?
Quoth *Danger*, we are well content,
but yet the Manner how,
We ſhall now, even all now,
get this Man with us there;
It reſt is, and beſt is,
your Counſel ſhall declare.

Well ſaid, (quoth *Hope* and *Courage*) now
We thereto will Accord with you,
and ſhall abide by them:
Likeas before we do ſubmit,
So we repeat the ſamine yet,
we mind not to reclaim.
Whom we ſhall chooſe to guide the Way,
we ſhall him follow ſtraight,
And further this Man what we may,
becauſe we have ſo heght:
Promitting, but flitting,
to do the Thing we can,
To eaſe both, and pleaſe both,
this ſillie ſicklie Man.

When *Reaſon* heard this, then (quoth he)
I ſee your chiefeſt Stay to be,
that we have nam'd no Guide:
The worthy Council hath therefore,
Thought fit, that *VVit* ſhould go before,
for Perils to provide.

Quoth *Wit*, there is but one of three,
which I ſhall to you ſhow,
Whereof the firſt two cannot be,
for any thing I know;
The Way here, ſo ſtay here
is that we cannot climb,
Ev'n o'er now, we four now;
that will be hard for him.

The next, if we go down about,
While that this Bend of Craigs run out,
the Stream is there ſo ſtark,
And alſo paſſeth wading deep,
And broader far than we dow leap,
it ſhould be idle Wark:
It grows ay broader than the Sea,
ſyne o'er the Lin it came;
The running dead doth ſignifie
the Deepneſs of the ſame.
I leave now, to dyve now,
how that it ſwiftly ſlides,
As ſleeping and creeping,
but Nature ſo provides.

Our Way then lies about the Lin,
Where by a Warren we ſhall win,
it is ſo ſtreight and plain;
The Water alſo is ſo ſhald,
We ſhall it paſs even as we wald,
with Pleaſure and but Pain.
For, as we ſee the Miſchief grow
oft of a feckleſs thing:
So likewiſe doth this River flow
forth of a petty Spring; Whoſe

Whoſe Throat, Sir, I wot, Sir,
ye may ſtop with your Nieve,
As you, Sir, I trow, Sir
Experience, can prieve.

That (quoth *Experience*) I can,
All that ye ſaid, ſince ye began,
I know to be of Truth.
Quoth *Skill* the ſamen I approve.
Quoth *Reaſon*, then let us remove,
and ſleep no more in Sleuth.
Wit and *Experience* (quoth he)
ſhall come before apace,
The Man ſhall come with *Skill* and me,
into the ſecond Place.
Attour now, you four now
ſhall come into a Band,
Proceeding, and leading
each other by the Hand.

As *Reaſon* ordain'd, all obey'd;
None was o'er-rash, none was afraid,
our Counſel was ſo wiſe;
As of our Journey *Wit* did note,
We found it true in every Jot,
God bleſs our Enterpriſe.
For ev'n as we came to the Tree,
which, as ye heard me tell,
Could not be clumb, there ſuddenly
the Fruit for Ripeneſs fell:
Which taſting, and haſting,
I found my ſelf reliev'd

Of Cares all, and Snares all,
which Mind and Body griev'd.

Praiſe be to GOD my LORD therefore,
Who did mine Health to me reſtore,
being ſo long Time pin'd:
Yea bleſſed be his Holy Name,
Who did from Death to Life reclaim
me, who was ſo unkind.
All Nations alſo magnifie
this Everliving LORD;
Let me with you, and you with me,
to laud him ay accord:
Whoſe Love ay, we prove ay,
to us above all things.
And Kiſs him, and Bleſs him,
whoſe Glore eternal reigns.

Captain *ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY* his Lamentation.

I've ſinn'd, Father, be merciful to me,
I am not worthy to be call'd thy Child;
That ſtubbornly ſo long have gone aſtray,
Not as thy Son, but as a Prod'gal wild:
My ſilly Soul with Sin is ſo defil'd,
That Satan thinks to catch it as a Prey,
Lord grant me Grace that he may be beguil'd,
Peccavi Pater, miſerere mei.

I'm abas'd, Lord, how dare I be ſo bold,
Before thy holy Preſence to appear?
Or hazard once the Heavens to behold,
Who am not worthy that the Earth ſhould bear;
Yet Damn me not whom thou haſt bought ſo dear,

Sed

Sed ſalvum me fac, dulcis Fili Dei.
For out of *Luke* this Leſſon we do lear ;
Peccavi, Pater, miſerere mei.

If thou, O Lord, with rigour would revenge,
What fleſh before thee Faultleſs ſhall be found ?
Or who is he his Conſcience can him cleanſe,
To Sin and Satan from his Birth's not bound ?
Yet of meer Grace thou tak'ſt away the Ground,
And ſent thy Son our Penalty to pay,
To ſave us from the hideous Hell's Hound :
Peccavi, Pater, miſerere mei.

I hope for Mercy tho' my Sins be huge,
I grant my guilt, and groan to thee for Grace :
Though I would flee, where ſhould I find Refuge ?
In Heav'n ? O Lord there is thy dwelling Place,
The Earth thy Foot-ſtool : and to Hell, alace !
Down to the Dead ; for all muſt thee obey :
Therefore I cry, while I have time and ſpace,
Peccavi, Pater, miſerere mei.

O gracious God, my guiltineſs forgive,
In Sinners Death ſince thou doſt not delight,
But rather would they ſhould convert and live,
As witneſſeth Prophets in Holy Write :
I pray thee Lord thy Promiſe to perfite
In me, that I may with the Pſalmiſt ſay,
I will thy Praiſe and wondrous Works Indite,
Therefore, dear Father, be merciful to me.

Though I do ſlide, let me not ſleep in ſlouth,
Me to revive from ſin let Grace begin :
Make, Lord, my Tongue the Trumpet of thy Truth,
And ſend my Verſe ſuch Wings as are Divine ;
Since thou haſt granted me ſo good Ingine,
To praiſe thy Name with gallant Stile and gay,
Let me no more ſo trim a Talent tine:
Peccavi, Pater, miſerere mei.

My

My Sp'rit to ſpeak, let thy Sp'rit, Lord, inſpire,
Help, Holy Ghoſt, and be mine Heav'nly Muſe;
Fly down on me with forked Tongues of Fire,
As on th' Apoſtles, with thy Fear me infuſe,
All Vice expel, teach me Sin to refuſe,
And all my filthy Affections, I thee pray;
Thy fervent Love on me pour Night and Day,
Peccavi, Pater, miſerere mei.

Stoup ſtubborn Stomack that's been ay ſo ſtout,
Stoup filthy Fleſh and Carion made of clay;
Stoup hardned Heart before thy Lord and lout,
Stoup, ſtoup in time, defer not day by day:
Thou wots not when, that thou muſt paſs away
To the great Glore, where thou muſt be for ay,
Confeſs thy Sins, and think no ſhame to ſay,
Peccavi, Pater, miſerere mei.

O Great JEHOVAH, to thee all Glore be giv'n,
Who ſhapt my Soul to thy Similitude;
And to thy Son, whom thou ſent'ſt down from Heav'n,
When I was loſt, he bought me with his Blood,
And to the Holy Ghoſt, my Guider good,
Who muſt confirm my Faith in the right way;
In me cor mundum crea, I conclude,
O Heav'nly Father be merciful to me.

The *SOLSEQUIUM.*

LIke as the dum *Solſequium*, with Care o'ercome,
Doth ſorrow when the Sun goes out of ſight;
Hangs down her head, and droops as dead, and will not ſpread:
But lurks her Leaves through langour all the Night,
Till fooliſh *Phaëton* ariſe with Whip in hand,
To clear the Chriſtal Skies, and light the Land;
Birds in their Bow'r waits on that hour,
And to their King a glad Good-morrow gives:
From thence that Flow'r likes not to lowr,
But laugh on *Phœbus* op'ning out her Leaves.

So

So ſtands't with me, except I be, where I may ſee
My Lamp of Light, my Lady, and my Love:
When ſhe departs, ten thouſand Darts, in ſundry Airts,
Thirle through my heavy Heart, but reſt or roove.
My Countenance declares my inward Grief,
And Hope almoſt deſpairs to find relief:
I die, I dwine, pain doth me pine,
I loath on ev'ry thing I look, alas!
While *Titan* mine, upon me ſhine,
That I revive through favour of her Grace,

Fra ſhe appear, into her ſphere, begins to clear
The dawning of my long deſired Day,
When *Courage* cryes on *Hope* to riſe, fra she eſpies
The noiſome Night of abſence went away:
No wo can me awake, nor yet impeſh,
But on thy ſtately Stalk I Flowriſh freſh:
I Spring, I Sprout, my Leaves break out,
My Colour changes in an heartſome hew;
No more I Lout, but ſtand up Stout,
As glad of her on whom I only Grew,

O happy Day go not away, *Apollo* ſtay
The Cart from going down into the Weſt,
Of me thou makes thy *Zodiack*, that I may take
My pleaſure to behold whom I love beſt,
Her preſence me reſtores from Death to riſe,
Her abſence alſo ſhores to cut my Breath,
I wiſh in vain thee to remain,
Since *Primum Mobile* doth ſay me nay;
At leaſt thy Wain, haſt ſo again,
Farewell with patience perforce till Day.

PSAL. 36.

Declina a malo, & fac bonum.

LEave Sin ere Sin leave thee, do Good,
and both without delay;
Leſs fit he will to Morrow be,
who is not fit to Day.

Non

[*Non trades converti ad Deum*]

His Morning Muſe.

LEt dread of pain for Sin in after time,
Let Shame to ſee thy ſelf enſnared ſo;
Let Grief conceiv'd for foul accuſed Crime,
Let Hate of Sin, the worker of thy wo,
With Dread, with Shame, with Grief, with Hate enforce,
To dew thy Cheeks with Tears to deep Remorſe.

So hate of Sin ſhall make God's Love to grow,
So Grief ſhall harbour Hope within thine Heart,
So Dread ſhall cauſe the Flood of Joy to flow,
So Shame ſhall ſend ſweet Solace to thy Smart,
So Love, ſo Hope, ſo Joy, ſo Solace ſweet
Shall make my Soul in heavenly Bleſs to fleet.

Wo, where no Hate doth no ſuch Love allure!
Wo, where ſuch Grief makes no ſuch Hope proceed!
Wo, where ſuch Dread doth not ſuch Joy procure!
Wo, where ſuch Shame doth not ſuch Solace breed!
Wo, where no Hate, no Grief, no Dread, no Shame!
No Love, no Hope, no Joy, no Solace frame!

F I N I S.

Polemo.

Polemo-Middinia

INTER

VITARVAM & NEBERNAM.

NYMPHÆ, quæ colitis highiſtima monta *Fifæa*,
Seu vos *Pitenwema* tenent, ſeu *Crelia* crofta,
Sive *Anſtræa* domus, ubi nat *Haddocus* in undis,
Codlineuſque ingens, & *Fleucca* & *Sketta* pererrant
Per coſtam, & ſcopulos, *Lobſter* manifootus in udis
Creepat, & in mediis ludit *Whitenius* undis :
Et vos *Skipperii*, ſoliti qui per Mare breddum
Valde procul lanchare foras, iterumque redire,
Linquite skellatas Botas, Shippaſque picatas,
Whiſtlanteſque ſimul Fechtam memorate bloodæam,
Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
Banda Deûm, quoque Nympharum Cockelſhelearum,
Maia ubi Sheepifeeda, atq; ubi Solgooſifera *Baſſa*
Swellant in pelago, cum Sol bootatus *Edenum*
Poſtabat radiis madidis & ſhouribus atris.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Quo viſo ad Fechtæ noiſam cecidere volucres
Ad terram, cecidere grues; *pliſh plaſhque* dedere
Solgooſæ in pelago prope littora *Bruntiliana*;
Seaſutor obſtupuit, ſummique in margine ſaxi
Scartavit præluſtre caput, wingaſque flapavit.
Quodque magis alte volitans *Heronius* ipſe
Ingeminans *clig clag* mediis ſhytavit in undis.
Namque à principio Storiam tellabimus omnem
Muckreilium ingentem turbam *Vitarva* per agros
Nebernæ marchare fecit, & dixit ad illos,
" Ite hodie armati grippis, dryvate caballos
Nebernæ per crofta, atque ipſas ante feneſtras.

Quod ſi forte ipſa *Neberna* venerit extra,
Warrantabo omnes, & vos bene defendebo.
Hic aderant *Geordy Akinhedius*, & little *Johnus*,
Et *Jamy Richæus*, & ſtout *Michel Henderſonus*,
Qui jolly tryppas ante alios danſare ſolebat,
Et bobbare bene, & I aſſas kiſſare bonæas;
Duncan Olyphantus, valde ſtalvartus, & ejus
Filius eldeſtus jolyboyus, atque Oldmoudus,
Qui Pleugham longo Gaddo dryvare ſolebat;
Et *Roh Gib* wantonus homo, atque *Oliver Hutchin* (*ken*
Et ploucky-fac'd *Waty Strang*, atque in kneed *Alſinder At-*
Et *Wily Dick* heavy-arſtus homo, pierrimus omnium,
Qui tulit in pileo magnum rubrumque *favorem*,
Valde lethus pugnare, ſed hunc Corngrevius heros
Noutheadum vocavit, atque illum forcit ad arma.
Inſuper hic aderant *Tom Taylor*, & *Hen. Watſonus*,
Et *Tomy Gilchriſtus*, & fool *Jocky Robinſonus*
Andrew Atſhenderus, & *Jamy Tomſonus*, & unus
Norland-bornus homo, valde hic Anticovenanter,
Nomine *Gordonus*, valde blackmoudus, & alter
(Heu piget ignoro nomen) ſlavry beardius homo
Qui pottas dightavit, & aſſas jecerit extra.
Denique præ reliquis *Geordæum* affatur, & inquit,
Geordy mi formanne, inter ſtoutiſſimus omnes,
Huc ades & crookſaddelos, hemmeſque, creileſque,
Brechemmeſque ſimul omnes bindato jumentis;
Amblentemque meum Naggum, fattumque mariti
Curſorem, & reliquos trottantes ſumito averos,
In Cartis yokkato omnes, extrahito Muckam
Crofta per & Riggas, atque ipſas ante feneſtras
Nebernæ, & aliquid ſin ipſa contra loquatur,
In ſydas tu pone manus, & dicito *fart jade*.
Nec mora, formannus cunctos flankavit averos,
Workmannoſque ad Workam omnes vocavit, & illi
Extemplo Cartas bene fillavere Gigantes:
Whiſtlavere viri, Workhorſoſque ordine ſwieros
Drivavere foras, donec iterumque iterumque
Fartavere omnes, & ſic turba horrida muſtrat,
Haud aliter quam ſi cum multis *Spinola* troupis
Proudus ad *Oſtendam* marchaſſet fortiter urbem.
Interea ante alios Dux *Piper Laius* heros

Præ-

Præcedens, magnamque gerens cum burdine pypam
Incipit *Harlai* cunctis ſonare batellum.
Tunc *Neberna* furens Yettam ipsa egreſſa, videnſque
Muck-cartas tranſire viam, valde angria facta
Non tulit Affrontam tantam, verum, agmine, facto,
Convocat extemplo *Barowmannos* atque *Ladæos*
Jackmannumque, *Hiremannos*, *Pleughdriviters* atq; *Pleugh-*
Tumulanteſq; ſimul reecoſo ex Kitchine boyos, *(mannos*,
Hunc qui dirtiferas terſit cum diſhclouty Diſhas,
Hunc qui gruelias ſcivit bene lickere Plettas,
Et Saltpannifumos, & widebricatos Fiſheros,
Hellæoſque etiam Salteros duxit ab antris,
Coalheughos nigri girnantes more Divelli,
Lifeguardamque ſibi ſævas vocat improba Laſſas,
Maggæam magis doctam milkare Cowæas,
Et doctam ſweepare Flooras, & ſternere Beddas,
Quæque novit ſpinnare, & longas ducere Threedas;
Nanſæam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes,
Yellantemque *Elpen*, longo bardamque *Anapellam*,
Fartantemque ſimul *Gyllam*, gliedamque *Katæam*
Egregie indutam blacko caput ſooty clouto;
Mammæamque ſimul vetulam, quæ ſciverat apte
Infantum teneras blande oſcularier arſas;
Quæque lanam cardare ſolet greaſy fingria *Betty*.
Tum demum hungræos ventres *Neberna* Gruelis
Farſit, & guttas Rawſuinibus implet amaris,
Poſtea Newbarmæ ingentem dedit omnibus hauſtum,
Staggravere omnes, grandeſque ad ſydera riftas
Barmifumi attollunt, & ſic ad prælia marchant.
Nec mora, marchavit foras longo ordine turma,
Ipſa prior *Neberna* ſuis ſtout facta Ribaldis,
Ruſtæum manibus geſtans furibunda Gulæum:
Tandem Muckreilios vocat ad pell-mellia flaidos,
Ite, ait, uglæi Fellows, ſi quis modo poſthac
Muckifer has noſtras tentet croſſare feneſtras,
Juro, quod ego ejus longum extrahabo Thrapellum,
Et totam rivabo Faciem, Luggaſque gulæo hoc
Ex capite cuttabo ferox, totumque videbo
Heartbloodum fluere in terram. Sic verba finivit.
Obſtupuit *Vitarva* diu dirtflaida, ſed inde
Couragium accipiens, Muckreilios ordine cunctos

Middini in medio Faciem turnare coëgit.
O qualem primo fleuram guſtaſſes in ipso
Battelli onſetto! Pugnat Muckreilius heros
Fortiter, & Muckam per poſteriora cadentem
In Creilibus ſhoolare ardet. Sic dirta volavit.
O quale hoc hurly burly fuit, ſi forte vidiſſes
Pypantes Arſas, & flavo ſanguine Breeckas
Drippantes, hominumque heartas ad prælia faintas!
O qualis firy farie fuit, namque alteri nemo
Ne vel footbreddum yardæ yeildare volebat,
Stout erat ambo quidem, valdeque hardhearta caterva!
Tum vero è medio Muckdryvſter proſilit unus
Gallantæus homo, & greppam minatur in ipſam
Nebernam, (quoniam miſere ſcaldaverat omnes)
Dirtavitque totam Peticotam gutture thicko,
Pearlineaſque ejus skirtas, ſilkamque gownæam,
Vaſquineamque rubram Muckſherda begariavit.
Et tunc ille fuit valde faintheartus, & ivit
Valde procul, metuens ſhottam woundumque profundum.
Sed nec valde procul fuerat revengia in illum;
Extemplo *Gillæa* ferox invaſit, & ejus
In faciem girnavit atrox, & Tigrida facta
Boublentem grippans Berdam, ſic dixit ad illum:
Vade domum, filthæe nequam, aut te interficiabo.
Tunc cum gerculeo magnum fecit *Gilly* whippum,
Ingentemque manu Sherdam levavit, & omnen
Gallantæi hominis Gaſhbeardam beſmeariavit;
Sume tibi hoc, inquit, ſneeſing valde operativum,
Pro præmio Swingere tuo, tum denique fleido
Ingentem *Gilly wamphra* dedit, validamque nevellam,
Ingeminatque iterum, donec bis fecerit ignem
Ambobus fugere ex oculis; ſic *Gylla* triumphat.
Obſtupuit bombaizdus homo, backumque repente
Turnavit veluti naſus bloodaſſet; & *O fy!*
Ter quater exclamat, & ô quam fœde neezavit!
Disjuniumque omne evomuit valde hungrius homo,
Lauſavitque ſupra atque infra, miſerabile viſu,
Et luggas necko imponens, ſic cucurrit abſens;
Non audens gimpare iterum, ne worſa tul ſſet.
Hæc *Neberna* videns yellavit turpia verba,
Et fy, fy! exclamat, prope nunc Victoria loſta eſt.

Nec

Nec mora, terribilem fillavit dira Canonem,
Elatiſque Hippis magno cum murmure Fartam
Barytonam emiſit, veluti *Monſmegga* cracaſſet.
Tum vero quackarunt hoſtes, flightamque repente
Sumpſerunt, retroſpexit *Jackmannus*, & ipſe
Sheepheadus metuit ſonitumque ictumque buleti.
Quod ſi King Spanius, *Philippus* nomine, ſeptem
Hiſce conſimiles habuiſſet forte Canones
Batterare *Sluiſſam*, *Sluiſſam* dungaſſet in aſſam.
Aut ſi tot magnus *Ludovicus* forte dediſſet
Ingentes fartas ad mœnia *Montalbana*,
Ipſam continuo Townam dingaſſet in yerdam.
Exit Corngrevius, wracco omnia tendere videns,
Conſiliumque meum, ſi non accipitis, inquit,
Pulchras ſcartabo facies, & vos worriabo :
Sed needlo per Seuſtram broddatus, inque privatas
Partes ſtobbatus greitans, lookanſque grivate,
Barlafumel clamat, & dixit, O Deus ! *O God!*
Quid multis ? Sic Fraya fuit, ſic Guiſa peracta eſt,
Una nec interea ſpillata eſt droppa Cruoris.

F I N I S.

MOPMON ΣΤΟΛΙΣΜΟΣ

SIVE

Lamiarum Veſtitus.

A POEM on the King and Queen of *FAIRY*.

Tranſlated into Latine by *Walter Denneſtone.*

To the VIRTUOSI.

YE *Virtuoſi* hav't to you aſſign'd
The Nat'ral Cauſes of all things to find.
We cloath the *Fairies* in their proper Dreſs:
And leav't to you, What Force they have, to (guſes.

AD

PHILOSOPHOS.

NAturam, & veras rerum perpendere cauſſas
Sorte datum vobis, Ingenioſa cohors.
Corpora nos Lemurum tenui velamus amictu:
Dicite vos, Quæ vis? quis vigor inſit eis?

On the King of *FAIRY*.

UPON a time the Fairy Elves,
Having firſt arrayed themſelves,
They thought it meet to cloath their King,
In Robes moſt fit for Revelling.

He had a Cobweb-Shirt more thin,
Than ever Spiders ſince could ſpin;
Bleach'd in the whiteneſs of the Snow,
When that the Northern Winds do blow.

And in that vaſt and open Air
No Shirt is half ſo Fine or Fair:
A rich Waſte-Coat they did him bring
Made of the Trout-flie's Golden Wing,

Dy'd Crimſon in a Maiden's Bluſh,
And lin'd with Humming Bees ſoft Pluſh.
At which his Elf-ſhip 'gan to fret,
And ſware 'twould caſt him in a Sweat.

He for his Coolneſs needs would wear
A Waſte-Coat made of Downy Hair,
New taken from an Eunuch's Chin,
It pleas'd him well, 'twas wondrous thin.

In Oreadum REGEM.

MOnticolæ quondam Lamiæ circundatæ amictu
Corpora prætenui choreis & luſibus apto;
Talibus inde ſuum Regem quoq; veſtibus ornant
Quæ deceant numeroſque leves feſtaſque chorêas.

Ejus araneoli ſcutulata ſubucula filo
Rarior, eximiæ quod texuit artis Arachne:
Intactæque nivis fuit inſolata nitore,
Quam rigidus gelidâ Boreas diffundit ab Arcto.

Nec ſub Hyperboreo tam pura camiſia tractu
Uſque adeò tenuis tamque alba apparuit uſquam:
Proxima cura fuit tunicellam imponere Regi
Hepiali textam mirè ex aurantibus alis.

Virginis eximiæ roſeo quæ tincta rubore,
Atque apis Hyblææ duplicata eſt vellere molli:
Tum fremere & jurare Heros geſtamine tanto
Preſſus, & exili manare á corpore ſudor.

Poſt, refrigerii cauſſâ, ſubtile theriſtrum
Curari fecit conſutum more decoro,
Nuper ab Eunuchi malâ & lanugine ſumptum:
Hoc placuit, quia erat tenui ſubtemine textum.

His Hat was all of Ladies Love,
So paſſing light that it would move,
If any Gnat or Humming Fly
But beat the Air in paſſing by.

About it went a Wreath of Pearl
Dropt from the Eyes of ſome poor Girl,
Pinched becauſe ſhe had forgot
To leave clean Water in the Pot.

His Breeches and his Caſſock were
Made of the Tinſel Garſummer:
Down by it's Seam there went a Lace
Drawn by an Unctuous Snail's ſlow pace.

On the QUEEN.

NO ſooner was their King attyr'd
as never Prince had been,
But as in Duty was requir'd
they next array their Queen.

Of ſhining Threed ſhut from the Sun
And twiſted into line,
On the light Wheel of Fortune Spun
Was made her Smock ſo fine.

Her Gown was very colourd fair
The Rain-bow gave the dip;

Per-

Ejus erat (capitis tegumentum insigne) galerus,
Ut referunt, è fœmineo conflatus amore;
Qui levis usque adeo fuit ut trepidaret ad auram,
Quam musca aut cynips præter volitando feriret.

Ambiit hunc circum specioſa & gemmea ſpira
Ex oculis teneræ tremulis modò lapſa puellæ;
Quam malè multarunt Lemures quòd linquere in
Oblita eſt puras, nocturno tempore, lymphas. (ollâ

Denique fiebant ſaga cum femoralibus ejus
Lineolâ ê tenui per ſumma cacumina campi
Extenſâ, quorum ſuturam rara tegebat
Inſtita ducta pigri limacis tramite pingui.

In REGINAM.

POſt quam Rex tali fuit inſignitus amictu
Membra cui Regum nulla tulere parem.
Mox etiam, veluti ratio poſcebat, & æquum,
Reginæ parili corpora veſte tegunt.

Illius ex auro clarâ de lampade ſolis
Emiſſo, ſcitè facta erat interula:
Stamina cujus erant ſolerti pollice ducta,
Sortis in ambiguæ torta levique rotâ.

Palla fuit, qualem ſpectabilis induit Iris,
Quam varius radiis pingit Apollo ſuis.

Perfumed by an Amber-Air,
Breath'd from a Virgin's Lip.

The Stuff was of a Morning-dawn
When *Phœbus* did but peep,
But by a Poet's Pencil drawn
In Chloris lap a ſleep.

*He*r Vail was white and pale-fac'd-by
Invented by a Maid,
When ſhe (poor Soul) by ſome bad Spy
*Ha*d newly been betray'd.

*He*r Necklace was of ſubtile tye
Of Glorious Atoms, ſet
In the pure *Bl*ack of Beauties *Ey*e,
As they had been in Jet.

*He*r Shoes were all of Maiden-*He*ads
So paſſing thin and light
That all her Care was how ſhe treads;
A Thought had burſt them quite.

The Revells ended, ſhe put off
Becauſe her Grace was warm:
She fann'd her with a Lady's ſcoff,
And ſo ſhe took no *Ha*rm.

FINIS.

Talis odor, qualis fragranti ſpirat ab ambrâ,
Halitus aut qualis Virginis eſſe ſolet.

Materies fuit Auroræ de lumine primo
Phœbus *ubi Eois ſurgit honorus aquis.*
Peniculo vatis qui pingebatur amatæ
Chloridis in gremio membra quiete levans.

Candidulumque habuit velamen, pallidulumque;
Dextra puellaris texuit illud opus.
Qui color idem erat ac pellucet in ore puellæ
Prodita ab infauſto quæ modo forte viro.

Illius alba decens ornabat colla monile
Formoſum pulchris conſpicuiſque atomis:
Quæ velut in puro nigroque gagate fuiſſent
Impoſitæ, miris emicuere modis.

Calceolique ſui perquam tenueſque leveſque
Facti de clauſtris virginitatis erant.
His igitur verita eſt incedere, namque puſillus
Senſus amoris eos rumperet abſque morâ.

Ludis exactis, quoniam ſudore madebat,
Confeſtim veſtes exuit ipſa ſuas.
Et ſe fœmineo vannavit ſcommate demum
Nec quidquam damni pertulit inde ſibi.

FINIS.

NOTA. *It was thought fit to inſert the following Verſes, becauſe the one half of them*(viz. *from this Mark* *** *to the end*)*were writ by Lieutenant Colonel* Clealand *of my Lord* Angus's *Regiment, when he was a Student in the College of* Edinburgh, *and* 18 *Years of Age.*

Hallow my Fancie, *whither wilt thou go?*

IN Melancholick *Fancie*,
Out of my ſelf,
In the *Vulcan* Dancie,
All the World ſurveying,
No where ſtaying,
Just like a *Fairie Elf:*
Out o'er the tops of higheſt Mountains Skipping,
Out o'er the Hills, the Trees and Vallies tripping,
Out o'er the Ocean Seas, without an Oar or Shipping.
Hallow my Fancie, whither wilt thou go?

Amidſt the miſty Vapours,
Fain would I know,
What doth cauſe the Tapours :
Why the Clouds benight us,
And affright us,
While we travel here below *!*
Fain would I know, what makes the roaring Thunder,
And what theſe Lightnings be that rent the clouds aſunder
And what theſe Comets are, on which we gaze and (wonder!
Hallow my Fancie, &c.

Fain would I know the Reaſon,
Why the little *Ant*,
All the Summer Seaſon,
Layeth up Proviſion,
On condition,
To know no Winters want*:*
And how theſe Huſe-wives, that are ſo good and painful,
Do

Do unto their Husbands prove ſo good and gainful :
And why the lazie *Drons*, to them do prove diſdainful.
Hallow my Fancie, &c.

Ships, Ships, I will deſcrie you,
Amidſt the Main,
I will come and try you,
What you are protecting,
And projecting,
What's your End and Aim.
One goes abroad for Merchandiſe and Treading,
Another ſtays to keep his Country from invading,
A third is coming Home with rich and wealth of loading.
Hallow my Fancy, &c.

When I look before me,
There I do behold,
There's none that ſees or knows me ;
All the World's a gadding,
Running madding,
None doth his Station hold.
He that is below, envieth him that riſeth,
And he that is above, him that's below deſpiſeth,
So ev'ry Man his Plot and Counter-plot deviſeth.
Hallow my Fancy, &c.

Look, Look, what Buſling
Here I do eſpy ;
Each another juſling,
Ev'ry one turmoiling,
Th' other ſpoiling,
As I did paſs them by.
One ſitteth muſing in a dumpiſh Paſſion,
Another hangs his Head, becauſe he's out of Faſhion,
A third is fully bent on Sport and Recreation :
Hallow my Fancie, &c.

Amidſt the foamie Ocean,
Fain would I know,
What doth cauſe the Motion,
And returning,

In

In its journeying,
And doth ſo ſeldom ſwerve!
And how theſe little Fiſhes, that ſwim beneath ſalt water
Do never blind their Eye, Me thinks, it is a matter,
An inch above the reach of Old E*rra Pater*!
Hallow my Fancie, &c.

Fain would I be reſolved,
How things are done!
And where the Bull was calved,
Of bloody *Phalaris*!
And where the Taylor is,
That works to th' Man in th' Moon!
Fain would I know how *Cupid* aims ſo rightly!
And how theſe little *Fairies* do dance and leap ſo lightly!
And where fair *Cynthia* makes her Ambles nightly!
Hallow my Fancie, &c.

* * *
In conceit like *Phaëton*,
I'll mount *Phœbus* Chair:
Having ne'er a Hat on,
All my Hair's a burning,
In my journeying,
Hurrying through the Air.
Fain would I hear his fiery Horſes neighing!
And ſee how they on foamy Bitts are playing!
All the Stars and Planets I will be ſurveying!
Hallow my Fancie, &c.

O from what ground of Nature,
Doth the *Pelican*,
That ſelf devouring Creature,
Prove ſo froward,
And untoward,
Her Vitals for to ſtrain! ing
And why the ſubtile *Fox*, while in Death's wounds is ly-
Doth not lament his Pangs by howling and by crying!
And why the milk-white *Swan* doth ſing when ſhe's a (dying!
Hallow my Fancie, &c.

Fain would I conclude this,
At least make Eſſay, What

What Similitude is,
Why Fowls of a Feather,
Flock and fly together,
And *Lambs* know Beaſts of Prey *!*
How Natur's *Alchymiſts*, theſe ſmall laborious Creatures*!*
Acknowledge ſtill a Prince in ordering their Matters,
And ſuffer none to live, who ſlothing loſe their Features.
Hallow my Fancie &c.

I'm rapt with Admiration,
When I do ruminate,
Men of an Occupation,
How each one calls him Brother,
Yet each invieth other,
And yet ſtill intimate *!*
Yea, I admire to ſee, ſome Natures farther ſundred,
Than *Antipodes* to us. Is it not to be wondred,
In Myriads ye'll find, of one mind ſcarce an hundred *!*
Hallow my Fancy, &c.

What multitude of Notions
doth perturb my Pate,
Conſidering the Motions.
How th' Heav'ns are preſerved
And this World ſerved,
In Moiſture, Light and Heat !
If one Spirit ſits the outmoſt Circle turning,
Or one turns another continuing in journeying,
If Rapid circles Motion be that which they call burning !
Hallow my Fancie, &c.

Fain alſo would I prove this,
by conſidering,
What that, which you call Love, is :
Whether it be a Folly,
Or a Melancholy,
Or ſome Heroick thing !
Fain I'd have it prov'd, by one whom Love hath wounded
And fully upon one his deſire hath founded, (rounded *!*
Whom nothing elſe could pleaſe tho' the World were
Hallow my Fancie, &c.

To know this World's Center,
Height, Depth, Breadth, and Length,
Fain would I adventure,
To ſearch the hid Attractions,
Of Magnetick Actions,
And Adamantick ſtrength!
Fain would I know, if in ſome lofty Mountain,
Where the *Moon* ſojourns, if there be Trees or Fountain,
If there be Beaſts of Prey, or yet be Fields to hunt in!
Hallow my Fancie, &c.

Fain would I have it tried,
By Experiment,
By none can be denied;
If in this bulk of Nature,
There be Voids leſs or greater,
Or all remains compleat!
Fain would I know, if Beaſts have any Reaſon!
If *Falcons* killing *Eagles* do commit a Treaſon!
If fear of Winter's want makes *Swallows* fly the Seaſon!
Hallow my Fancie, &c.

Hallow my *Fancie*, hallow,
Stay, ſtay at home with me,
I can thee no longer follow,
For thou haſt betray'd me
And bewray'd me;
It is too much for thee.
Stay, ſtay at Home with me, leave off thy lofty Soaring,
Stay thou at Home with me, and on thy Books be poring,
For he that goes abroad, lays little up in Storing:
Thou'rt welcome Home my *Fancie*, welcome Home to me.

FINIS.

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Printed by *James Watſon*, and Sold at his Shop next Door to the *Red-Lyon*, oppoſite to the *Lucken-booths*. 1709.

A Choice Collection of Scots *Poems.*

ROBERT the III. King of *Scotland*, His Anſwer to a Summons ſent Him by *Henry* the IV. of *England*, to do Homage for the Crown of *Scotland.*

DUreing the Reigne of the Royal *Robert;*
The ſecond of the good *Stewart;*
Henrie of *England* the feard King
To *Scotland* ſent and ask'd this thing;
To ſpier at *Robert*, " Why he not made
" Him Homage for his Lands braid,
" For why he ought of Heretage,
" At *London* to do him Homage:
" And that in Right of *Brutus* King,
" Who had *Ingland* in Governing.
" Why then cauſed he through his Guilt
" So meikle ſakleſs Blood he ſpilt.

When King *Robert* wiſe and wight
Had heard and ſeen this writ be ſight;
Therefore he grew full matalent
To tell his Barrons, of his intent,

He called a Council to *Strivling* Town
And there came Lords of great renown,
And at them all he asked of it
If he ſhould anſwer be his awne wit:
The Lords were all faine of that thing,
And referred it to their Noble King;
So without Council of onie man,
To Dyte and Write the King began.
This was the effect of his Writeing
All is ſooth and nae Lieſing.
I *Robert* be God's might
King of the *Scots* and *Iſles* be Right,
From hight of Hills to the Ocean Sea,
Our Heretage was ever free;
To thee *Hary* of *Lancaſter*,
Thy 'Pyſtle I have conſidered well.
Duke of that *Ilk* thou ſhould be cal'd
It was thy righteous Style of auld,
But nae King I will call thee,
For hurting of Kings Majeſtie;
For I will take nae heeding
Of thy unrighteous Invading;
For what was right (as is well knawn)
Ye all defould within your awn:
But we will do you underſtand
What we declare fornent *Scotland.*
Your inward Tale we have well ſeen,
Baith firſt and laſt what you do mean;
Therefore thou ſhalt an anſwer have,
E'en by my ſelf, attour the leave;
The firſt point is, God witneſs bear,
No Blood for me be ſpilt in Weir,

But

But gif it be in my Defence,
Through thy uſurping Violence.
And whereas that thou Writeſt thus,
Since born were Sons to Old *Brutus*,
That our Anteceſſours ſhould be,
Servants to Yours in ilk Degree;
Thou Lyeſt, thereof it is well knawn,
We was ay free within our awn.
Albeit *John Balioll* made a Band,
Contrar the Right of fair *Scotland.*
That he was falſe we will defend
With Lives and Fortunes to the end;
For our Heretage was ever Free,
Since *Scota* of *Ægypt* tuik the Sea,
Whilſt ye have ever Conquered been:
For a Thonſand Pounds of Gold ſchein
To *Julius Cæſar* Payit yee,
Of Tribute, thus ye was not free;
With *Saxons* ſyne ye were orthrawn,
With them twa Chiftans of your awn,
And other folks in Company
All Soldiers born in *Germany*,
Came with ſik power in great haſt
That made your Lands baith bair and waiſt;
And ſlew your Gentles of *Ingland*
At *Salysbury* as I underſtand,
In taken is the Hingand Stanes,
That there were ſet up for their Names;
In *Latin* is a Memorial,
That *Saxons* had orſet you all.
Then *Harald*, the Son of *Denmark* King
The third time raiſe o're you to Reign,

And

And in ilk Houſe, as is well knawn,
You were defould within your awn;
They Occupyed your Maids and Wives,
In Bondage thus you led your lives.
When this was done and all bypaſt,
The fourth Conqueſt approached faſt;
A Baſtard came out of *Normandy*,
Conqueſt *Ingland* all hailily;
And yet amongſt you Reigns that Blood,
And mikle uther that is nae good:
Gif thou trows not, this true to be
The Regiſter Read and thou ſhalt ſee.
Thus four times thirld and overharld
You're the great refuſe of all the Warld;
Nor got thou Righteous thy ſelf to Reigne,
Thy awn Realm kennes well this thing;
At *London* thou Swair in Parliament,
Ingland ten Year thou ſhould abſent;
Then waſt thou manifeſtly manſworn,
Or ever three Years was out worn
Thou raiſe Treaſonably for to Reigne,
And ſlew *Richard* thy Native King,
Forſooth the Proverb tells of this,
Whilk often times true founden is:
Flyte with thy Neighbour, and he will tell
All the miſchiefs that thee befel.
But *Scotland* yet I dare well ſay
Was ever free unto this day,
Nor never ſtranger weer'd our Crown
Except of late a manſworn lowne,
That was *Langſhanks* call'd *Edward*,
Tuik on him to declare the pairt

Be-

Between the *Bruce* and *John Balion*,
Then through your falſe illuſion,
Where that *John Baliol* had no right,
And ſo tuik Treaſonaly to hauld by ſlight
Caſtles and Strengths of our Country
Your *Edward* tuik moſt Cheatingly,
When *William Wallace* wight and wiſe
Right worthily reſcued us thrice;
Then Valiant *Bruce* right rackleſly
Firſt tint, ſyne wan us worthily;
With him was *Graham*, and the *Dowglas*
That proved full well in many a place,
And *Thomas Randolf* wiſe and wight,
There was not then a worthier Knight,
Then thir expelled your falſe Barnage,
And fredd our Realm of all Thirlage.
If you trow us not of this,
Sixty Thouſand you well did miſs
At *Bannockburn* diſcomfiſt was,
And Your falſe King away did paſs
Throw an inborn Traytour as was well ken'd
In *England* free he did him ſend,
Or elſe we then had tane your King
Who had *Ingland* in governing.
When an Year comen was and gane,
Then *Edward* of *Carnarven*
Diſcomfiſt he was at *Byland*
By Meſſengers I underſtand,
Sir *Walter Stewart* then in hy
He chaſed him all openly
Twixt *Scarborough* Caſtle he him chaſs'd,
Syne to his Hoſt return in haſt;

But

But then the Clergy of *Ingland*
Renewed again with ſtalwart Hand,
At *Newtoun* as it was well knawn
Where haſtily they were orthrawn
By the good *Dowglaſs*, ſooth to ſay,
And *Thomas Randolf* Earle of *Murray*,
There Thirty thouſand were dung to Dead
Withouten ſuccour or remeid;
Syne after that, *Robert* the *Bruce*
Took hail ſtate, and could reduce
Northumberland all to himſell,
As many Cronicles can tell.
Then ye were fain from VVeirs to ceaſe,
And ſought by Mariage for a Peace,
Begging our Prince the *Bruce Davie*
On your Dame *Jean* to play a Pavie.
Ye made this evident, and drew a Band
Under the great Seal of *Ingland*,
VVhilk we have plainly for to ſhaw,
The verity if ye will knaw.
All this is true, I'le teſtifie
And proveit on Sixty againſt Sixty
Or Fortie for Fortie, gif You like,
Or Twentie to Twentie of ilk Kinrick,
Or Nine, Aught, Seven, Four, Three, or Two
Born of Antient Blood alſo,
Or Hand to Hand if You think meet,
And ſo Sir Duke I do you Greet.

THE

THE DISCRIPTION OF THE QVEENS MAIESTIES MAIST HONORABLE ENTRY INTO THE TOVN OF EDINBVRGH VPON THE 19. DAY OF MAII, 1590.

By Iohn Bvrel.

AT Edinburgh, as micht be ſeene,
Upon the nintene day of Maj,
Our Prences Spous, and ſoueraigne Qveen,
Hir nobil entry maid that day,
Maiſt honorable, was hir conuoy,
With gladnes gret, triumph and ioy.

To recreat hir hie renoun,
Of curious things thair wes all ſort,
The ſtairs and houſes of the toun,
With Tapeſtries were ſpred athort:
Quhair Hiſtories men micht behauld,
With Imagis and Anticks auld.

No man in mind, culd weill conſaue,
The curious warks before his eis,
In Tapeſtries ye micht perſaue,
Young Ramel, wrocht like lawrell treis:

With ſyndrie ſorts of Chalandrie,
In curious forme of Carpentrie.

It written wes with ſtories mæ,
How VENVS, with a thundring thud,
Incloſd ACHATES and ENÆ,
Within a mekill miſtie clud:
And how fair ANNA wondrous wraith,
Deplors hir ſiſter DIDOS daith.

Thair wes the blindit artchour boy,
Schuting crafty INTICLOTES,
Thair wes deſcriud the wrack of Troy,
And how the proud PHILOCLITES
Schot prudent PARIS throw the thie,
With poiſond dart, quhilk gart him die.

Iô, with hir goldin glitring hair,
Wes portret wondrous properlie,
And POLIPHEME was pentit thair,
Quha in his foreheid had ane eie:
*B*eneth him but ane littill ſpace,
Wes IANVS with the doubill face.

Of ROMOLVS I ſaw the wonder,
How for his interpriſe prophane,
In counterfeting of the thunder,
For his reward thairwith was ſlane:
And thair wes wrocht, with goldin threid,
MEDVSA, with the monſtrus heid.

Of

Of Hiſtories I ſaw anew,
That fragill wer and friuolus,
How TRITON at the Seſide ſlew
MISENVS, ſonne to ÆOLVS:
Beſide that hiſtorie thair ſtands
BRIARIVS, with his hundreth hands.

The ſtory of ACHILLES ſtout,
With gold wes browderd thair abreid,
And how wiſe PALLACE did ſpring out
At michtie IVPITERS foreheid:
And ICARVS, throw fleing hie
With waxit wingis fel in the ſee.

How IAON, SESRA did perſew,
And draue ane naill into his brow,
And IEPHTE quho his dochter ſlew,
For till obſerve his aith and vowe:
And how that all gret NILVS flud
Was turnd and alterd into blud.

How IOVE did with the Giants do,
And how of thame he vaſſage wan,
Thair PHOCOMES was portrait to,
Quho beirs baith ſchap of hors and man:
And how that he gat throw the hairt,
Throw ſchot of MOPSIS deidlie dairt.

IXION, that the quheill dois turne
In Hell, that vgly hole ſo mirk,
And EROSTRATVS quha did burne
The coſtly fair EPHESIAN Kirk:

And BLIADES, quho fals in ſoun
With drawing buckets vp and down.

As MERCVRIE with charmit rods,
The hundreth eis of ARGVS traps,
And how that TIPHON chaſt the gods,
Compelling thame to change thair ſchaps:
For PHEBVS wes turnd in a cat,
And VENVS in a fiche maiſt flat.

Thir things wer patent to the eis,
Of ſindry as ye knaw your ſell,
For thay wer into tapeſtreis,
Better deſcriu'd nor I can tell:
Thir I beheld quhair I did go,
With mony hundreth thouſand mo.

Braue nobill men of all kin ſorts,
Triumphantly beſide her raid,
Firſt at hir entry at the Ports,
Trim Harangs till hir grace wes maid,
Her ſalutation thair wes ſung
In ornat ſtile of Latine toung.

Gif ILIONVS had bene thair,
That oratour of eloquence,
I doubt gif he could haue done mair,
For all his gret intelligence:
Declaring with a gret renown
How ſche wes welcome to the town.

Nor

Nor DEMADES, quhois prais is pend
In euerie part as we perſaue,
Quho for his ornate ſtyle wes ſend
Till ANTIPATER pece to craue:
Thocht he wes eloquent and wiſe,
Na finer frais he cud deuiſe.

All curious paſtimes and conſaits
Cud be imaginat be man,
Wes to be ſene on Edinburgh gaits,
Fra time that brauitie began:
Ye might haif hard on euerie ſtreit
Trim melodie and muſick ſweit.

Thocht PHILAMON his braith had blawin,
For muſick quho wes countit king,
His trumphal tune had not bene knawin,
Sic ſugrit voycis thair did ſing,
For thair the daſcant did abound,
With the ſweit diapaſon ſound.

Tennour, and trebill with ſweit ſence,
Ilkane with pairts gaif notes agane,
Fabourdoun fell with decadence,
With prikſang, and the ſinging plane:
Thair enfants ſang and barnelie brudis,
Quho had bot new begun the mudis.

Muſiciners thair pairts expond,
And als for joy the bells wer rung,
The inſtruments did corroſpond
Vnto the muſick quhilk wes ſung:

All ſorts of inſtruments wer thair,
As ſindry can the ſame declair.

Organs and Regals thair did carpe,
With thair gay goldin glittring ſtrings,
Thair wes the Hautbois and the Harpe,
Playing maiſt ſweit and pleaſant Springs:
And ſum on Lutis did play and ſing,
Of Inſtruments the onely King.

Viols and Virginals were heir,
With Girthorns maiſt iucundious,
Trumpets and Timbrels maid gret beir,
With Inſtruments melodious:
The Seiſtar and the Sumphion,
With Clarche Pipe and Clarion.

Thir notes ſeemd heuinly ſweit and hie,
And not like tunes terreſtriall,
Appollo thair appeird to be,
Thair ſound wes so celeſtiall:
O Pan amang ſick pleaſant plais,
Thy ruſtik pipe can haue na prais.

Thocht Orphevs gat gret commend,
For Melodie and gud ingine,
His cumly ſprings had not bene kend,
Howbeid that they were maiſt deuine:
Nor Amphion quho did begin,
Na honour heir he culd haue wyn.

Anna our welbelouit Queene,

Sat

Sat in hir goldin Coche ſo bricht,
And after ſche thir things had ſeene,
Syne ſhe beheld ane heuinly ſicht:
Of Nymphs who ſupit NECTAR cauld,
Quhois brauities can ſcarce be tauld.

Thir Nymphs were plantit in this place,
As mony thouſands micht perſaue,
Quho for thair bewties and gud grace,
Were choſin out amangſt the laue:
DIANAS Nymphs thay may be namd,
Be reſſoun thay were vndefamd.

The circumſtance can not be told,
So ſtrange the mater dois apeir,
Sum were clad into claith of gold,
And ſum in ſiluer ſchining cleir:
Thair gouns gaue glancing in the marke,
Thay were ſo wrocht with goldſmith warke.

Mair brauer robs were neuer bocht,
Queene SEMERAMUS til aray,
With brodrie warke thair bords were wocht,
O God, gif that thair gouns wes gay:
With gubert warke wrocht wondrous ſure,
Purfild with gold and ſilver pure.

This far I may thir Nymphs aduance,
Not ſpeking raſhly by the richt,
Thair goldin robes gaue not ſick glance,
As did their heuinly bewties bricht:
Nor zit thair iewels in ſic greis,

As

As did thair cumly criſtall eis.

Thair properties for to repeit,
My dull ingine can not diſcloſe,
Thair hair like threeds of gold did gleit,
Thair facis fragrant and formoſe:
White was thair hyd thocht it wes hid,
Thair corall lips like roſis rid.

Sick Parragons, but peir or maik,
I wart wes never ſeene before,
Na properties thir Nymphs did laik,
Quhilk micht thair cumly corps decore:
All gifts quhilk creaturs can clame,
Dame nature in thair corps did frame.

O DIONER that hes the place,
And bears Dame bewties bell I ſay,
And thou O DAPHNE fair of face,
Quha was the God APOLLOS pray:
Gif that thir Virgins had bene thair,
He had eſteemd thame meikill mair.

O EVROPA, as Poets ſchaws,
Quhome IVPITER did lufe indeid,
He had acquite the for thair caus,
Gif they had bene into thy ſteid:
He had not faild this for to do,
And PARIS likwais HELEN to.

Had they bene ſet in PARIS ſicht,
As wes the Goddeſſis I mene,

He

He ſcarce culd have diſcernit richt,
Quhome to the Apill did pertene:
Sick equall gifts were in them lodgt,
That thay culd skantlie weill be iudgt.

Thir nobill Nymphis maid reuerence,
With geſture liuely and allairt,
And efter thair obedience,
Hir Grace paſt to ane vther pairt:
Quhair ſche beheld ſum to be ſchort,
Acoutert in an ſauadge ſort.

Into the ſeruice of our Queene,
Thay offert thair maiſt willing mynds
Thir are the Moirs of quhom I mene,
Quha dois inhabit in the ynds:
Leving thair land and dwelling place,
For to do honour to hir Grace.

Thay have na ſcant nor indigence,
Quhair thay do dwell and haue exces,
Nor zit thay haue na reſidence,
With PHAVNVS God of wildernes:
Bot thay do dwell quhair thay wer wont,
Beſide SYNERDAS goldin mont.

Thair precious Iewels till expreme,
And coſtly clethings to diſcriue,
My ſimple wit can not eſteme,
Agains the ſtreme quhy ſuld I ſtrive:
Thocht I want language, wit and lair,
Yet as I can I ſall declair.

Thir ſavagis I you aſſure,
Wer well decord as ye may knaw,
For ſum wer clad in ſilver pure,
And ſum in Taffatie white like ſnaw:
Ay twa and twa in ordour ſtands,
With battons blank into thair hands.

The precious ſtains can not be pend,
With Goldſmiths wark wes thame amang,
Thair bodies skantly culd be kend,
For cheins quhilk ouer thair ſhoulders hang:
Gold bracelets on thair chakils hings,
Thair fingers full of coſtly rings.

That ſicht wes pleaſant for to ſe,
And woundrous nobill to behold,
Thair heids wer garniſht gallandlie,
With coſtly crancis maid of gold:
Braid blancis hang aboue thair eis,
With Iewels of all hiſtories.

Vpon thair forebrows thay did beir,
Targats and Tablets of trim warks,
Pendants and Carcants ſhining cleir,
With Plumagis of gitie ſparks:
Vpon thair hyndheids ſet wes ſyne,
Buttons and brotches braue and fyne.

And Mairatour I call to mynd,
How euerie ane had on thair front,
Ane Carbuncle of Rubie kynd,
Togither with ane Diamont:

And

And doun thair Haffats hang anew,
Of Rubies red and Saphirs blew.

Into thair mouthis as might be ſeen,
Quha had bene tentife to behold,
Ane Emerauld of colour greene,
Set in ane pretie ring of gold:
Syne thair wes hung at thair hals bane,
The Eſpinell a precious ſtane.

Vpon thair breſt braveſt of all,
Were precious pearls of the Eiſt,
The Rubie pallet and Th'opall,
Togither with the Amatiſt:
Thair micht ye ſe mangs mone mo,
The Topas and the Percudo.

Vpoun thair richt pape maiſt perfite,
Thair I ſaw ſindry ſtains beſet,
The Garned and the Agat quhite,
With mone mo quhilk I forzet:
Beſide thir twa did hing alone,
The Turcas and the Triapone.

Vpoun the left wer likwais knit,
Twa proper ſtains of valure hie,
The Iaſynth and the Cheſſolit,
Iewels maiſt excellent to ſe:
Amangs the reſt I ſaw athort,
The Rubie of the rareſt ſort.

Fornents thair Navils euerie one
Bure precius Iewels braue and deir,
The Cornalene and Calcedon,
Quhilk of it ſelf is quhyte and cleir:
Thay bure the Orphir in thair back,
Bot and the Onix gray and black.

All precius ſtains micht thair be ſene,
Quhilk in the world had ony name,
Saue that quhilk CLEOPATRA Queene,
Did ſwallow ore into hir wame,
The veritie for till expres,
That was not thair I man confes.

In Indea that goldin ground,
Mair brauitie culd neuer be,
The belts quhairwith thair waiſts wer bound
Wer goldin cheins as he micht ſe:
Alſo with cheins both in and out,
Thair arms wer womplit round about.

Let no man me eſteme to raill,
Nor think that raſchelie I report,
Thair Theis were like wais garniſt haill
With gold cheins of that ſaming ſort:
Thair girtens wer of gold beſtreik,
Thair Legs wer thairwith furneiſt eik,

Fra top to tæ I you aſſure,
Thair corps with gold wes birniſt bricht,
Thay on thair feit quhite buskins wure,
Of coſtly skins both trim and ticht:

To

To tell the truth and not to lie,
That ſicht wes pleſant for to ſe.

Ilk ane in ordour keepit place,
Als well the formeſt as the laſt,
Thir MOIRS did mertch befoir her Grace,
Quhile ſche intill hir Pallace paſt:
Far better bakit nor ane Laird,
With Burgiſſes to be thair gaird.

I haue forzet how in a robe,
Of clenely criſpe ſide to his kneis,
A bony boy out of the Globe,
Gaue to hir Grace the ſiluer Keis:
And how that he his harang maid,
With countenance quhilk did not faid,

Als I forzet how wes declaird,
Our nobill Kings genealogie,
And now the folks quha wer in ward,
Were frely ſet at libertie:
For to be ſchort thay ſpent that day,
In paſtime, daliance and deray.

Forzetting als the Burgis tryne,
Without deſcriptioun of thair cace,
Not ſpeiking of the riche propine,
Quhilk thay did giue vnto hir Grace:
Nor how thay bure the vaill abreid,
Quhilk hang above hir gracis heid.

Gif I in mind, ſuld nocht omit,
Bot intill ordour, all reſolue, The

The vollume, wald be woundrous grit,
And very tedious to reuolue:
Leuing the reſt for to declair,
Vnto thair memors quho wer thair.

The Burgiſſis maiſt honorablie,
Vpoun hir Grace did ſtill attend,
To tyme the haill ſolemnitie,
And trim triumphe wes put to end:
Sum ſpecial men that wer imployd,
Into hir palace hir convoyd.

The nomber of thame that wer thair,
I ſall deſcriue thame as I can,
My Lord I mene the maiſter Mair,
The Proueſt ane maiſt prudent man:
With the haill counſall of the toun
Ilkane cled in a veluet goun.

That company quha did eſpy,
The mater wes magnificall,
The other Burgiſſis forby,
Wer cled in thair pontificall:
Preſenting thame before hir face,
Offring thair ſeruice to hir Grace.

Dout my dull ſenſis dois deſaue,
With mair magnificence I mene,
Gif that the Perſians did reſaue,
King DARIUS wife that nobill Queene:
Quhen ſche did enter with renoun,
In Tipatra that nobill toun.

O Edinburghe now will I ſing,
Thy prais quhilk the perteins of richt,
Thou has been ay trew to thy King,
In doing ſeruice day and nicht:
Quhen that his Grace did haif ado,
And in the fields ay formeſt to.

Not ſparing for to ſpend thair blud,
Into thair breiſts thay bure ſic loue,
I ſay no more, ſo I conclud,
Bot I beſeik the God above:
Gif that it be his godly will,
That thy eſtait may fluris ſtill.

FINIS

BE HONOR I LEVE.

THE

THE PASSAGE OF THE PILGREMER, DEVIDIT INTO TVVA PAIRTS.

By Iohn Bvrel.

AS I went throw ane wood ſauage,
As did Æneas to Carthage,
Compaſt with clouds about,
I wanderd and I wiſt not quhair,
As ane mad man into diſpair:
Aſtoniſht to wyn out.
The wood wes gret and wondrous lang,
Of lenth and largitude,
The treis thairof war ſtark and ſtrang,
And full of fortitude:
Amaſing, and gaſing,
Thir treis for to behald,
So ſchenlie, and menelie,
Thair tops thay did dounfald.

I ſaw the Aſhtre and the Aik,
That Æolus gart yeild and zaik,
By his maiſt bitter blaſt,
Thocht thay wer ſtrang he gart thame ſtoup
And all the treis into that troup

That

That war affixit faſt:
The ſtorme ſo bitterlie brake out,
As wonder wes to ſe,
The boriall blaſts, with mony ſchout,
In that forrest did fle:
Not caldly, bot baldlie,
They thudit throw the treis,
With rairding, and fairding,
On hie the fier fleis.

The air wes than vntemperat,
And with rubie skies ranculat,
Mixit with weit and wind,
And euery fleing foul that fed
Ran bisſilie hame to thair bed,
Reſt and repoſe to find,
Not onely fleing fouls I ſay,
Bot beiſts of diuers kynds,
Laich on the ground, richt lawly lay,
Amaſit in thair mynds:
Sum ſhaking, and quaking,
For feir, as I eſteeme,
Oretowting, and rowting
Into that ſtorme extreme.

The Lyon and the Leopard,
From louping, and ſcouping war skard,
And faine for to fall doun,
And als the awfull Vnicorne,
For all his boſt wes not forborne,
Thocht he wes nixt the croun:
Likwais the Beir, that bitter beiſt,

Wes fellonlie afraid,
And all the Wolfies ran weſt and eiſt,
Trowing to be betraid:
Deploring and roring,
Wes in that wildernes,
Sum lying, ſum trying,
The cours of cairfulnes.

The Drummadrareis left thair feiſts,
With Tygers and tyrannius beiſts,
Thay war ſo faine to flit,
Thair wes the fals Camelion,
With the big Eliphant anon,
A beiſt of bodie grit,
Howbeit, he be maiſt corpolent,
Zit durſt he not repoſe,
Quhair he wes wont for to frequent,
The ſtorme so ſtrangely roſe:
Thir two now, did go now,
Sum ſolit pairt to find,
To waird thame, and gaird thame,
From bitter blaiſts of wind.

The Hart with his faire forked horns,
Quhois pikes is ſharpe as ony thorns,
Richt lawly did doun ly:
So faſt the Deir ran to his den,
His coulour I cud skantlie ken,
Or portrature eſpy.
The wilie Tod came by me to,
With violence and ſpeid,
For feir the he Fox left the ſcho,

He

He wes in ſick a dreid:
Quhiles louping, and ſcowping,
Ouer buſhis, banks, and brais,
Quhiles wandring, quhiles dandring,
Like royd and wilzart rais.

The wildbair that wanhappie beiſt,
Quhois tusks of length war at the leiſt
Ane quarter lang and mair,
Into ane furie he ran faſt,
Throw all the placis quhair he paſt,
With mony rout and rair:
Alſo the Wood Dog did ſicklike,
The ſtorme for till eſchew,
This cruell and tyrranius tyke,
Vpon the hard treis knew:
No ſwaging his raging,
Micht mitigat or meis,
Sick badneſs and madneſs,
Throw kind he did acqueis.

The wildcat worſt of all the laue,
Into that pairt I did perſaue,
Fleing for his refuge,
The ſtorme wes ſo outragius,
And with rumlings oragius,
That I for fear did gruge:
Than out that come the akquart Aip,
That murgens wont to mak,
Richt narowly I ſaw him ſcaip,
Vnbreking of his bak:
He hang ſo, and flang ſo,

Faſt felterd be the feit,
His haiſt than, had maiſt than,
Coſt him ane winding ſheit.

Out come the gyrnen Gennet ſyne,
With vther twaſum in a tryne,
All of ane quantitie,
For faircenes ſum fell on thair face,
So raſchely thay ran out thair race,
To keip gud companie:
Thair wes na bus culd hald thame bak,
So trimly thay culd ſcoup,
Nor yet no Tike culd thame oretak,
So lichtly thay did loup:
Not playing, but braying,
To ſe that tempeſt than,
Amaiſdlie, and baiſdlie,
*R*icht biſsilie thay ran.

Thair wes the Pikit Porcapie,
The Cunning and the Con all thrie,
Merchen amangs the reſt,
I wat thay wantit na gud will,
To ryn with all ſpeid posſibill.
Quhill thay wan to thair neſt:
Alſo the Hare I haue forzet,
The ſpedieſt of all,
His haſty rinning made him het,
Nane neidit him to call:
Not tyring nor myring,
Among the moſsis deipe,
Bot tichtly, and richtly,
His awn cours he did keipe.

Out

Out come the Edder at the laſt,
Vpon his wamb crieping full faſt,
Seikand ane hole to hyde him,
Bot becaus he wes venimus,
And for to touch contagius,
No beiſt wald byde beſyde him:
Vpon his wamb thus wayis he went,
Maiſt miſerablie thair,
For na beiſt with him wald frequent,
Nor cum vndir his ſnair:
Thay dred ſo, and fled ſo,
From his ſocietie,
That nane thair, his wane thair
Wald ſupport or ſupplie.

The Baſilique that beiſt maling,
Of Serpents quhilk is countit King,
Ran quhill he wes the war,
Thair wes the Viper and th'Aſpect,
With the Serpent Cheliderect,
Quhois ſtink is felt afar:
Thair wes the Serpent Cencraſtus,
A beiſt of filthy braith,
And als the Serpent Ceraſtus,
Quhois byte brings ſudden deith:
Thir Vipers and cripers,
Amang the grene gars lay,
Doun louring and couring,
Quhill ſtorm wes went away.

The Fumart and the Fittret ſtraue,
The deip and howeſt hole to haue,

That

That wes in all the wood,
About the trie ruts thir twa ran,
Zit all in vaine na thing thay wan,
Bot did thole mony thud,
For cauld thay wer diſcomfeiſt clene,
The ſchowrs wer ſa ſeueir,
Bot I who wes ane pure Pilgren
And half an Stronimeir:
Forſchew thair, and knew thair,
Sick tempeſt ſuld betyde,
Than ran I, and wan I,
In ane hole me to hyde.

Out come the Quhittret furwith,
Ane litill beiſt of lim and lith,
And of ane ſober ſchaip,
To haue ane hole he had grit haſt,
Zit in the wood thair wes nane waſt,
To harberie that iaip:
Than out that come the Modiwart,
Ane beiſt throw nature blind,
Quho faſt the eirth culd ſcraip and ſcart,
Reſt and refuge to find:
Quhiles dodling, and todling,
Vpon fowr prettie feit,
Quhiles ſcrubbing, quhiles rubbing,
The ground quhair it wes weit

Thir beiſts heir befoir nominat,
May eſilie be numerat,
The calcull is bot ſmall,
Forby thir beiſts I ſaw anew,

Quhois

Quhois nams befoir I neuir knew,
Nor how men did thame call:
Sick beiſts as I had ſene before,
Thair names I did reteene,
Bot thair wes mony in that ſtore,
That I had neuer ſene:
Sum mikill, ſum litill,
Of mony ſyndrie ſort,
That hantit, and plantit,
That place to be thair port.

Sum proper wer of portrature,
Of lith and lim, prettie and pure,
And hantſum to behald,
Quhois nams I na wais culd expreme,
Nor to my judgement weill eſteme,
The flox into that fald:
It wes ane wonder for to ſe,
So gret an multitude,
Without all mediocrity,
Amangſt the treis that ſtud:
Eſchewing the dewing,
Of ranie Orion,
That dropit and knopit,
Baith upon tre and ſtone.

Quhat farlie than thocht fouls that fleis,
With gret pains and perplexiteis
War grievouſly tormentit,
Quhen gret wild beiſts, of lim and lith,
Imployd with piſſance, ſtrength and pith,
For feir thame ſelfis abſentit:

And

And into hols and bors thame hyd,
The ſtorme for till eſchew,
For quhy, the wind, with mony quhyd,
Maiſt bitterly thair blew:
With quhirling, and dirling,
The fudder fell ſo thick,
Doun dryuing and ryuing,
The leiues that thay did lick,

First Iovis foule the Eagill fair,
I ſaw diſcend down from the air,
Syne to the wood went he,
The Hiron and the fleing Hairt,
Come fleing from ane vther pairt,
Beſide him for to be.
Ane fellon tryne come at his taill,
Faſt flichtren through the skiſe,
Bot ſuddenly that skull did skaill,
Thairfore thay wer mair wiſe:
Than fled thay, and ſched thay,
Euery ane from ane vdder,
Doun louching, and coutching,
To fle the flichts of fudder.

The fiery Dragon flew on hie,
Out throw the skies, richt cuttetlie,
Syne to the ground come doun,
Into ane furie faſt he flew,
To haue an hald him to reskew,
As ſtrangers to ane toun;
Nixt come the Gorgoull and the Graip,
Twa feirfull fouls indeid,

Quho

Quho uſis oft to like and laip,
The blud of bodies deid:
Thame druging and ruging,
With thair maiſt cruell clukis,
Sick haſhing and knaſhing,
Cums not of clenlie cukis.

The Airne and the Goſhalk ſyne,
That dentely had wont to dyne,
On Pairtrick and on Pliuer,
With feir thair famin wes forzet,
With blaſts of wind thay wer ſo bet,
And lancit throw the liuer:
With the ſchairp ſpeir of apetyte,
Howbeid thair hairts wes perſt
Zit thay for meit caird not ane myte,
Nor zit no ſuccour cerſt:
So fain than unſlain than,
Thameſelfis thay wald haue keipit,
That ſurelie, maiſt purelie,
Vpon the ground thay creipit.

Quhat ſuld I ſay, the Gok, the Gled,
With ſpeidie flycht richt faſt thay fled,
From feding on the plaine,
And thair I ſaw the milk quhyte Swan,
Conuoy the Wodcok and the Cran,
Of quhome thay wer richt faine:
The Biſſet and the Corbe baith,
Flew faſt befoir the laue,
Lath war thay to kep ony skaith,
Or ony harme to haue:

So ſlelie, and frelie,
From dangers thay thame fred,
In ſpeiding exceiding,
All vthers into tred.

The Houlet and the Heriſon,
Out of the airt Septentrion,
Come with an feirfull voce,
The Houlet had ſick awfull cryis,
Thay corroſpondit in the skyis,
As wind within a boce
Quhois cryis and clamours terius,
I compair to the zell,
Of that gret tyke Cyberius,
The cruell hound of hell:
Quhois zouling and gouling,
I haue na will to heir,
Sick ſinging, and ſpringing,
Is irkſum to the eir.

The Arrondell ſo ſwift of flight,
Doun on the land richt law did licht,
So ſore he wes opreſt:
The Alcions likwais left the See,
And to the ſchore richt faſt culd flee,
For to recouer reſt:
The Calicrat that lytle thing,
Bot and the honny Bie,
That wont befoir to skip and ſpring,
Into the air ſo hie:
With mumming and bumming.
The Bee now ſeiks his byke,

Quhils

Quhils ſtinging, quhils flinging,
From hole to hole did fyke.

The Cygonie that foul ſo whyte,
Quhilk at the Serpents hes deſpyte,
Come granen to the ground,
And Mamuks that byds euer mair,
And feids into the criſtall air,
Deid on the fields wer found:
The Gru befoir me thair appeirs,
Quhois legs wer lang and ſyde,
From the Septentrion quhilk reteirs,
Into the winter tyde:
This foul now did zoull now,
As it had bene ane beiſt,
Quhils quhinging, quhils cringing,
With paine it wes ſo preiſt.

The Tuquheit and the Sterling than,
To gidder with the Pelican,
Flew in an randell richt,
The Piet and the Papingo,
With the Goldſpink I ſa thame go,
Syne laich thay did doun licht:
Behaulding thir horribill things,
Almaiſt my eis grew blind,
To ſe thair prettie ſpirtlet wing,
So felterd with the wind:
Diſpairit, I ſtairit,
Vp to the element,
Behalding thair walding,
How thay in ordour went

The Merle and the Mauice trig,
Flew from the buſh quher thay did big,
Syne tuke thame to the flicht,
The Oſill and the Roſignell,
The Phœnix and the Nichtingell,
Twa fouls baith fair and bricht:
Quhois pretie wing I did perſaue,
So ſpurtlit and ſo ſpred,
Thir fouls I couet faine to haue,
So clerlie thay wer cled:
Thair hew ſo, furth ſchew ſo,
To my twa mortall eis,
That I thair, ſtud by thair,
Contempling to the treis.

The Stainzell and the Schakerſtane,
Behind the laue wer left alane,
With waiting on thair marows,
The Snype with ſyndry vther fouls,
With cairfull cryis laments and zouls,
And ſpecially pure Sparrows:
The meikill fouls wer not to mene,
So meikill as the ſmall,
Zit thay did meikill to mentene,
Thair bodies out of thrall:
Faſt fallowing with wallowing,
And mony cairfull cry,
Intranſit, I panſit,
Thair pains for till eſpy.

The Hobie and the Hedder bluter,
Aloud the Gæ to be thair tuter,

Thame

Thame to conduct and gyde,
The Cucko and the Coutchet can,
The Lawrock and the litill Wran,
Had ſicker be thair ſyde:
And mairatour I tell to zow,
The Pown I did perſaue,
Togidder with the turtill Dow,
The laſt of all the laue:
This fidder, togidder,
Vnto the wood ar went:
Sum murning and turning,
Into the firmament.

Of ilk perticuler fowle to treit,
It war ouir tedius to repeit
Quhairfore I thocht it beſt,
In this cathalogue to conuene
Ane bonie nomber, bot I mene,
Renouncing all the reſt:
Bot as I ſpak to zow before,
Tuitching the mvltitude,
I wat thair wes ten thouſand ſcore
Of birds and beiſts maiſt brude:
To ken thame, or pen thame,
My wit it wes to waik,
Or zit thair, to ſit thair,
On ſick conſaits to glaik.

I wes afflixit in my mynde,
And als with caris I wes inclynd,
To be in ſick a ſtait,
I hapnit in ane wildernes,

Quhair

Quhair I chanſt to gang in beges,
Be ganging out the gait:
Vainlie and temerariuſlie,
Into that pairt I paſt,
Bot he that wald faine fairles ſie,
Sall find thame at the last:
Belyue ſyne, aryue ſyne,
Within the wood did I,
Quhair I ay, did ſpy ay,
Wild beiſts faſt rynning by.

Fra time I enterd in that pairt,
I ſa na paſſage to depairt,
Nor entrie to win out,
To heir the Wildbeiſts bray and beir,
My febill fleſh did faint for feir,
Na tokin I wes ſtout:
God wat gif I wes in gret paine,
I wiſt not quhair to ryn,
Nor zit culd find the gait againe,
Firſt quhair I enterd in:
Bot tauren and dauren,
Like ane daft doitit fule,
Afflickit and prickit,
With dairts of cair and dule.

How culd I be bot full of cair,
And halflings put into diſpair,
So to be left alone,
Quhair I with na man might confar,
Nor zit within ten myls wes nar,
Till ony toune or waine:

The tempeſt did continew ſtill,
Thair wes baith weit and wynd,
And Evrvs with loud ſchouts and schill,
His braith begud to fynd:
With quhewing, renewing,
His bitter blaſts againe,
Seueirly, not ſneirly,
To you I make it plaine.

The wadder wes not lyke to mend,
Nor zit to draw to ony end,
Quhairthrow it micht be fair,
Bot ay the tempeſt did acres,
And na wais lykin to grow les,
Bot rather to be mair.
The wildbeiſts crap doun quietly,
The wadder wes ſo rud,
For thay micht haue no facultie,
To pas and ſeik thair fud:
The tall beiſts, the ſmall beiſts,
Did eit and ſlae thairfore,
The meikill fouls, the litill fouls,
In likwais did deuore.

The ritch the pureons ay opreſt,
I mene the meikilleſt ay the leſt,
Dulſullie did doun thring,
Without all pitie or respek,
Of the inferiours threw the nek,
Quhilk wes ane crvell thing:
Gif ony perſoun maiſt prophane,
Wald call ſick ſlaughter ſyne,

It may be anſwert heir agane,
Neid nakit man gars ryne:
Gret neid than, indeid than,
Compeld thame ſo to do,
Or els thair, thame ſelfs thair,
For till have periſht to.

Thay culd not do na les indeid,
Seing that thair wes na remeid
Bot ether do or die:
Gif vtherwais thay micht haue done,
Thay had run furth and ſocht it ſone,
Bot ſo it micht not bie:
Thair harts with hunger wes ſo peirſt,
That thay behou'd haue fude,
For this caus thay baith ſocht and ſerſt,
How thay micht haue thair blude:
Begyling and ſyling,
The eies of ſyllie beaſts,
Thame taking, and making,
Proviſion for thair feiſts.

The litill beiſts maid hauie mane,
With the gret beiſts to be oretane,
And ſo to be deſtroyed,
Thair murning micht thame na thing mend
Bot only thair to make ane end,
Of that quhilk thay enjoyed:
Within that Wildernes deſart,
Thair wes grit nomber ſlane,
The wyld foulis on the vther pairt,
Did play the counterpane:

Abuſing

Abvſing and vſing,
The ſmall fouls at thair will,
But treitie, or pitie,
Not ſparing it to ſpill.

Sum fled for to ſaue thame ſels,
And vther ſum with zouts and zells,
Maiſt cairfully did cry,
Gif thay had caus our ſelfis may iuge,
Seing that thair wes na refuge,
How that thay micht win by:
Bot as the foular caſts his cair,
His catch for to preuent,
So thay wer trapit in the ſnair,
Into an accident:
Still waiting, and gating,
Quhyll thay wer all oretane,
Diſpaching and knaſhing,
In ordour ane and ane.

Than ſtruke ane terror in my mynd,
For to perſaue thir pure beiſts pynd,
Quhilk micht make na debait,
Gret broucherie and bludſhed maid,
About the pairt quhair I abaid,
Sick wes thair wofull ſtait:
Aſtoniſht I ſtud trymbling thair,
Forfant for verie feir,
And as the ſyllie huntit hair,
From ratchis maks reteir:
Quhils ryſing, quhils vyſing,
Quhils ſaying to my ſell,

My ſtait now, and gait now,
Apeirs to paſs to hell.

I thocht I ay deſcendit doun,
And ſo for feir I fell a ſoun,
But mouing ſens or ſicht,
For feir and quhat for laik of fude,
My body empty wes of blude:
In me thair wes na micht:
My ſpreit perturbit wes ſo ſair,
With vyſions and with dreims,
That I lay comfortles in cair,
In troublis and extreims:
Quhils demyng, quhils dremyng,
I lay into ane trance,
Quhils panyng, quhils vanyng,
So ſudden wes my chance.

My febill corps did faint richt ſoun,
For I ſaw neither ſun nor moun,
No planets did apeir,
Quhat ſtakren ſtait was this to me,
To be in ſick obſcuritie,
Gif this wes paine I ſpeir:
Than ſoftlie did I ſuoufe and ſleep,
Howbeid my bed wes hard,
Into ane den profound and deipe,
Quhair I with nane was ſcard:
Radoting, ſtarnoting,
As wearie men will do.
Svpyring, quhils wyring,
My tender bodie to

THE

THE SECOVND PASSAGE OF THE PILGRIMER.

FIrſt in my viſioun I ſaw,
Mountain and Muris orecled with ſnaw,
And all the bewis maid bair,
And ſyne I thocht I ſaw gret Seis,
Quhois michty force NEPTVN dois meis,
As Dominator thair:
The Iland EGEOS I did ſe,
NEPTVNVS hallowit hill,
Quhilk ſtands into the Grecian Se,
Quhair fluds dois flow and fill:
Beſyde thair, maiſt wyde thair,
Mount LOCAS micht be ſene,
With SCILLIA and DOSINA,
Quhair grows the Marbell greene.

ERIX that monſtrus mountaine hie,
Quhois hauture hes na quantitie,
As Poets dois report,
This michtie mountaine micht be ſene,
Quhairon thair ſtands an Temple ſcheene,
Weill buildit thair athort:
This Temple did the Trojans found,
To VENVS as we read,
The ſtains thairof wer marbell ſound,

Lyke to the Lamer bead:
This muldrie and buldrie,
Wes maiſt magnificall,
Maiſt royall and ioyall,
Trim and pontificall.

Qvhair I ſat muſing mine alone,
Olimpus mont of Macedone,
I thocht ſtud me before,
Mont Emus thair apeird to me,
Quhair ORPHEUS leird his harmonie,
And melodiuell lore:
I ſaw the riuer Tagus to,
Quhair goldin ſands did ſchyne,
Quhair that the Nymphs hes ay ado,
With all the Muſis nyne:
As NERIDES and DRIADES,
Twa Nymphs of gret renoun,
With CLEO and CRATO,
Till Helicone wer boun

The Rochis repercuſt and rang,
Qvhair that the Tritons plaid and ſang,
On trumpis treſexcellent,
Thair PAN plaid on his pleaſant pype,
And ORPHEVS on his harpe ſicklike,
Ane pretty inſtrument:
That ſound was ſo celeſtiall,
And ſo melodius,
Aboue all things terreſtriall,
The maiſt jucundius:
Maiſt ſweiteſt and meiteſt,

For

For wearie men like me,
Whois noying to ioying,
Wes changit ſuddenlie.

Sick mirthfull menſtrellie wes thair,
I wait that never man ſaw mair,
Into ſo ſchort a ſpace,
I muſit and I merueld ſyne,
To ſe that hie triumphant tryne,
Of peopill in that place:
Than curiouſly I did inqvire,
At an quho ſtud me by,
Quho Prences wes, or had impire,
Of that maiſt fralick fry:
A maid than, me ſaid than,
I ſall you tell bedeene,
Our maiſtres and goddes,
VENVS that luſtie Queene.

Quhair boun ye to my friend ſche ſais,
Aſtoniſhtly me think ye gais,
Tell me quhat mouis your mynd,
Gif ze gang wrang I ſall ye gyde,
Apearandly thou wanderſt wyde,
I ſe weill be your ſynd:
For this place is maiſt perrillus,
And dangerous indeid,
And thir mountains are meruellus,
Quhair all Wyldbeiſts dois breid:
Maiſt terribill and horribill,
Is this wanhappy gait,
Sick dangers puts ſtrangers,
Into an ſtakren ſtait.

Gif

Gif thou go fordward thou ſall ſe,
Neritos with his rochis hie,
  Quhair Gyants hes thair hyuis
Thair rochis thou ſall ſe anew,
Quhair HERCVLES the lyon ſlew,
  As VIRGIL weill deſcryuis:
Into thir pairts thair nane repairs,
  Except it be our ſells,
For heir belangs our haill affairs,
  As I haue tauld the els:
    Bot we than, ye ſe than,
    Nane may make hanting heir,
    Vnleſs now, expreſs now,
    To daith thay wald apeir.

Heir is the pairt thou may eſpy,
Quhair CACVS in his caue dois ly,
  That monſter maiſt ſeueir,
Vpon his zet deid heids ar hung,
Of agit folke and children young,
  Quho had bene walken heir:
This CACVS lyis not heir alon,
  Bot mony Gyants mea,
The ofspring zit of GERION
  Quhome HERCVLES did ſlay,
    Pocesſis and dresſis,
    Thir placis as thay pleis,
    Tormenting and ſhenting,
    Mens blud of all degreis,

I can not tell quhat thou ſall do,
Bot take gud tent quhair thou gangs to,

The

The danger dois draw neir,
The Gyants heir ar conuocat,
Agains pure pepill to combat,
Quho happins to cum heir:
Euin as the blind man gangs beges,
In houering far behynd,
So dois thou dandill in diſtres,
Quhilk I feir thou ſall find:
Bewar now, ore far now,
To pas into this place,
Conſydring quhat fydring,
Lyis in your gait alace.

As hils humectat ar with dew,
AVRORAS teirs for to renew,
Quhilk TYTAN dois diſtell,
With ſackles blud, quhilk heir is ſhed,
So ar thir placis haill oreſpred,
Lamentabill to tell:
Ane pepill maiſt hyronius,
Ruſtick ignare and rud,
And na wais Elimoſinus,
Bot buriours in blud:
All hours ay, in bours ay,
Expecting for thair pray,
With gredur, but dredur,
Awaiting in the way.

I wiſh to God gif thou wer than,
Transformd in portrait of a ſwan,
As IOVE did when he dred,
With fedret wings to fle on hie,

So

So that thou micht in ſafetie be,
And from all dangers fred:
Gif that thou culd deſcryue the cairt,
The way thou wald go richt,
Or ſiluer DIAN do depairt,
The regent of the nicht,
To fle ſyne on hie ſyne,
Out throw the cluddie air:
As bounting vp mounting,
Aboue the fields ſo fair.

Thir catiff miſcreants I mene,
As buriours hes euer bene,
Wordie to vilipend,
The practiſe of thair pariceid,
And barbrus cruell homiceid,
Is not till us vnkend:
Quhairfore my frend it is my will,
Sum vtherway ye wynd,
For execrabill curſt and ill,
Thir catiffs are of kynd:
Surpryſing and vyſing,
Pure Pilgrims how to trap,
Still lurking in wurking,
Sum mater of miſhap.

At lenth this Pilgrim ſpake againe,
Except with me that ye remain,
For feir my corps will cule,
Swa feiring thair for to be left,
He of his ſenſis wes bereft,
Beſottit like ane fule:

MACRO-

Macrobivs Qyntvs of Corinth,
Quho did deſcend to hell,
In ane mair troublus Laborith,
Not intricat him ſell,
Nor I now, quhairby now,
Experience teichis plain,
Intruſit, and vſit,
With pepill maiſt prophane.

Before I come into this cair,
Perplexitie and gret diſpair,
With troubill, ſtryfe and tene,
Wald I had been deuord with daith,
Els in the entrels of the earth,
Intombit till haue been:
Och Atrapvs, quhair is thy knyfe,
Quhy hes thou me miſuſd,
Into relenting of my life,
Quhilk hes bene ſo abuſd:
Wald God now, the rod now,
Of daith wald me deuore,
That deing, my being
Micht here remaine no more.

Better I neuer had bene borne,
Nor live in ſic a life forlorne,
Byrning in flams of fier,
My dolor daylie aggrauats,
And cairs ſo me inuironats,
That daith I do deſire:
Quhen I relat my life alace,
My watrie eies diſtels,

Conſiddring my maiſt cairfull cace,
All pleſours that expels:
O deid now, with ſpeid now,
Cum peirs me with thy dairt,
I griue heir, to liue heir,
Sens ans I muſt depairt.

Seing na iſchew till eſchew,
My dolor daylie did renew,
Sic madnes did me moue,
Euin as ane perſoun in diſpair,
My grief aggregis mair and mair,
Without remorſe or roue.
Then I begoud to exclamat,
The Gods into my greif,
And quhyls APOLLO imprecat,
To ſend me ſum releif:
Howbeid than, in neid than,
I at thir Gods ſocht grace,
In vaine zit, my paine zit.
Gat na releif alace.

APOLLO had compleit his cure,
And ſo the clouds wer all obſcure,
For PHÆBVS caſt no licht,
AVRORA raiſe with ſanguine hew,
And ſo DIANA bad adew,
The Regent of the nicht:
With this begoud to cleir the skyſe,
And mirknes went away,
Fra gentill IVBAR did vpriſe
The leidſtar of the day:

My

My madnes, and ſadnes,
A lytill did decres,
Beleuing, my greuing
Suld turn to ſum reles.

As ane abandond man I mene,
Quho for his fact durſt not be ſene,
Fering for to be pynd,
So dreiding ſum diſaſtrus plat,
In ane concauitie I ſat,
Amaſit in my mind:
Remembring me of TYPHONS traps,
How he the Gods drew neir,
Compelling thame to change thair ſchaps,
And fle away for feir:
Faſt fering, and dering
That helhound auld and hair,
How he to, micht me to,
Inuolue into his ſnair.

MEDVSVS heir remains him ſell,
With PHOBITER that furie fell,
Vnto the Gods vnfriends,
This wickit and pernicius pak,
Thair dwelling hes in Limbo lak,
With the infernall feinds:
Heir is the houſe of miſerie,
Quhair the condamd remains,
Quhair ſauls dois duyne and neuer die,
In ſempiternal pains:
Tormentit, and rentit,
Without regard or grace,

Sum lying, ſum crying,
Nane to ſupport thair cace.

Ye Potentats and Prencis,
That think it na offenſis,
To leid your lyuis in luſt,
And ye ô Homiciders,
Ye ſcorners and deriders,
And ye that wrangs the juſt:
Ye Brigans and ye Bougrers,
Ye ſpilzers of the pure,
Ye falſe Iudgis and Occrers,
And ye Murdrers obdure:
Sum day now, I ſay now,
Thir torments ye ſall taiſt,
Vnles you, adres you,
For to repent in haiſt.

Adultrers and diſauers,
Backbyters, misbehauers,
Stand awe for till offend,
Ye ſpoilzears of the fatherles,
And robbers of the motherles,
Vnto this taill attend:
And ye ô vacabonds maiſt vane,
And drunkards of all pairts,
And ye ô hypocreits prophane,
That hes diſaitfull hairts:
All tyms ay, thir cryms ay,
Be biſſie til amend,
In meriting and heriting,
The heuins into the end.

Euin

Euin as the bird into the breir,
Dois cry vpon his ſaudall deir,
With mony ſchirm and ſchattir,
So I to get my Nymph againe,
Exſpectat thair with meikill paine,
Vnto the tyme I gat hir.
Amangs the mountains gret and grim,
I ſocht this Goddes gay:
Quhair I mont Caucaſis did clym,
Quhair ſnaw remains for ay:
Diſpairdly, vncairdly,
I haſert ouer the hill,
Allowing, and trowing
To haue obteind my will.

Gret wes the haſert quhilk I tuke,
Gif to the voyage ye wald luke,
And all the perils pen,
Amang ſic monſtrus animals,
I mene the cruell canibals,
Quha feids on fleſch of men:
Thir barbrus pepill, war nor Moirs,
Thair Iove dois not extoll,
Bot ſum the Dælphin torche adoirs,
And ſum the Artik poll:
Securely, vnſurely,
Still ſleping into ſyn,
Offending, but mending,
Sic is the race thay ryn.

Than did I daſcan with my ſell,
Quhidder to heuin or unto hell,

Thir

Thir perſouns ſuld pertene,
Quho na wais hes regard of God,
Bot as wyldbeiſts dois ryn abrod,
Delyting into tene:
I in my mynd againe did pance,
How all was done in ſleuth,
In blindnes and in ignorance,
But knawledge of the truth:
Deploring, and ſoring,
Thair ignorant eſtaits,
Quhilk marknes, and darknes,
Pairtlie thair deids debaites.

Than iudge, what dois to ſic belang,
As knawis the richt way be the wrang,
And zit the ſame forbeirs,
Or can we call thame chriſtians richt,
That ſeis the glorious glancing licht,
Syne to the mirke reteirs:
Sum are like lyons in effect,
Baith barbarus and rud,
And ſum like woluis, without reſpect,
Seking thair nichbours blud:
Sic men than, ye ken than,
Amangs our ſelfs we ſe,
As bregers, and tygers,
Delyts in blud to be.

Ze that your lands delapidats,
And all your actions agitates,
In ſic prophane affairs,
Ze Bludſheders and buriours all,

Iuſt Canibals, men may you call,
As weill your deids declairs:
Thou bluddy man that dois abuſe
Thy glore, bot and thy grace,
Quhat can thou find for thy excuſe,
At the tribunall place:
Thy ſcuſis, and ruſis,
Sall ſerue for na effect,
Bot rather, ſall further,
Thy knaifre to detect.

Into that terribill conflict,
Sic feirfull pains my hairt did prick,
As na man micht abyde,
Thair wandring in the corners cauld,
My Nymph I na wais culd behauld,
Amangs the mountains wyd:
Feir pat my hairt in ſic a flocht,
It did me mutch micheif,
And ay the mair of hir I thocht,
The greter grew my greif:
Quhyls wiſing, her miſſing,
Out of my mynd to go,
Zit ſadnes, and madnes,
Did aggrauat my wo.

The mair ye ſtop the ſtreame within,
With gretter force the flud will ryn,
As I may weill compair,
Sic fantaſie on hir I ſet,
The fainer I wald hir forzet,
Remembrie grew the mair:

O Nymph, quod I, now to me tell,
Quhy hes thou done this deid,
Into abſenting of thy ſell,
Fra me in greteſt neid:
Draw neir me, and heir me,
Pure catife quhair I cry,
Beſeiking, with ſpeiking,
Sum anſwer to reply.

Euin as the fiche dois take delyte,
Vpon the fichers bait to byte,
Put thairupon expres,
Euin ſo perchance I ſeik the thing,
Quhilk may redound to my maling,
Diſtruction and diſtres:
Quhyls luking comfort to reſaue,
Quhyls luking for a skelp,
Quhyls dreiding ſche ſuld me diſaue,
Quhyls houping for hir help:
Perplexit, and vexit,
Betwixt houp and diſpair,
Quhyls tranſing, quhyls panſing,
How till eſchew the ſnair.

My ſpreit ſupirs and ſichs maiſt ſair,
Quhen I rement me euer mair,
How godles men begins,
For till aſſociat them ſels,
With ſic as pietie repels,
And dois delyte in ſins:
Gif in your counſals ye conclud,
Far placis for to ſe,

Ken

Ken well your company be gud,
So ſall ye happy be:
Gret ſorrows, and thorrows,
Ill companie procuris,
Foreſe than, with me than,
This troubill that induris.

Incace men wald record in mynd,
Quhat hes bene wrackit and reuynd,
By ſiclike menis alace,
Or gif thay wald in mynd incall,
The ſaying Salamonicall,
Concerning ſic a cace:
Or zit the danger underſtud,
Or culd the perils ken,
Ill companie thay would ſeclud,
And hant with honeſt men:
Atend ye, and mend ye,
That loups befoir ye luke,
In venter, ye enter,
Quhair ye reſaue rebuke.

Intill aſtoniſhment I ſtud,
For I na outgait vnderſtud,
My mynd was ſo reſolued,
And in my mynd oftimes did think,
How till claps from this Precink,
Quhairin I wes inuolued:
Quhyls lipning comfort to conſaue,
Quhyls lipning ill alace,
In hairt and mynd, ye may perſaue,
No ſympathy hes place:

Quhils dowting, quhils ſhowting,
That ſhe my voce micht heir,
In haiſt now, this gaiſt now,
Before me did apeir.

In monſtrous maner ſche come thair,
As CRUSA did that dame ſo fair,
Efter ſche wes deceiſt,
The gifts quhilk did hir corps decore,
And forme quhairin ſche wes before,
Is alterd in a beiſt:
Can this be thou that ſtands me by,
Into ane beiſts eſtait,
Sche anſwers me, this ſame is I,
That gydit thee the gait:
Perhap now, my ſhap now,
Will mak thee for to feir,
Bot dreid not thou neid not,
Na danger ſall the deir.

Than did I cry with loud alace,
Quhair is thy fair and fragrant face,
With thy gold glitring hair,
Quhair are thy cumly criſtall eis,
And corall lips beneth thy breis,
With bodie debonair:
Thy cumly corps from end to end,
So clenlie wes incloſd,
That MOMVS nocht culd diſcommend,
So weill thou wes compoſd:
Thy trymnes and nymnes,
Is turnd to vyld eſtait,

Thy

Thy grace to, and face to,
Is alterd of the lait.

I at this ſpreit begud to ſpeir,
Quhilk in my preſence did apeir,
Deſiring it to tell,
Gif it that power had of God,
Quho in his richt hand halds the rod,
Or of the deuill in hell:
The pairt of PROTHEVS thou dois play,
Quho quhyli wes changſt in myſt,
And culd transforme him ſelfe I ſay,
In ony ſchape he liſt:
Are ye than, as he than,
Declair the truth to me,
Or of TYSEPHON or MAGERON,
Ane of the furies thre.

Or art thou cumd of PHOCAMES,
Or of the monſter ODITES,
By MOPSIS ſchot to deid,
Or art thou of EURIPLIS toun,
Quhair wifis wairs horns vpon thair croun,
As Oxin on thair heid:
Or dwells thou in the Horizon,
Aboue all earthly bounds,
Or in the mount of Cocheron,
Quhair echo ay reſounds:
In Achyron or Flagiton,
Thois twa infernall fluds,
Repairs thou, or fairs thou,
With Diabolyk bruds.

Or come thou from dame THETIS lap,
Quhair ſtout ACHIL reſau'd his ſchap,
As ancient Poets pens,
Or come thou from NEPTVNS feild,
Quhair TITAN nichtly hes his beild,
As common pepill kens:
Quhair PHALEMON repairs expres,
The ſonne of IVNO Queene,
With ald COLANTVS hes exces,
NEPTVNVS courtiours kene:
Remane ye, or trane ye,
On ſee ſo far of ſchore,
Or vſe ye, or mvſe ye,
With them reherſt before.

Thocht ſtrange this purpos will apeir,
That mortal men demand or ſpeir,
At ſpreits that be vnclene,
Let na man maruell in his mynd,
For God that al things hes inclynd,
Permits thir things I mene:
He is the Lord of Sea and Land,
Quha dantons all indeid,
And hes the bridle in his hand,
Quhilk halds them by the heid:
Commanding thair ſtanding,
Thair actions and exces,
His richt now, and micht now,
Commands thame mair and les.

Nor maruell not, thocht I demand,
The veritie til vnderſtand,

Con-

Concerning ſpreits that be,
How ſum are hingand in the air,
Sum in the earth and fields ſo fair,
And ſum into the See:
This Royall King of all renoun,
Knawis quhat he hes ado,
For quhen that LVCIFER fell doun,
Thir ſpreits deſcendit to.
Thy glore now, the more now,
Is kend ô potent God,
In ſchawing and blawing,
Thy potent power abrod.

Concerning ſpreits quhairof I ſpake,
Sum lyis into the Limbo lake,
Perplexit with wo and pane,
Sum lyis belaw, and ſum aboue,
This is na paradox I proue,
The mater is maiſt plane:
O thou gret God, our onlie ſchield,
In quhome we do rejoſe,
Conduct us to ELISIAN field,
Quhair gud ſpreits dois repoſe:
That we ay, may be ay,
Conductit be thy grace,
In pureneſs, and ſureneis,
In Heuin to haue our place.

FINIS.

BE HONOR I LEVE.

Nota. *The three foregoing Poems were writ by* John Burel *Burgeſs in* Edinburgh; *in the Year* 1590, *the ſame Year in which Captain* Alexander Montgomery *wrote the* Cherry and the Slae. Sir

Sir *Thomas Maitland's* Satyr

UPON

Sir *Niel Laing*, who was a Prieſt, and one of the Pope's Knights, about the Time of the Reformation.

CAnker'd, Curſed Creature, Crabbed, Corbit Kittle,
Buntin-ars'd, Beugle-back'd, Bodied like a Beetle;
Sarie Shitten, Shell-padock, ill ſhapen Shit,
Kid-bearded Gennet, all alike great:
Fiddle-douped, Flindrikin, Fart of a Man.
Wa worth thee, Wanwordie, Wanſhapen Wran.

Sir John *the* Grahame's *Epitaph in Latin, with it's Tranſlation.*

MEnte Manuque Potens, & Vallæ fidus Achates,
Conditur hic Gramius, *Bello interfectus ab* Anglis.

HEre lies the Gallant *Grahame*, *Wallace* true *Achates*,
Who cruellie was murthered, by the *Engliſh* Baties.

Epitha-

Epithalamium

Upon the MARRIAGE of

MARY Queen of *Scots*,

TO THE

Dauphin of *France*,

Afterwards *FRANCIS* II.

Done from the Latin of BUCHANAN
By ****

WHAT ſudden Heat inſpires my lab'ring Mind?
Why *Phœbus*, long a Stranger, now ſo kind?
Parnaſſus Grove, which had forbore to Sing,
Does with revived Io PÆANS ring.
Of late, I mind the Laurels wither'd were,
My Pray'rs to Muſes, vaniſh'd in the Air:
Mercurius and *Apollo*, Gods of Wit,
Were ſtunn'd, as with a Melancholy Fit.
Now *Phœbus* Shrines are patent, and the ſound
Of Miſtic Oracles break from the Ground;
The Muſes, with freſh Bays, adorn the Brow,
And ne're were ſeen more Prodigal than now.
Their fields are gay, their Waters flow amain,
Their Woods, with verdant Beauty grace the Plain.

If

If Fame err not, Great Sir, the ſplendid Show
This mighty Change is wrought to Honour You,
Whoſe worthy of the Muſes Care,
If we recount the Triumphs gian'd in War
By Your Anceſtors, or the Calm of Peace
Devoted unto Arts and Sciences.
'Tis an undoubted Truth; hence publick Joys,
With loud Applauſe, invade the Azure Skies:
Nothing is heard but Jollity and Love,
Which through the univerſal Maſs doth move.
Hymen is come, with him the Happy Day,
So long expected, chaſeth Night away.

You've got, Moſt Noble *Dauphin*, your Deſire:
What more cou'd Heav'ns beſtow, or Man require?
No longer Blame your Stars, nor dull Delay,
Nor Sun nor Moon, for cutting ſlow their Way:
For all Demurrs, you're largely recompenc'd,
Which had the Heav'ns to former Times diſpens'd.
The *Grecian* had not mourn'd his raviſh'd Wife
No *Trojan* in the Quarrel loſt his Life,
And without hunder Part ſo much ado,
Venus to *Paris* had been juſt and true:
She had to him the faireſt Woman giv'n
That e're was drawn by Art, or fram'd by Heav'n;

A Prize indeed fit for him to have ta'en,
And for Combining *Greece* to ſeek again.
Nor is your Zeal ſhort of the *Trojan* Prince,
Or *Grecian*, in your Spouſe's juſt Defence,
But kindly the indulgent Pow'rs above,
Gave you at Home an Object of your Love
That Paſſion which with Infancy began,
Took firmer Root ſtill, as you grew to Man,
You by no Proxy, as moſt Monarchs, woo'd:
Nor did you fear that Fame ſhould you delude,
Which aggrandizes diſtant Qualities,
And baſely ſneaks when they approach the Eyes.
No Sighs nor Am'rous Billets you did vent,
Nor fear'd divulging of the Meſſage ſent:
Your own dear Self the God-like Nymph ſurvey'd,
A conſtant Witneſs what ſhe Did or Said.
Your Flame did not from Luxury ariſe,
Which uncontroul'd o'er-leaps all Legal Ties,
From youthful Paſſion, or unruly Heat,
But from a Virtue, than her Sex more Great,
From piercing Wit that in her early ſhin'd,
And baſhful Modeſty with Sceptres join'd,
From Divine Features, an unſampled Grace,
Which darted conqu'ring Beauty from her Face

Avant Uncertain, and a ling'ring Care,
Your utmoſt Wiſhes to your Sight appear:
The mellow Fruits you coveted ſo long,
You may now gather, unafraid of Wrong:

No coy deluſive Viſions of the Night
Shall make you fret at your abuſed Sight:
The Marriage-God will now conjoin your Hands
In the ſure Ties of Sacred Nuptial Bands:
Ere long you may in ſoft Embraces twine,
Snatch Balmy Smacks, and ſomewhat more Divine:
How violent ſo ere be your Deſire,
Let Moderation quench the blazing Fire:
Let others ſhare with you the Happy Day,
You ſhall the Lovely Night alone enjoy;
Yet all its Sweets you ſhan't Monopolize,
We in conjunction with you muſt rejoice:
We to the Gods with Vows and Pray'rs have ſought,
And pious Off'rings to their Altars brought;
Whatever Paſſion mov'd you, mov'd us too;
And thus we Imitate whate'er you do.
With great difficulty could we digeſt
Theſe loath'd Retardments did your Bliſs moleſt.
Since now kind Heav'n, doth ſolid Mirth beſtow,
A general Gladneſs dimples ev'ry Brow:
Such pond'rous Joys Mens trembling Heart-Strings wear,
Too ſtrong for weak Mortality to bear.

Thrice Happy Pair, Born in a lucky time,
And in a luckier Marry'd in this Clime:

The

The World's united Harmony conſpires
To feed your Hopes and favour your Deſires,
And may you lead a long Triumphant Life
Marr'd by no Blemiſh of Domeſtick Strife.
If ſome Impoſtor Genius do not move
My Breaſt, there's nothing can disjoin your Love;
That Love, join'd by the Sacred Ties of Blood,
Friendſhip, and Leagues, and Laws, and all that's Good.

ADVANCE then to your Bliſs, Illuſtrious Twain;
Let not the publick Vows and Prayers b'in vain:
You firſt, Great DAUPHIN, whoſe Heroic Veins
The richeſt Stock of Royal Blood contains,
Embrace, with all the Vigour of your Mind,
The moſt Accompliſh'd Lady of her Kind:
By Birth your Couſin, and your Spouſe by Law;
Made by her Sex of you to ſtand in awe,
Yet, by your Choice, o'er you to carry ſway:
Who thro' ſtrong Love, her Beauty muſt obey,
By Parents Will, an helpful Aid of Life,
Deſign'd by Birth and Virtue for your Wife,
And Beauty plighted, Faith and Love, which knits
Together all the reſt, and them units.
IF theſe bright Goddeſſes by *Paris* ſeen
Of old, upon Mount *Ida*'s ſhady Green,
Shou'd, with joint Care, you with a Spouſe provide,
Cou'd your vaſt Wiſhes crave a Nobler Bride?

If Matchleſs Beauty your Nice Fancy move,
Behold an Object worthy of your Love?
How loftily her Stately Front doth riſe?
What gentle Lightning flaſhes from her Eyes?
What awful Majeſty her Carriage bears?
Maturely Grave, even in her tender Years.

THUS outwardly Adorn'd, her Sacred Mind
In pureſt Qualities comes not behind:
Her Nature hath the Seeds of Virtue ſow'n,
By Moral Precepts to Perfection grown:
Her Wiſdom doth all Vicious Weeds controul,
Such Force hath right Inſtruction on the Soul.

ARE you Ambitious of an Ancient Line,
Where Heraulds make the Pompous Branches ſhine?
She can a Hundred MONARCHS reckon o'er,
Who in a Race unbroke, the Royal Sceptre bore:
What Houſe, of ſuch Antiquity can boaſt,
Where full Two Thouſand Years in Time are loſt?
Tempeſt'ous Storms have oft the Land aſſail'd;
Yet Foreign Conqueſt never here prevail'd:
What Story tells, or what Romance dare feign,
Compar'd with This, is of a Modern Strain.

ARE you affected with an Ample Dowr;
Take all the *Scots*, with all their Martial Pow'r.
I ſhall not here deſcribe the Fruitful Soil,
Which copiouſly rewards the Lab'rer's Toil;

The

The Mines of Braſs and Lead; how Hill & Plain
Are fill'd with Beaſts, as Waves with Scaly Train;
Nor ſhall I ſing, what Iron we command;
How Golden Ore lies mixt with common Sand;
How from Mettallier Veins the Streams do run;
Theſe are admired by the Mob alone,
Or ſuch who with vile Avarice poſſeſt,
The more their Wealth augments, for more they thirſt.

These Glories do the Valiant *SCOTS* commend,
To which no Rival Nation muſt pretend;
In Hunting, bravely they ſurround the Woods;
And Swiming, with Addreſs divide the Floods;
Nor Heat, nor Cold, nor Hunger them appal,
Their Bodies are their Country's firmeſt Wall;
Their love of Fame, is than of Life more great;
What once they promiſe is of fixed Fate;
None more the Rights of Friendſhip do regard,
And love the Perſon, not his bright Reward.

By ſuch like Arts, when Bloody War was hurl'd,
With fatal Deſolation through the World,
And Nations did their Ancient Laws forgo,
Becauſe the Victors needs would have it ſo;
The *SCOTS* alone their priſtine Rights enjoy'd
And Liberty, for which they Nobly dy'd.
Here ſtopt the *Gothic* Fury; here was croſt
The *Saxon* Brav'ry and the *Daniſh* Luſt,
And all th' Efforts which *Normandy* cou'd boaſt

If you the mouldy Annals will ſurvey,
The *Roman* Conqueſt here was at a Bay,
Their Eagles which to Southern Countries flew
And in Revenge the rugged *Parthians* ſlew,
Whoſe Flights th' *Egyptian* Heats cou'd not confine,
Nor all the chilling Damps of Frozen *Rhine*;
When they to CALEDONIA did reſort,
Their Pinions mouldred, and their Arms fell ſhort.
When *Romans* had with other Realms to do,
A ridge of Mountains limited the Foe,
Or ſome huge River interpos'd his Arms,
Or Frontier Woods and Waſtes ſecur'd from Harms:
Theſe peaceful Bars, by *Nature* fram'd had been;
But *Art*, to keep off SCOTLAND, was call'd in.
A coſtly Wall and Trench Aſſiſtance lend,
Which did a Croſs from Sea to Sea extend.
Victorious *Rome* did other Nations drive
From their old Seats, or forc'd them meanly live,
With all the Marks of Servitude oppreſt,
Eternal Drudges, unacquaint with Reſt:
But here ſhe rais'd (to keep her own content)
A Mound, the *SCOTS* Incurſions to prevent:
Deſpairing to Advance, the Cauſe ſhe yields,
And to God *Terminus* a Temple builds,
Where *Caron's* Waves glide through the Fruitful Fields.

THINK not theſe daring Sons of *Mars*, inur'd
To Arms, have all the Liberal Arts abjur'd;
When

When barb'rous Foes the *Roman* Bounds o'erſpread,
Thither the Muſes for Protection fled:
Hence *Greek* & *Roman* Learning in full Store,
By *Charlemain* to *France* was wafted o're,
And planted throve as on their nat'ral Shore:
That *Charlemain* who liv'd and reign'd ſo well
In Goodneſs as in Greatneſs did excel,
That willing Nations own'd him for their Lord,
And join'd to *Gallick* Flow'rs th' Imperial Bird:
This Emperour deem'd it no abuſing Thing
To ſtrick a League with CALEDONIA's King,
A League which neither Dint of Sword can break,
Nor wild Sedition from it's Center ſhake,
No mad Deſire of Sway can give it Date,
But only the reſiſtleſs Pow'r of Fate.

REVIEW your Triumphs ſince that famous Age,
And all Confed'rats which did e're engage
To ruine *France*, *France* never won the Day,
Unleſs where *Scotiſh* Souldiers cut the Way:
France ſcarcely ever felt a diſmal Blow,
But Floods of *Scotiſh* Gore the Fields o'reflow,
This People ſhar'd their Fortunes ev'ry Turn
With *France* they're jovial, and with *France* they mourn:
Swords threat'ning *France* they on themſelves have drawn,
A Truth to *Dutch* and *Engliſh* fully known,
Witneſs

Witneſs the *Po* where *Phaeton* lay ſlain,
And *Naples* oft contended for in vain.

THIS Dowr is brought you by the Royal Maid,
The nobleſt Dowry ever Mortal paid,
A Nation truſty to the laſt Degree,
And leagu'd to yours in ſtricteſt Amitie:
An happy Omen of a Cordial Bed,
A Nation never fully conquered,
Tho' toſt with many Perills: Hence doth riſe
A ſure Preſage of future Victories.

BUT You fair Nymph, to whom propitious Heav'n
A match moſt worthy of your ſelf has giv'n,
The Charming Wit and Beauty do conſpire,
And all the Graces which the World admire,
Themſelves with anxious Conſultations vex,
To dreſs you up the Model of your Sex.
Tho' he whom Mankind wiſh'd to fill the Throne
Inferior to his God-like Sire alone,
Tho' he to you the Royal Scepter vail,
And owns you for the Empreſs of his Soul.
Yet know your Sex, and to the Marriage Yoke
Innure your ſelf, which galls the more its, choak'd:
Your ſympathizing Love with Love conſtrain;
And paſſive Valour will a Conqueſt gain.

BE-

Behold the foaming Ocean how he roars,
And on with-ſtanding Rocks his Billows pours,
With ſuch vaſt Force his raging Waves are born,
The Clifts almoſt from the Foundation torn;
But where the Shore in humble Sand is bow'd,
And makes a pleaſant Lodging for the God,
He checks his full Carreer & curbs his Pow'r,
Strives to be leſs, that he may pleaſe the more.
No ſullen Frowns his angry Brows inveſt,
Nor froathing Menaces diſturb his Breaſt,
But with a Viſage calm, ſerene, and clear,
Such at the Birth of Nature did appear,
He ſhuns the Bank, and gliding back, apace
Comes foreward with a Lover's mild Embrace.

See how the mantling Ivy doth in-fold
Her tender Leaves, and on an Oak takes hold,
Till with the tall aſpiring Tree ſhe riſe,
And both together reach the wond'ring Skies:
Complying Arts will Sulleneſs enhaunce,
And Love is got and kept by Complaiſance.

Let not theſe fonder Thoughts moleſt your Mind,
Your Country and your Mother's left behind,
This too's your Native Soil, what Shoals of Friends
And Kindred on your Nuptial Pomp attends?
A long bleſt Race of Monarchs here have ſway'd,
To whom in Blood you nearly are ally'd:

Look round, all are a Kin where e're you tread,
The Mighty living, and the Mightier dead,
Whoſe Actions have immortaliz'd their Name,
And ſtuck their Merits in the Rolls of Fame:
Beſides there's One behind doth you expect,
Compar'd to whom all elſe you muſt neglect,
The Faireſt, Braveſt of the Royal Line,
By Birth almoſt a Brother Uterine;
Or any Thing that Laws do bid us prize,
Or Nature ſtronger than all Legal Ties.

Now if the Gods do not our Vows deceive,
And we too fondly what we wiſh believe,
A numerous Progeny from you ſhall ſpring,
Which may your Love to firm Conſiſtence bring:
Such pretty Boys & Daughters be your Share,
One Smile of whom may baniſh all your care
Sons, as the Father, Brave; Girls, as the Mother, Fair.

Grant me ye Deſtinies to live ſo long,
Till *France* and *Scotland*'s Union be my Song:
An Union which may Time and Death defy,
And with the Stars have Co-eternity.

Nota. In *April* 1558. Was the *Dauphin* Married to the Queen of *Scotland*, which was honoured by an *Epithalamium* written by *Buchanan*, reckon'd to be one of the rareſt Pieces of *Latin* Poetry.

Burnet's *Abridg. of the Hiſt. of the Reformat.* P. 331.

William Lithgow, Writer in *Edinburgh*, HIS EPITAPH.

Edinburgh may ſay, Ohon,
And ſo may *Leith* and *Sand-hutton*,
Melroſs-land and *Dolphingſtoun*
But what Remeed,
All they can do, is to bemoan
Will. Lithgow's Dead.

He was a ſturdie Man of Weir,
And never Lordlie of his Geir,
He lap as well as any Steer,
Withouten dread;
But now he's laid into his Bier,
Poor *Willie*'s Dead.

Galtoun-ſide and *Darnick* Town
Was never free of Thief and Lown,
Where *Willie* did his Sorrows drown
In Time of Need:

Had they him yet, they would him Crown,
But Oh he's Dead.

To *Melroſs* Abbacy he went,
To pay the Miniſter his Stent,
Who ſaid to him, Y'are welcome *Bent*
To ſay your Creed;
Pray taſte this Brandy to me ſent,
It's mild as Meed.

Tom Drouth and he was Billie-Boyes,
They took their Pint in *Willie Hoyes*
With *Iſobel Stumpie* and her Decoyes,
And ſew their Seed:
But now he's left theſe idle Toyes,
For he is Dead.

Each Day when he came from his Bed,
Tom Drouth through Ale-houſes him led
Where he the Laſſes Legs did ſhed,
With ſow great Speed;
Hame was he carried on a Sled,
But now he's Dead.

So prettilie as he did Dance,
And how the Laſſes he did Launce,
At ev'ry Step he mocked *France*,
That broken Reed:
But now poor *Will*, lies in a Trance,
For he is Dead.

He was good Company at Jeiſts,
And wanton when he came to Feaſts, He

He ſcorn'd the Converſe of great Beaſts
Or a Sheep-head,
He leugh at Stories about Ghaiſts,
Blyth *Willie*'s Dead.

He fotched ſometimes thrice a Day,
Like *Robin Ormſton* that Lump of Clay,
He flouriſh'd then like a green Bay
With upborn Head;
But now he's vaniſht quite away,
For he is Dead.

Good-fellows they took great Delight
To ſee him bark but never bite,
He blethred ſo as he did flyte,
Shaiking his Head,
At every Word he gave a Steyt,
But now he's Dead,

Will. Keir and *Jamie Clerk* him knew,
And ſua did all that drunken Crew,
He would not rich be as a *Jew*,
He wanted Greed,
For he was alwiſe juſt and true,
But now he's Dead.

At length his Wife fell to her Tricks,
She haunted Limmers and great Licks,
She drank with them and priev'd their
But any Dread,
He valued her as rotten Sticks
Which was his Dead.

His

His Wife was alſo (as all are) Bad
She ſold away all that he had,
Which broke his Heart and made it ſad,
And cold as Lead;
Yet he was ay an honeſt Lad,
But now he's Dead.

Ye Gentlemen that given be
To *Bacchus* and ſweet Lecherie,
Now take Example when you ſee
Your Neighbour bleed:
As *Willie* is ſo muſt you be,
Alace! he's Dead.

Cælia's

CÆLIA's *Country-houſe and Cloſet.*

By Sir GEORGE MACKENZIE of *Roſehaugh*, Advocate to K. *Charles* II. and K. *James* VII.

[*The Author invokes* Friendſhip *as his Muſe.*]

I SING no Triumphs, nor ſuch empty Things,
'Tis Solid *Friendſhip* gives me Theme and Wings:
Friendſhip! that wiſer Rival of Vain Love,
Which does more Firm, tho' not ſo Fiery prove;
My Subject, thou the Muſe whom I invoke,
Fire thou my Breaſt, but fire it without Smoke:
If thou my Thoughts wilt ripen with thy Rays,
Around my Brows ſhall ſpring Immortal Bays.
Virgil himſelf hath of me no ſuch Odds,
As Friendſhip of his *Cæſar* and his Gods:
Friendſhip's as ſtrong, tho' rarer than of old,
And does like Fire in Winter grow more cold.
I'll Riſe, I'll Riſe then, by a tow'ring Flight
Above my own, tho' far below its Height:
I can my Thoughts, but cannot raiſe my Theme,
There's too much Merit in her Charming Name:

As

As Warmth doth Flow'rs, ſo Beauty ripens Wit,
And makes Men Think what's High, and Say what's Fit.
Yet, Gentle Muſe, let not thy Zeal conſpire,
With *Cælia*'s Eyes, to ſet the World on Fire,
Leſt her Adorer thou her Victim turn:
A Poet's Flame ſhould Warm, but ſhould not Burn.

[*The Palace.*]

Upon a Plain, where nothing bounds the Eye
But what could Pleaſe without Variety,
A Palace, on a ſmall Aſcent, doth ſtand,
And views thoſe Vallies which it doth command;
Long Rows of Orange-trees upon each Side,
The wond'ring Eye to that great Palace guide:
Betwixt which Rows, moſt pleaſant Ponds they ſee,
Which with the Avenue in Length agree.
Neptune with's Trident on the Brink doth ſtand,
Prouder thoſe, than the Ocean to Command:
Glaucus his *Galatea* does admire,
And in cool Waters feeds his Scorching Fire;
But whilſt he Angles in theſe pleaſant Lakes,
He's more a Captive than the Fiſh he takes.
Two little *Cupids*, with a trembling Hand,
Cover their Ears, leſt *Triton*, who does ſtand

Sound-

Sounding his Shelly Trumpet, ſhould them wound;
For nothing more, than Noiſe does Love confound.
Over thoſe Ponds, th'inclining Trees do look,
Making a Mirror of the Glaſſy Brook:
Thoſe fleecy Clouds, the Bottles of the Rain
Beget their Likeneſs on the Wat'ry Plain.
The dazling Sun baths there his ſcorching Beams,
As if he waſh'd his Spots in thoſe pure Streams.
Here our *Antipodes* our Fancy ſees,
And Fiſhes ſeem to neſtle in the Trees:
Whilſt others of them Swim upon the Sky,
And Birds, at once, here and above do fly:
Their Surface does, as pav'd with Criſtal ſhow,
Whilſt we ſee curious Landskip drawn below.
But when thoſe Waters ſhew their Lady's Face,
The World can boaſt of no ſuch Picture-Caſe.
There Pleaſure does the Swans and Wild-ducks tame,
Who, on their Beds of Down, reſt in the Stream:
The ſcaly Flocks dance in the yielding Deep,
And with the warbling Birds the Cadence keep;
Like Beams lanc't from the Sun, themſelves they dart,
So ſwift, that they appear in ev'ry Part.

[*The Wood.*]

A Wood does Warm or Shade it's either Side,

In which the Trees do riſe with equal Pride,
And to the Heavens, like Arms, their Branches ſpread,
To thank theſe for the Rain by which they're fed.
Here wander thoſe whom Love hath led aſtray;
But her they ſhun they ſtill find in their Way:
To him whoſe Heart this conqu'ring Paſſion wears,
Each Hill, each Tree, the Charming Image bears,
And as with ev'ry Thing we ſtill ſee Light,
So whatſoe'er we ſee, ſhe's ſtill in Sight:
Each Tree's a Cage and Conſort, where we hear
How Liberty the very Birds does chear:
'Tis not the Spring does them to Singing move,
But they do Sing becauſe they're then in Love:
Love on Gray Hairs a blooming Youth can bring;
For Love is Nature's Muſick, Youth and Spring:
Like Youth 'tis Gay, it like to Muſick charms,
And, like the Spring, from Rigidneſs it warms.
In thoſe ſweet Fields, the Happy Shepherds play,
And, by their Looks, Speak more than we can Say;
No Thought nor Face needs her a Cheating Dreſs,
What True Love Thinks, Kind Nature does Expreſs:
O! how they Laugh at Favours Bought and Sold, And

And ſcorn the Triumphs of bewitching Gold:
May no edg'd Tool, thoſe Friendly Boughs invade,
Which eager Raptures of charm'd Lovers Shade.

[*Her Father's Statue.*]

ABOVE the Gate, her Father's Statue ſtands,
Whoſe Actions did exceed his great Commands,
Whoſe Friendſhip, like his Wit, was Juſt and Strong,
He would not do, nor could he ſuffer Wrong:
In War, like Fire which ſpacious Forreſts burns,
And make great Waſtes where e're its Fury turns:
In Peace he, Angel-like, Reſpect did draw,
By Merit, and by Love, kept Men in Awe.
Courage did to his Reaſon give an Edge,
And Reaſon ſmooth'd what Courage had of Rage:
His Courage thus was Wiſe, his Reaſon Bold,
This Cool'd its Heat, That Warm'd what was too Cold.

[*The Gardens.*]

SPREAD to the Eaſt, embroider'd Gardens ly,
O'er which the Sun looks with a Fruitful Eye,
As his ſweet Offspring, and ſeems to be vain,
That Glorious *Solomon* and all his Train
Were, by the greateſt Maſter, thought outdone

By theſe Robes he had for the Lillies ſpun.
Here he doth all his Morning Bluſhes place
Upon a Roſe's, or a Tulip's, Face,
Whilſt others of his Rays, with pow'r, are ſent
The Pinks and fragrant July-flow'rs to paint,
And all the Whiteneſs that he can exhale
From her fair Cheeks, he leſſen'd, does let fall
On the *Narciſſus*, but it here looks pale,
Aſham'd thus from the Origine to fail.
Here Labyrinths ſo pleaſe, that we may doubt
If Art or Pleaſure hinder getting out.
A Fountain-Nymph darts Water up on high,
And from the Centre doth the Garden ſpy,
Which doth with *Eden* in all things agree,
Save that its Miſtreſs will not tempted be.

[*An Artificial Rock.*]

She here an Artificial Rock hath rais'd,
By which, ev'n whilſt we're Cheated, we are Pleas'd:
Here Nature's equal'd, future Art defy'd,
No Lady's Glaſs could have more juſty ly'd.
Here do the Melancholy Pleaſure find,
And Print their Thoughts upon the Moſſy Rind:
From this the Bearded Streams do fall from high,
And as they bruiſed were, they Roar and Cry.
In other Rocks, well busk'd with Trees, Birds Neſt,
Some Court, ſome Sing, ſome Fly, and ſome few reſt.

[*A Multiplying Echo.*]

An Echo ready to repeat her Words,
With many Mouths a ſweet Return affords;
And whilſt ſhe Sings, they do in Conſort ſound,
Her Words ſo pleaſe her, that they all rebound.
The Balmie Morning there doth early riſe,
Deck'd with the Glories of the Eaſtren Skies:
But ſeeing far more Orient in her Face,
It, bluſhing, does retire to give them Place.
The Happier Sun does riſe in Pride and Haſte,
That he his Eyes may on that Wonder Feaſt,
By which impregnate with more radiant Light,
He in freſh Luſtre, ſoars a higher Flight:
But from that Height, ſeeing her Glories ſhine,
He bows in Homage, haſting to decline,
And to the other World does wiſely run,
So great a Rival of his Light to ſhun.

[*The Praiſe of a Country Life.*]

O Happy Country Life, Pure like their Air,
Free from the Rage of Pride, the Pangs of Care,
Here Happy Souls ly bath'd in ſoft Content,
And are at once Secure and Innocent:
No Paſſion here but Love; Here is no Wound
But that by which Lovers their Names con-
found
On Barks of Trees, whilſt with a ſmiling Face
They ſee how theſe kind Letters ſtill embrace.
Here the kind Myrtles their ſweet Branches
ſpread, And

And ſure no Laurel caſts ſo ſweet a Shade.
Yet all theſe Country Pleaſures, without Love,
Would but a dull and tedious Priſon prove:
But Oh! what Woods, Parks, Meadows Gardens ly
In the bleſt Circle of a Miſtreſs Eye;
What Courts, what Camps, what Triumphs do we find
In her ſweet Converſe, when ſhe will be kind.
And what a dull thing ſhould this World have been,
If charming Beauties were not to be ſeen;
For when we miſs fair *Cælia* in this Place,
Her Abſence does it Ruine and Diſgrace.

[*The Cloſet.*]

To find Defects, or wiſh Additions, here,
Does equally Impoſſible appear.
From this then, to her Cloſet, I'll retire;
For what ſhe Loves we juſtly may Admire:
The Rooms Quadrangle, and the Walls do riſe
With ſo much Juſtneſs in their Squares and Size,
That two Impreſſions by the ſelf ſame Seal
Do not in all their Lines accord more well.
She in her Floor doth trample under Foot
A Glob, in rich Moſaick Marble cut:
As her Thoughts do, what that does repreſent,
Not like us raviſh'd with It, tho' content;
From Heav'n, which the rich Roof does repreſent,
A Criſtal Candleſtick ſeem to be ſent. *Our*

[*Our Saviour's Picture.*]

Our Saviour there ſo Living ſeems to be,
He *Calvin* could oblige to bow his Knee;
The Painter cut ſo deep his bleeding Wounds,
That Art and Grief, both pleaſe us and confounds:
Yet, Lord, when I theſe Wounds thus bleeding ſee,
I muſt conclude they bleed at Sight of me;
I in Thy Death o'er-act this fatal Part
Who pierc'd Thy Side, for I do pierce Thy Heart.
Upon His Head there ſtands a Crown of Thorns,
Deſign'd for Torture, but He it adorns;
And ſince for us, the Earth was curs'd with theſe,
He bears them as the Marks of our Diſeaſe.
In the Floods of His Bleſſed Tears, I ſee
The Image of what's due to Sin and me:
The Pencil here, like *Aaron*'s Rod, doth ſmite
Our Rocky Hearts, and we weep with Delight:
I fear theſe Tears the Painter here doth ſpread,
Are far more real than the Tears we ſhed,
Since our Hearts break not at ſo great a Wonder,
Which did the Rocks and Temple rent aſunder.

[*The Virgin Mary.*]

A Well cut Criſtal, in a richer Caſe,
Covers

Covers and Shews at once that Virgin's Face;
Who flies, yet gets from Mankind ſuch Reſpect,
That ſeems Idolatry, or elſe Neglect.

[*The Infant.*]

THE Infant *JESUS*, looks ſo in her Arm,
As if the Painter had Him taken warm
Up from the Craddle; Art ſo deludes the Eye,
That men expect ſtill when to hear Him Cry.

[*Mary Magdalen.*]

SAD *Magdalen* does here more Pity move
Than formerly ſhe did Delight or Love:
She waſhes now, with conſtant Tears thoſe Eyes,
Which were Unfortunate in Victories;
And in thoſe Streams, ſhe nobly makes Expire
Her roving Humour and her fatal Fire:
In that Bleſs'd Brine ſhe doth her Soul preſerve,
Her Tears, as Pearls, for Ornament her ſerve:
The Floor now with theſe lovely Locks is ſweept,
In which, as Chains, her Gallants once ſhe kept.
Cælia from this, moſt wiſely does obſerve,
That whilſt we God, our Fame we likewiſe, ſerve;
For to this *Magdalen* half *Europe* bows,
And, with Reſpect, Make and Perform their Vows:

Nor

Nor is there any can ſome Tears deny
Seeing ſo many fall from her fair Eye.
The Book of Life gives a more laſting Name,
Than the much toil'd for Regiſter of Fame.

[*A Hermitage & Landskip.*]

A Reverend Hermite under an aged Oak,
Our Pity may, and Piety provoke:
Beſides his Tears, he nothing there can ſow,
Yet Herbs, for Food, do by that Wat'ring grow.
The Rocks, as melting with Compaſſion, weep,
In theſe cool Cellars he his Drink doth keep:
No bruiſed Grape bleeds from his Cup; no Knife
Needs, to preſerve his, take Anothers Life:
No murder'd Beaſt does in his Bowels groan,
As if it did its own Death there bemoan;
Nor in Revenge, Fevers and Gouts do raiſe,
Glad to aſſiſt each Mutinous Diſeaſe:
All his own Fleſh in Sacrifice is ſpent,
And when he Feaſts, 'tis on our hardeſt Lent.
He in the Boſom of a Grove does ſit,
Where neither Sun's, nor Envy's Rage can hit:
As Myſteries do Truth, ſo Groves do Light,
Not Darken, but Conceal from Human Sight:
Whence 'twas in Groves the P*agans* did of old
Their Sacred Rites and Myſteries unfold.
Here, in a Soul vaſt like the ſtretcht out Spheres,
He rolls Thoughts greater than what *Atlas* bears:

Nothing that's leſs than God ſhares in his Wonder,
In whom the leaſt Thing he admires is Thunder.
And whilſt his Thoughts mount on Seraphick Wings,
He ſees the World and Fame as little things:
He courts not Sleep, with ſoft Melodious Airs,
Nor in benumming Wine needs drown his Cares,
The rich pil'd Graſs gives him a Velvet Bed,
And Trees afford him Curtains in their Shade.
What Crowned Head reſts in ſuch bleſſed State,
Or ſo confines his Wiſhes to his Fate.

[*A Death's Head.*]

Next to her Mirror, a Death's Head takes place
That ſhews what is; This what ſhall be her Face:
And ſure it needs great Faith to make her think,
The Face ſhe bears, to what ſhe ſees, can ſhrink:
And it may ſeem, that when fair *Cælia* dies
She Better may, but not more Lovely Riſe.

[Charles *the Firſt.*]

Great *Charles*! God's Nobleſt Image among Men,
Whoſe Life deſerves his own moſt matchleſs Pen:
His Life was the beſt Law a King could make,
Much Liberty he gave, but none did take.

God

God-like his Pow'r he us'd in doing Good,
Leſs careful of his own, than Subjects Blood:
No Blood leſs Sacred could atone the Crimes
Of thoſe Rebellious and Blaſphemous Times,
Above all Martyrs in this Magnified
They for Religion; but it with him Dy'd,
This fixes that bleſt Race which long has ſtood;
Great by its own but Greater by this Blood:
This for Reward a matchleſs Son did bring,
Heav'ns only Govern'd by a Better King;
And ſuch as cannot under him be free
To Knaves and Fools ſhould ſlaves for ever be.
Freted Religion ſickens into Zeal
That Holy Fever of the Common-well,
By this ſweet Name falſe Men their Rage Baptize,
And not to God, but *Molech* Sacrifice.
Making their Enemies paſs through a Fire,
They do their Offerings kindle by their Ire.

[*Seneca.*]

Next *Charles*, Grave *Seneca* does chooſe his Place,
The Greateſt Preacher that e'er wanted Grace;
Bearing theſe Looks, each whereof was a Law,
Which the Rude World and *Nero* kept in Awe;
Till he in's Luſt himſelf and *Rome* did Burn,
Leaving bare Walls to be that Cities urn.
Vertue's but Pedantry when we oppoſe
A Princes will, theſe Counſellors are Foes:
Nor can a Tyrant learn at a cheap Rate,
Since his firſt Tutor is his adverſe Fate.

[*Julius Cæsar.*]

THERE we with Awe, see *Cæsar*'s Laurell'd Head,
Who all the World but one Poor Trophy made;
He gave the Law to all, to Kings a Name,
And did force Virtue to submit to Fame:
What e'er his Eyes did see, his Sword did gain,
For he like Fate, did never wish in vain.
Rome under him, was ne'er so Great nor Low,
For he did Chains and Crowns on it bestow:
For each kill'd *Roman*, he to *Rome* did bring
An Enslav'd State, or an Enthralled King:
But when by Vict'ries he was ripe to be
Great *Pompey*'s Victim, then he fell as he:
And yet no Crime could *Cæsar* bring so low,
That he could fall, but by a Senate's Blow.
Great Men can boast, that ev'n their Adverse Fate,
Must ruine them in Solemn Pomp and State.

[*Pompey.*]

AN other Picture shews us *Pompey*'s Head,
Which that great Name allows not to be Dead:
Not Death it self could make this Face look Pale,
It was the Gasping of the Common-weall:
Nor was it Pity sure, but *Cæsar*'s Fears
Which on the Sight of it provok'd his Tears:
Pompey no Pity needs, *Cæsar* cou'd see
In these Grim Looks, *Rome*'s Mur'dred Liberty: But

But when he to the Gods was known Above,
They to revenge him did juſt *Brutus* move:
Nor cou'd they put their Sword in Juſter Hands,
For his Obedience Hallow'd their Commands.

[*Cato.*]

Next him ſtands *Cato*, to whoſe Sacred Breaſt
Rome's Freedom fled for Shelter when diſtreſt:
And leaſt it ſhould have fall'n in *Cæſar*'s Pow'r,
He in his own Great Heart open'd a Door
For it's Eſcape, that it to Heav'n might fly,
And wait till *Cæſar* ſhould by *Brutus* dy.
The World to his deep Judgment ſo did truſt,
That his ſole Vote declared *Pompey* Juſt.
Here he 'gainſt Fate and *Cæſar* did prevail,
And ſtill to *Cato* lay the laſt Appeal.

[*Montroſe*]

Montrose his Countrie's Glory and its Shame,
Who equall'd *Cæſar* in all Things ſave Fame:
His Heart,, tho' not his Country, was as Great
As his, and he fell by a Nobler Fate:
Montroſe did fall his Country to redreſs,
But *Cæſar*, whilſt he did Juſt *Rome* oppreſs.
Duty on Valour ſtamps a Juſt Renown,
'Tis as great to ſupport as wear a Crown.

Cleo-

[*Cleopatra.*]

HERE *Cleopatra* ſhews thoſe conqu'ring Eyes,
Which *Anthony* eſteem'd a greater Prize
Than *Rome*'s Empire; this Paſſion did exceed
All Things, ſave theſe bright Eyes which did it feed:
And yet in that Brave Death whereby ſhe fell,
She ſhew her Love her Beauty did excel:
Some *Cæſar* do for Slighting her Admire;
But my Heart warms at *Anthonie*'s kind Fire.
Cæſar at *Rome*, ſtrove Fools and Knaves to pleaſe,
And did buy Danger with the Loſs of Eaſe:
He Toils, and Trouble did from them endure,
Who thought his Ruine was *Rome*'s only Cure:
Whilſt *Anthony* a Lovely Queen poſſeſt,
And his ſafe Head lean'd on her Charming Breaſt:
That Queen who ſooner *Cæſar* overcame
Than he cou'd *Rome*; Love ſo far conquers Fame:
The Gods did ſure Revenge in *Cæſar*'s Doom,
His wronging her, and not his wronging *Rome*:
For Blood once tainted with ſuch horrid Stains,
Deſerv'd no Place in Noble *Cæſar*'s Veins.
Love from Ambition well deſerves the Prize,
For Gentle Love feeds on fair Ladies Eyes;
But Vain Ambition's led by Vulgar Breath,
Which as it gives it Life, can give it Death:

This

This fiercly burns the Soul, That gently warms;
The one confounds our Thoughts, the other charms.
Crowns cannot Men make Happy nor Secure;
Kings may Affronts and Miſeries endure;
But *L*ove and She bleſs us at ſuch a Rate,
That when ſhe Smiles, we Scorn the Frowns of Fate.

[*Aurelia.*]

Aurelia here for Jealouſy does dy,
The Picture Bleeds, and thoſe who ſee it Cry,
In Jealouſy Love Covetous does grow,
And like ſwell'd Floods does wildly overflow:
It is a Love that's run out of its Wits,
A Love that's Sick of Hypocondri'ck Fits:
Unhappy Love! which its own Torments brings,
Afrighted ſtill with the wrong Side of Things.

[*Virgil.*]

All the Nine Siſters in deep Wonder ſtand,
Each with Great *Virgil*'s Poem in her Hand;
Whilſt he with Modeſty as great's his Wit,
Adoring them, upon his Knees does ſit.
Virgil to none, but to himſelf Severe,
Might his own Thoughts, more than his Critics fear:
Whoſe Judgment's Sprightly, and whoſe Fancy's Wiſe,
And as Wit ripens, ſo his Praiſes riſe.

Lucre-

[*Lucretia.*]

THE Marble plying as the Artiſt pleas'd,
For fair *Lucretia* has a Statue rais'd:
He has inſpir'd ſuch Paſſion in the Stone,
That one that's Deaf would Swear that it did groan;
It was ſuch Stones, as thoſe which firſt could draw
Men to Idolatry, and keep in Awe
Thoſe ruder Mortals, who could not withſtand
The Winning Charms of a Great Maſter's Hand:
From this ſhe ſends her Noble Soul to Crave
Revenge from Heav'n on him who ſtrove to Leave
Spots on her Honour, for when that is loſt,
Women in vain, Birth, Wit or Beauty, boaſt.
Men the beſt Things, when Common muſt deſpiſe;
Virtue's the Soul of Fame, and when it dies,
Fame like a loathſome Carcaſe doth remain;
Each new Rememb'rance will refreſh the Stain.
Thus ſhe ſeems from her Body to remove,
When ſpotted by that Luſt that ſome call Love:
The Frighted Blood in Streaming Sallies guſh,
And the Defiled Corps do ſeem to bluſh.

[Cin-

[Cincinnatus *return'd from his Victory to his Pleugh.*]

HERE Famous *Cincinnatus* holds his Pleugh,
Whilſt Branchy Laurels ſhade his Sweating Brow:
He no Exchequer has, but theſe hard Toils,
And *Rome*, not he's enrich'd by Forreign Spoils.
Great Men are Servants, when they Pay receive,
And Beggars, when they Subſidies muſt crave:
Rich Robs are but the Livery of the State,
And Slav'ry is the Price of being Great:
But *Cincinnatus* Scorns the State ſhould need
To Tax themſelves, him or his Luſts to feed;
The Great *Deborah* might have been his Wife,
Who Judg'd, but Liv'd not by her People's Strife.
Greatneſs is ſeldom quit, and often croſt;
There moſt Men think to reſt, but all are Loſt;
The Falſeſt, yet the moſt Provoking Cheat,
'Tis firſt our Foes, then does our ſelves Defeat.

[*Galileo.*]

HERE *Galileo* makes the Stars draw near,
And at the End of his bright Tub appear:
In whoſe Juſt Microſcope, ſuch Things we ſee,
As in Bleſt *Indies* or Wild *Afric* be.
Thus we may travel eaſily at Home,
And ſee new Wonders in his Glaſſes Womb.

[*Lillie.*]

LILLIE who has no Rival but his Glaſs,
Who ſtops our Youth and Beauty as they paſs,
His Pencil does 'gainſt Time and Fate ſecure,
Gives what we want, makes what we have endure.

[*A Storm in Landskip.*]

A PAINTER here troubles the Ocean ſo,
That it doth foam with Rage, and angry grow:
Amidſt theſe Dales and Hills, ſome Ships appear,
They were Ships Stout and Tall till they came here;
But I and they do tremble at this Sight,
And Fear does Rob what Art gives for Delight:
This brings the Storm both to my Eye and Ear,
And on dry Land makes me a Shipwrack Fear.

[*A Church in Perſpective.*]

A REAL Church in Perſpective we ſee,
I wiſh all Churches did as well agree
With their Original, and that Men too,
The True eſteem'd, as we the Painted do:
Long Walks of Pines out from the Cloath ariſe,
And rather ſeem to meet than cheat our Eyes:
O Noble Art! O moſt ſucceſsful Care!
Which Churches builds, and Trees plants in the Air;

He

He only, who made the Great Glob to ſtand
On Air, in this could lead the Painter's Hand;
That in all Arts, we might his Art Admire,
And by our Wonder, to his Love Aſpire.

[*Her Clock.*]

A Curious Clock doth on her Table ſtand,
Where Time murders it ſelf with it's own Hand:
No Wonder then, it ruine us and ours,
Since it like Fire, it ſelf like Prey devours;
But Mens Revenge lies in Eternity,
Where we ſhall Live, and Time ſhall ever Die.
It's open Criſtal Sides do let her ſee,
How Various it's Wheels and Motions be;
And yet all theſe conſpire in the ſame End,
And the ſame Hour, to ſhew their Courſes bend;
Which teaches her with Pleaſure to Admire
How all Mens Contrarieties Conſpire
To magnify that God, who does his Praiſe
From our Diſorders and Confuſions raiſe.
Some do from Vices to his Altars turn,
Whilſt others theſe with Furious Zeal do burn:
Some Love his Worſhip, others it Neglect,
None can pay all, tho' each owes all Reſpect;
Some Treaſures heap, whilſt others do diſperſe
The Spoils of all the Robbed Univerſe;
Yet all by Force, or Love do jointly move
To manifeſt God's Greatneſs, or his Love.

HERE Amber lies ſhap'd in a Thouſand Forms,
And *Corrals* bred (like Virtue) among Storms;
Here ſporting Nature ſhews moſt curious Shells,
Which tho' moſt Glorious are but the Cells,
Which it with Eaſe doth for poor Worms provide,
To check the Infidelity or Pride
Of ſuch, as dare not upon it rely,
Or think by Art it's Favours to envy.
Here Rocks of dazling Diamonds appear,
And we may ſee Cluſters of Rubies here.

[*Some of her Books with a Character of the Authors*]

BUT *Dryden*'s Works did turn from them my Eyes,
Whoſe lofty Lines I do above them prize:
Couly by him, whoſe Works are ever new,
Denham whoſe Lines are Sweet, whoſe Senſe is True;
Waller the Juſt, whoſe leaſt corrected Line
The beſt may own, and I could wiſh it mine:
Here Toiling *Johnſon*, Eaſy *Fletcher* ly,
And down into whoſe Myſteries few pry.

[Cælia's *own Character.*]

RELIGIOUS Books ſhe does obey, not ſhow,
And by her Life, we do their Value know.

THIS

THIS is her Cloſet, and its Rar'ties theſe,
Which though they raviſh not, like her they pleaſe:
Her Soul pure like the Heav'ns, from whence it came,
Still ſcorns to kindle at a lower Flame;
So Great's her Virtue, that Juſt Heav'n thought Fit
T' adorn't with Beauty, and enrich'd with Wit.
She got no Crown, becauſe ſhe none did need,
Nor do her Slaves wiſh ever to be freed:
Her Will does charm thoſe whom her Eyes enſlave,
This Juſtifies the Paſſion which Theſe gave.
Sure if Great *Solomon* did Live this Day,
He would the *Sheban* Viſit here repay,
And juſtly wonder at her Beauty more,
Then that Great Queen his Wiſdom did adore;
He had confin'd his Thouſand Loves in One,
To place the Queen on an Unrival'd Throne.

King James *VI. having return'd to* Sterling *the* 18 *of* July 1617, *on the Morrow deigned with his Preſence ſome Philoſophick Diſputations; and gave the following Characters of the Performers.*

AS *Adam* was the firſt of Men, whence all beginning tak:
So *Adamſon* was Preſident, and firſt Man in this Act. The

The Theſes *Fair-lie* did defend, which thogh they Lies contein;
Yet were *fair lies*, and he the ſame right *fair-lie* did maintein.
The feild firſt entred Maſter *Sands*, and there he made me ſee
That not all *Sands* are barren *Sands*; but that ſome *fertile* bee.
Then Maſter *Young* moſt ſubtilie the Theſes did impugne,
And kythed old in *Ariſtotle*, althogh his Name be *Young*.
To him ſucceeded Maſter *Reid*, who, thogh *reid* be his Name,
Neids neither for his diſput bluſh, nor of his ſpeech think ſhame.
Laſt entred Maſter *King* the Liſts, and diſput like a *King*,
How Reaſon reigning as a *Queene* ſhuld anger vnder-bring.
To their deſerved praiſe haue I, thus playd vpon their Names:
And wil's their Colledge hence be cal'd the Colledge of KING IAMES.

Forth

Forth Feaſting:

A Panegyricke to the King, on his Majeſty's Happy Return to his Old and Native Kingdom of *Scotland*, after 14 Years Abſence, in *Anno* 1617.

WHAT bluſtring Noiſe now interrupts my Sleep?
What echoing Shouts thus cleaue my Chryſtal Deepe?
And call me hence from out my watrie Court?
What Melodie, what Sounds of Joy and Sport,
Bee theſe heere hurld from eu'rie neighbour Spring?
With what lowd Rumours do the Mountains ring?
Which in unuſual Pompe on tip-toes ſtand,
And (full of Wonder) ouer-looke the Land?
Whence come theſe glittring Throngs, theſe Meteors bright,
This golden People ſet unto my Sight?
Whence doth this Praiſe, Applauſe, and Love ariſe?
What Load-ſtarre eaſt-ward draweth thus all Eyes?
Am I awake? or have ſome Dreams conſpir'd
To mock my Senſe with Shadowes much deſir'd?

State

Stare I that Living Face, ſee I thoſe Lookes,
Which with Delight wont to amaze my Brookes?
Doe I behold that Worth, that Man Diuine,
This Ages Glorie, by theſe Bankes of mine?
Then is it true what long I wiſh'd in vaine?
That my much-louing PRINCE is come againe?
So unto Them whoſe *Zenith* is the Pole,
When ſixe blacke Months are paſt, the Sun doeth rolle:
So after Tempeſt to Sea-toſſed Wights
Faire *Helens* Brothers ſhow their chearing Lights:
So comes *Arabias* Meruaile from her Woods,
And farre farre off is ſeen by *Memphis* Floods,
The feather'd Syluans Clowd-like by her flie,
And with applauding Clangors beate the Skie,
Nyle wonders, *Seraps* Prieſts (entranced) raue,
And in *Mygdonian* Stone her Shape ingraue;
In laſting Cedars marke the joyfull Time
In which *Apollos* Bird came to their Clime.
Let Mother Earth now deckt with Flowres be ſeene,
And Sweet-breath'd *Zephires* curle the Medowes greene:
Let Heauens weepe Rubies in a crimſin Showre,
Such as on *Indies* Shores they vſe to powre:
Or with that golden Storm the Fields adorne,
Which *Iove* rain'd when his *Blew-eyed Maid* was borne.

May neuer Houres the Webbe of Day out-
weave,
May neuer Night riſe from her ſable Caue.
Swell prowd my Billowes, faint not to declare
Your Joyes, as ample as their Cauſes are:
For Murmures Hoarſe ſound like *Arions* Harp,
Now delicatelie flat, now ſweetlie ſharpe.
And you my Nymphs, riſe from your moyſt
Repaire,
Strow all your Springs and Grotts with Lillies
faire:
Some ſwifteſt-footed get her hence and pray
Our Floods and Lakes, come keep this Holie-
day;
What e're beneath *Albanias* Hills doe runne,
Which ſee the riſing or the ſetting Sunne,
Which drink ſterne *Grampius* Miſts, or *Ochells*
Snows;
Stou-rowling *Taye*, *Tine* Tortoyſe like that
flows,
The pearlie *Don*, the *Deas*, the fertile *Spay*,
Wild *Neverne* which doth ſee our longeſt Day,
Neſſe ſmoaking-Sulphure, *Leaue* with Moun-
tains crown'd,
Strange *Loumond* for his floting Iſles renown'd.
The Iriſh *Rian*, *Ken*, the ſiluer *Aire*,
The ſnakie *Dun*, the *Ore* with ruſhie Haire,
The Chryſtall-ſtreaming *Nid*, lowd bellowing
Clyd,
Tweed which no more our Kingdomes ſhall
devide:

Rancke-ſwelling *Annan*, *Lid* with curled Streames,
The *Eskes*, the *Solway* where they looſe their Names,
To eu'rie one proclaime our Joyes, and Feaſts,
Our Triumphes; bid all come, and be our Gueſts:
And as they meet in *Neptunes* azure Hall,
Bid Them bid *Sea-Gods* keepe this Feſtiuall.
This Day ſhall by our Currents bee renown'd,
Our Hills about ſhall ſtill this Day reſound:
Nay, that our Loue more to this Day appeare,
Let us with it hence foorth begin our Yeare.
To Virgins Flowres, to Sunne-burnt Earth the Raine,
To Mariners fair Winds amidſt the Maine:
Cool Shades to Pilgrimes, which hot Glances burne,
Pleaſe not ſo much, to us as Thy Returne.
That Day, (deare PRINCE) which reft us of Thy Sight,
[Day, no, but Darkneſſe, and a duskie Night]
Did fraight our Breſts with Sighs, our Eyes with Teares,
Turn'd Minutes in ſad Months, ſad Months in Yeeres:
Trees left to flouriſh, Medowes to beare Flowres,
Brooks hid their Heads within their ſedgie Bowres,
Fair *Ceres* curſt our Fields with barren Froſt,
As if again ſhe had her Daughter loſt:

The

The *Muſes* left our Groues, and for ſweet Songs
Sate ſadlie ſilent, or did weepe their Wrongs;
Yee know it Meads, yee murmuring Woods it know,
Hilles, Dales and Caues, Copartners of their Woe;
And ye it know my Streames, which from their Eine
Oft on your Glaſſe receiu'd their pearled Brine;
O *Naids* deare (ſaid they) *Napæas* faire,
O Nymphes of Trees, Nymphes which on Hills repaire,
Gone are thoſe maiden Glories, gone that State,
Which made all Eyes admire our Hap of late.
As lookes the Heauen when neuer Starre appeares,
But ſlow and wearie ſhroude them in their Spheares,
While *Tithons* Wife emboſom'd by Him lies,
And World doth languiſh in a drearie Guiſe:
As looks a Garden of it's Beautie ſpoil'd,
As Wood in Winter by rough *Boreas* foil'd;
As Pourtraicts raz'd of Colours vſe to be:
So lookt theſe abject Bounds depriu'd of Thee.
While as my Rills enjoy'd Thy royal Gleames,
They did not enuie *Tibers* haughtie Streames,
Nor wealthie *Tagus* with his golden Ore,
Nor cleare *Hydaſpes* which on Pearles doth rore,

Empampred *Gange* that ſees the Sunne new Borne,
Nor *Achelous* with his flowrie Horne,
Nor Floods which neare *Elyſian* Fields do fall:
For why? Thy Sight did ſerue to them for all.
No Place there is ſo deſart, ſo alone,
Euen from the frozen to the torrid Zone,
From flaming *Hecla* to great *Quincys* Lake,
Which Thine abode could not moſt happie make.
All thoſe Perfections which by bounteous Heauen
To diuerſe Worlds in diuerſe Times were giv'n,
The ſtarrie Senate powr'd at once on Thee,
That thou exemplare mightſt to others bee.
Thy Life was kept till the *Three Siſters* ſpunne
Their Threeds of Gold, and then it was begunne.
With curled Clouds when Skies do look moſt faire,
And no diſordred Blaſts diſturbe the Aire,
When Lillies do them deck in azure Gownes;
And new-borne Roſes bluſh with Golden Crownes;
To bode, how calme we under Thee ſhould live,
What *Halcyonean* Dayes Thy Reign ſhould give,
And to two flowrie Diademes Thy Right;
The Heauens Thee made a Partner of the Light,

Scarce

Scarce waſt Thou borne, when joyn'd in friendly Bands
Two mortal Foes with other claſped Hands,
With *Vertue Fortune* ſtroue, which moſt ſhould grace
Thy Place for Thee, Thee for ſo high a Place,
One vow'd thy ſacred Breſt not to forſake,
The Other on Thee not to turne her Backe,
And that Thou more her loues Effects mightſt feele
For Thee ſhee rent her Sayle, and broke her Wheele.
When Yeeres Thee vigour gave, O then how cleare
Did ſmothered Sparkles in bright Flames appeare!
Amongſt the Woods to force a flying Hart,
To pearce the mountaine-Wolfe with feathred Dart,
See Faulcons climbe the Clowds, the Foxe enſnare,
Out-runne the wind-out-running *dædale* Hare,
To looſe a trampling Steede alongſt a Plaine,
And in meandring Gyres him bring againe,
The Preaſſe Thee making place, were vulgare Things;
In *Admirations* Aire on *Glories* Wings
O! Thou farre from the common Pitch didſt riſe,
With Thy deſignes to dazell *Enuies* Eyes:
Thou ſoughtſt to know, this *Alls* eternal Source,

Of ever-turning Heauens the reſtleſs Courſe,
Their fixed Eyes, their Lights which wandring runne,
Whence Moone her Silver hath, his Gold the Sunne,
If *Deſtine* bee or no, if Planets can
By fiece Aſpects force the Free-will of Man:
The light and ſpiring Fire, the liquid Aire,
The flaming Dragons, Comets with red Haire,
Heauens titling Launces, Artillerie, and Bow,
Lowd-ſounding Trumpets, Darts of Haile and Snow,
The roaring Element with People dombe,
The Earth with what conceiu'd is in her Wombe,
VVhat on Her moues, were ſet unto Thy Sight,
Till Thou didſt find their Cauſes, Eſſence, Might:
But unto nought Thou ſo Thy Mind didſt braine
As to bee read in Man, and learne to raigne;
To know the Weight, and *Atlas* of a Crowne,
To ſpare the Humble, Prowdlings peſter downe.
VVhen from thoſe pearcing Cares which Thrones inveſt,
As Thornes the Roſe, Thou weari'd wouldſt Thee reſt,
With Lute in Hand, full of cœleſtial Fire,
To the *Pierian* Groves thou didſt retire:

There

There, garlanded with all *Uranias* Flowres,
In ſweeter Lays than builded *Thebees* Towres,
Or them which charm'd the Dolphines in the Maine,
Or which did call *Euridicè* againe,
Thou ſungſt away the Houres, till from their Spheare
Starres ſeem'd to ſhoote, Thy Melodie to heare,
The God with golden Haire, the Siſter Maides,
Left, nymphall *Helicon*, their *Tempès* Shades,
To ſee Thine Iſle, heere loſt her native Tongue,
And in Thy world-divided Language ſung,
Who of Thine After-age can count the Deeds,
VVith all that *Fame* in *Times* hudge *Annales* reedes,
How by Example more than anie Law,
This People fierce Thou didſt to Goodneſſe draw;
How while the Neighbour Worlds (tows'd by the *Fates)*
So many *Phaetons* had in their States,
Which turn'd in heedleſſe Flames their burniſh'd Thrones,
Thou (as enſphear'd*)* kepdſt temperate Thy Zones;
In *Africke* Shores the Sands that ebbe and flow,
The ſhadie Leaues on *Ardennes* Trees that grow,
Hee ſure may count, with all the Waues that meet

To

To waſh the Mauritanian *Atlas* feet.
Though crown'd thou wert not, nor a King by Birth,
Thy Worth deſerues the richeſt Crowne on Earth.
Search this *Halfe*-Spheare and the oppoſite Ground,
Where is ſuch Wit and Beautie to bee founde?
As into ſilent Night, when neare the Beare
The *Virgin Huntreſſe* ſhines at full moſt cleare,
And ſtriues to match her Brothers golden Light,
The Hoaſt of Starres doth vaniſh in her Sight,
Arcturus dies, cool'd is the *Lyons* ire,
Po burnes no more with *Phaetontall* Fire,
Orion faints to ſee his Armes grow blacke,
And that his flamming Sword hee now doth lacke:
So *Europes* Lights, all bright in their Degree,
Looſe all their Luſtre paragond with Thee.
By juſt Deſcent Thou from moe Kings doſt ſhine,
Then manie can name Men in all their Line:
What moſt They toyle to find, and finding hold
Thou skorneſt, orient Gemmes, and flattring Gold:
Eſteeming Treaſure ſurer in Mens Breſts,
Than when immur'd with Marble, cloſd in Cheſts;
No ſtormie Paſſions doe diſturbe thy Mind,
No Miſts of greatneſſe euer could Thee blind:

Who

Who yet hath been ſo meeke? Thou life didſt give
To Them who did repine to ſee Thee liue;
What Prince by Goodneſſe hath ſuch Kingdomes gain'd?
Who hath ſo long his Peoples Peace maintain'd?
Their Swords are turn'd in Sythes, in Culters Speares,
Some giant Poſt their anticke Armour beares:
Now, where the wounded Knight his Life did bleed,
The wanton Swaine ſits piping on a Reed.
And where the Canon did *Joves* Thunder skorne,
The gawdie Huntſ-man windes his ſhriltun'd Horne:
Her greene Lockes *Ceres* void of fear doth die,
The Pilgrime ſafelie in the Shade doth lie,
Both *Pan* and *Pales* (careleſſe) keepe their Flockes,
Seas have no Dangers ſave the Winds and Rockes:
Thou art this Iſles *Palladium*, neither can
(While Thou art kept] it bee o'rethrowne by Man.
Let Others boaſt of Blood and Spoyles of Foes,
Fierce Rapines, Murders, *Iliads* of *Woes*
Of hated Pompe, and Trophæes reared faire,
Gore-ſpangled Enſignes ſtreaming in the Aire,

Count how they make The *Scythian* them adore,
The *Gaditan* the Souldiour of *Aurore*,
Vnhappie Vauntrie! to enlarge their Bounds,
Which charge themſelues with Cares, their Friends with Wounds,
Which haue no Law to their Ambitious Will,
But (Man-plagues) borne are humane Blood to ſpill:
Thou a true Victor art, ſent from aboue
What Others ſtraine by Force to gaine by Loue,
World-wandring *Fame* this Prayſe to thee imparts,
To bee the onlie Monarch of all Hearts.
They many feare who are of many fear'd,
And Kingdomes got by Wrongs by Wrongs are tear'd
Such Thrones as Blood doth raiſe Blood throweth downe,
No Guard ſo ſure as Loue unto a Crowne.
Eye of our weſterne World, *Mars*-daunting King,
With whoſe Renowne the Earths ſeven Climats ring,
Thy Deeds not only claime theſe Diadems,
To which *Thame*, *Liffy*, *Taye*, ſubject their Streames:
But to Thy Vertues rare, and Gifts, is due
All that the Planet of the Yeere doth view;
Sure if the World aboue did want a Prince
The World above to it would take thee hence.

That

That Murder, Rapine, Luſt, are fled to Hell,
And in their Roomes with us the Graces dwell,
That *Honour* more than *Riches Men reſpect*,
That *Worthineſſe* than *Gold* doth more effect,
That *Pietie* unmasked ſhowes her Face,
That *Innocencie* keepes with *Power* her Place,
That long-exil'd *Aſtrea* leaues the Heauen,
And turneth right her Sword, her Weights holds euen,
That the *Saturnian* World is come againe,
Are wiſh'd Effects of Thy moſt happy Raigne.
That dayly Peace, Loue, Trueth, Delights encreaſe,
And Diſcord, Hate, Fraude, with Incombers ceaſe,
That Men uſe Strength not to ſhed others Blood,
But uſe their Strength now to doe other Good,
That *Furie* is enchain'd, diſarmed *Wrath*,
That (ſaue by *Natures* Hand) there is no Death,
That late grimme Foes like Brothers other loue,
That Vultures prey not on the harmleſſe Doue,
That Wolues with Lambs doe Friendſhip entertaine,
Are wiſh'd Effects of thy moſt happie Raigne.
That Towns encreaſe, That ruin'd Temples riſe,
And their wind-mouing Vanes plant in the skies,

*T*hat

That *Ignorance* and *Sloth* hence runne away,
That buri'd *Arts* now rowſe them to the Day,
That *Hyperiòn* farre beyond his Bed
Doth ſee, our Lyons rampe, our Roſes ſpred,
That *Iber* courtes us, *Tyber* not us charmes;
That *Rhein* with hence-brought Beams his Boſome warmes,
That Euill us feare, and Good us do maintaine,
Are wiſh'd Effects of Thy moſt happie Raigne.
O *Vertues* Patterne, Glorie of our Times,
Sent of paſt Days to expiate the Crimes,
Great King, but better farre than thou art greate,
Whom State not honours, but who honours State,
By Wonder borne, by Wonder firſt inſtall'd,
By Wonder after to new Kingdomes call'd,
Young kept by Wonder neare home-bred Alarmes,
Old ſau'd by Wonder from pale Traitours Harmes,
To bee for this Thy Raigne which Wonders, brings,
A King of Wonder, Wonder unto Kings.
If *Pict*, *Dane*, *Noman*, Thy ſmooth Yoke had ſeene,
Pict, *Dane*, and *Norman* had thy Subjects beene:
If *Brutus* knew the Bliſſe thy Rule doth giue,
Euen *Brutus* joye would vnder Thee to liue:
For Thou Thy People doſt ſo dearlie loue,
That they a Father, more than Prince, Thee proue.

O

O Dayes to be desir'd! Age happy thrice!
If yee your Heauen-sent-Good could dulie prize,
But yee (halfe-palsie-sicke) think neuer right
Of what ye hold, till it be from your Sight,
Prize onlie Summers sweet and musked Breath,
When armed Winters threaten you with Death,
In pallid Sickenesse doe esteeme of Health,
And by sad Pouertie discerne of Wealth:
I see an Age when after manie Yeares,
And Reuolutions of the slow-pac'd Spheares,
These Days shall be to other farre esteem'd,
And like *Augustus* palmie Raigne bee deem'd.
The Names of *Arthur*, fabulous *Palladines*,
Grauen in *Times* surlie Brows in wrincked Lines,
Of *Henries*, *Edwards*, famous for their Fights,
Their Neighbour Conquests, Orders new of Knights,
Shall by this Princes Name be past as farre
As Meteors are by the *Idalian* Starre.
If Gray-hair'd *Proteus* Songs the Truth not misse,
And Gray-hair'd *Proteus* oft a Prophet is,
There is a Land hence distant manie Miles,
Ovt-reaching Fiction and *Atlanticke* Iles,
Which (Homelings) from this litle World we name,
That shall imblazon with strange Rites his Fame,

Shall

Shall rear him Statues all of pureſt Gold,
Such as Men gaue unto the Gods of old,
Name by him Fanes, prowd Pallaces, and Towns,
With ſome great Flood, which moſt their Fields renowns.
This is that King who ſhould make right each Wrong,
Of whom the *Bards* and miſticke *Sybilles* ſong,
The Man long promis'd, by whoſe glorious Raigne,
This Ile ſhould yet her antient Name regaine,
And more of *Fortunate* deſerve the Stile,
Than thoſe where Heauens with double Summers ſmile.
Runne on (great Prince) Thy Courſe in *Glories* Way,
The End the Life, the Euening crownes the Day;
Heape Worth on Worth, and ſtronglie ſoare aboue
Thoſe Heights which made the World Thee firſt to Loue,
Surmount Thy ſelf, and make Thine Actions paſt
Bee but as Gleames or Lightnings of Thy laſt,
Let them exceed them of Thy younger Time,
As farre as *Autumne* doth the flowrie *Prime.*
Through this Thy Empire range, like Worlds bright Eye,
That once each Yeare ſurvayes all Earth and Skie,

Now

Now glaunces on the ſlow and reſtie *Beares*,
Then turns to drie the weeping *Auſters* Teares,
Juſt vnto both the Poles, and moueth euen
In the infigur'd Circle of the Heauen.
O long long haunt theſe Bounds, which by Thy Sight
Haue now regain'd their former Heate and Light
Here grow greene Woods, here ſiluer Brookes doe glide,
Heere Meadowes ſtretch them out with painted Pride,
Embrodring all the Bankes, here Hills aſpire
To crowne their Heads with the ætherial Fire
Hills, Bulwarks of our Freedome, giant Walls,
Which neuer Fremdlings Slight, nor Sword made Thralls;
Each circling Flood to *Thetis* Tribute payes,
Men heere (in Health) out-liue old *Neſtors* Dayes:
Grimme *Saturne* yet amongſt our Rocks remaines,
Bound in our Caues, with many mettald Chaines:
Bulls haunt our Shades like *Ledas* Louer white,
Which yet might breed *Paſiphaê* Delight,
Our Flocks faire Fleeces beare, with which for Sport
Endemion of old the Moone did court.
High-palmed Harts amidſt our Forreſts runne,
And, not impall'd, the deepe-mouth'd Hounds doe ſhunne;

The

The rough-foote Hare him in our Buſhes
ſhrowds,
And long-wing'd Haulks do pearch amidſt our
Clowds.
The wanton *Wood-nymphes* of the verdant
Spring,
Blew, Golden, Purple, Flowres ſhall to Thee
bring,
Pomonas Fruits the *Paniskes*, *Thetis* Gyrles
Thy *Thulys* Amber with the Ocean Pearles;
The *Tritons*, Heardſ-men of the Glaſie Field,
Shall giue Thee what farre diſtant Shores can
yeeld,
The *Serean* Fleeces: *Erythrean* Gemmes,
Vaſte *Platas* Siluer, Gold of *Peru* Streames,
Antarticke Parrots, *Æthiopian* Plumes,
Sabæan Odours, Myrrhe, and ſweet Perfumes:
And I my ſelf wrapt in a watchet Gowne,
Of Reeds and Lillies on mine Head a Crowne,
Shall Incenſe to Thee burne, green Altars raiſe,
And yearlie ſing due *Pæans* to Thy Praiſe.
Ah why ſhould *Iſis* only ſee Thee ſhine?
Is not thy FORTH, as well as *Iſis* Thine?
Though *Iſis* vaunt ſhee hath more Wealth in
Store,
Let it ſuffice Thy FORTH doth loue Thee more:
Though ſhe for Beautie may compare with
Seine,
For Swannes and Sea-*Nymphes* with imperial
Rhene,
Yet in the Title may be claim'd in Thee,
Nor Shee nor all the World can match with me
Now·

Now when (by *Honour* drawne) thou ſhalt away
To Her already jelous of thy Stay,
When in Her amourous Arms Shee doth Thee fold,
And dries Thy dewie Hairs with Hers of Gold,
Much queſtioning of Thy Fare, much of Thy Sport,
Much of Thine Abſence long, how e're ſo ſhort,
And chides (perhaps) Thy coming to the North,
Loath not to think on Thy much-louing FORTH:
O loue theſe Bounds, where of Thy Royal Stemme
More then an hundreth wore a Diademe.
So euer Gold and Bayes Thy Browes adorne,
So neuer Time may ſee Thy Race out-worne,
So of Thine Owne ſtill mayſt Thou be deſir'd,
Of Strangers fear'd, redoubted and admir'd;
So MEMORIE the Praiſe, ſo precious *Houres*
May character Thy Name in ſtarrie Flowres;
So may Thy high Exployts at laſt make euen,
With Earth Thy Empyre, Glorie with the Heauen.

This Poeme was preſented
by
WILLIAM DRUMMOND
of
Hawthorne-denne.

The Three following Poems were writ by Sir Robert Aitoun, *Secretary to* Ann *and* Mary *Queens of* Great Britain, *&c.*

[*On Love.*]

LOVE's like a Game at Tables, where your Dy
Of mad Affection doth by Fortune fly;
Which, when you think you're ſureſt of the ſame,
Proves but at beſt a doubtful After-game;
For if they find your Fancy in a *Blot*,
It's two to one if then they *take you not*:
But being Gameſters you muſt boldly *venture*,
And, when you ſee the Point ly open, *enter*:
Believe me one thing, nothing brings about
A Game half won ſo ſoon, as *holding out*;

And

And next *to holding out* this you ſhall find
There's nothing worſe than *entring ſtill behind*:
Yet doth not all in *happy Entrance* ly,
When you are *on*, you muſt throw *home and hy*;
If you throw *low and weak*, believe me then,
Do what you can, they will be *Bearing Men*:
And if you look not all the better on,
They will play foul, *bear Two inſtead of One.*

Upon a Gentlewoman that was Painted.

Pamphila has a Number of good Parts,
Which Commendation to her Worth imparts;
But amongſt all, in one ſhe doth excell,
That ſhe can Paint incomparably well;

And

And yet ſo Modeſt, if that prais'd for this,
She'll ſwear ſhe does not know what Painting is,
But ſtraight will bluſh with ſuch a Portrait Grace,
That we would think Vermilion dy'd her Face.
One of her Pictures I have oftimes ſeen,
And would have ſworn that She it ſelf had been;
And when I bad her it on me beſtow,
I ſwear I heard the Picture's ſelf ſay, No.
What? think you this a Prodigy? It's none,
The Painter and the Picture were both one.

On Returning late at Night from Court.

THE other Night from Court returning late,
Tir'd with Attendance, out of Love with State,

I met a Boy, who ask'd, If he ſhould go
Along to Light me Home? I anſwer'd No.
Yet he did urge the Darkneſs of the Night,
The Foulneſs of the Way requir'd a Light.
It's true, good Boy, quoth I, yet thou may'ſt be
More Uſeful to ſome other, than to me:
I cannot miſs my Way; but they that take
The Way from whence I come, had need to make
A Light their Guide; for I dare boldly ſay,
It's Ten to One but they ſhall loſe the Way.

The End of the Second Part.

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A

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OF

COMIC and SERIOUS

SCOTS POEMS

BOTH

ANCIENT and MODERN.

By ſeveral Hands.

PART III.

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Pol-

THE FLYTING BETWIXT POLWART and MONTGOMERY.

Montgomery to *Polwart.*

Polwart ye peip like a Mouſe among Thorns,
No Cunning ye keep, *Polwart* ye peip,
Ye look like a Sheep and ye had twa Horns,
Polwart ye peip like a Mouſe among Thorns.

Bewar what thou ſpeaks, little Foul-earth Tade,
With thy *Cannigate* Breiks beware what thou ſpeaks,
Or there ſhal be wat Chieks for the laſt thou made,
Bewar what thou ſpeaks, thou little Foul-earth Tade.

Foul miſmade Myting, born in the Merſe,
By Word and by Writing, foul miſmade Myting

Leave off thy Flyting, come kiſs my Erſe,
Foul miſmade Myting, born in the Merſe.

An we mell thou ſhalt yell, little cuſtron Cuiſt,
Thou ſhalt tell, ev'n thy ſell, and we mell, thou ſhalt yell,
Thy Smell was fell, and ſtronger than Muiſt,
And we mell thou ſhalt yell little cuſtron Cuiſt.

Thou art doeand and dridland like a foul Beaſt,
Fykand and fidland, thou art doeand and dridland,
Strydand and ſtridland, like Roben-red-breaſt,
Thou art doeand and dridland, like a foul Beaſt.

Polwart's Reply to *Montgomery*.

DEſpiteful Spider poor of Sprite
Begins with Babbling me to blame,
Gowk wyte me not to gar thee griet,
Thy Trattling, Trukier, I ſhall tame,
When thou believes to win a Name,
Thou ſhalt be baniſht of all bield,
And ſyne receit baith Skaith and Shame,
And ſae be forc'd to leave the Field.

Thy ragged Roundels, raveand Royt,
Some ſhort, ſome lang, ſome out of Lyne,
With ſcabrons Colours, fulſome Floyt,
Proceedand from a Pynt of Wine,
Which haults for fault of Feet like mine,
Yet Fool thou thought no Shame to write 'm

At

At Mens Commands that laiks Engine,
Which doited Dyvours gart thee dite them.

But gowked Gooſe, I am right glad,
Thou art begun in Write to flyte,
Sen Lown thy Language I have laid,
And put thee to thy Pen to write:
Now Dog I ſhall thee ſae deſpite,
With pricking put thee to ſick Speid,
And cauſe thee *(Curr)* that Warkloom quite,
Syne ſeek a Hole to hide thy Head.

Yell, Knave; acknowledge thy Offence,
Or I grow crabbed, and ſo clair thee,
Ask Mercy, make Obedience,
In time, for fear leſt I forfair thee:
Ill Sprite I will na langer ſpair thee:
Blaid bleck thee, to bring in a Gyſe
And to drie Penaunce ſoon prepare thee,
Syne paſs furth as I ſhall devyſe.

Firſt fair threed-bair with founderd Feit,
Recanting thy unſeemly Sawes
In Pilgrimage to *Aller*, eit,
Syne be content to quite the Cauſe,
And in thy Teeth bring me the Tawes,
With Becks my Bidding to abide,
Whether thou wilt let belt thy Bawes,
Or kiſs all Cloffs that ſtands beſide.

And of thir twa take thou the choſe,
For thy awn Profit I procure thee,
Or with a Prick into thy Noſe,
To ſtand content I ſhall conjure thee.
But at this Time think I forbuir thee,
Becauſe I cannot treat thee fairer,
Sir, thou this Charge I will aſſure thee,
The ſecond ſhall be ſomething ſairer.

Montgomery to *Polwart.*

FAlſe feckleſs Foulmart, lo here a Defiance,
Ga ſey thy Science, do Droigh what thou dow
Trot Tyke to a Tow, Mandrake but myance,
We will hear Tydance, peild *Polwart* of thy Pow,
Many yeald Yew thou haſt cald over a Know,
Syne hid 'em in a How, ſtark Thief when thou ſtaw 'em,
Menſwearing thou ſaw them, & made but a mow,
Syne fyld in a row when the Man came that aw them.

Thy Dittay was Death, thou dare not deny it,
Thy Trumpery was tried, thy Falſet they fand,
But reave the Band, *Cor mundum* thou cryed,
Condemn'd to be die'd and hang up fra hand:
While thou paid a Pand in a Stowre thou did ſtand,
With a willie Wand thy Skin was well ſcourged,
Syne feinzedly forge how thou left the Land.
Now Sirs I demand how this Pod can be purged.

Yet wanſhapen Shit thou ſhupe ſuch a Sunzie,
As proud as you prunzie your Pens ſhal be plucked,
Come kiſs where I cukied and change me that
Cunzie,
Your Gryzes Grunzie is graceleſs and gowked,
Your Mouth muſt be mucked while ye be in-
ſtructed,
Foul Flirdon, Wanſucked, Terſel of a Tade,
Thy Meiter miſmade hath louſily lucked,
I grant thou conducted thy Terms in a Slade.

Little angry Attercap, and auld unſel Ape,
Ye grein for to gape upon the grey Meir,
Play with thy Peir, or I'll pull thee like a Paip,
Go ride in a Rape for this noble new Year.
I promiſe thee here to thy Chafts ill Chear,
Except thou go leir to lick at the Louder,
With Potangars Powder thy ſelf overſmeir,
The Caſtle ye weir well ſeiled on your Shoulder.

This twiſe ſealed Trumper with his trattling
Trows
Making vain Vows, to match him with me,
With the Print of a Key well burnt on thy Brows,
Now God ſhall be Witneſſe, wherefra came ye.
For all your Bombill ye'r warde a little we:
I think for to ſee thee hing by the Heils
For Termes that thou ſteils of old Poetrie,
Now who ſhould trow thee that's paſt baith
the Seils.

Proud poyſoned Pyk-thank, perverſe and perjured
I dow not indure it to be bitten with a Duik,
I's fell thee like a Duik flatlings on the Fluir.
Thy Scrows obſcure are borrowd fra ſome Buik.
Fra *Lindſay* thou tuik, and thou'rt *Chancer*'s Cuik,
Ay lying like a Ruik, if Men would not skar thee;
But Beaſt I debar thee the King's Chimny Nuik,
Thou flees for a Look, but I ſhall ride nar thee.

Falſe Stridand and Stickdirt I's gar thee ſtink,
How durſt thou mint with thy Maſter to mell,
One ſik as thy ſelf, little pratling Pick,
Could thou not ware Ink thy Trattling to tell.
Hoie Hureſon of Hell amang the Fiends fell
To drink of that Well that poiſon'd thy Pen
Where Devils in their Den do yammer and yell,
Here I thee expell from all Chriſten Men.

Polwart to *Montgomerie.*

BLierd babling Byſtour-bard obey,
Learn skybald Knave to know thy ſell,
Vile Vagabound, or I invey,
Cuſtroun with Cuffs thee to compell,
Yet, tratling Truker, Truth to tell
Stoup thou not at the ſecond Charge,
Miſchievous Miſhant, we ſhall mell
With laidly Language loud and large:

Where Loun as thou loves thy Life,
I baith command and counſel thee,
For to eſchew this ſturtſome Strife,

And

And with thy manly Maſter gree,
To this Effect, I ſummond thee
By publike Proclamation,
Gowke to compear upon thy Knee
And kiſſe my foul Foundation.

But Lord I laugh to ſee the bluiter,
Glory in thy Ragments, raſh to raill
With maighty manked mangled Meiter.
Tratland, and tumbland Top over Taill,
As Carlings compts their Farts doyl'd Snail,
Thy rouſty Ratrymes made but Mater
I could well follow, wald I fail.
Or preaſſe to fiſh within thy Water,

Only becauſe, Owle, thou dois uſe it,
I will write Verſe of common Kind,
And Swingeour for thy ſake refuſe it;
To crabe thee humbler by thy Mind,
Pedlar, I pity thee a pin'd,
To buckel him that beares the Bell.
Jackſtio be better anes engyn'd,
Or I ſhall flyte againſt my ſell.

But briefly Beiſt to anſwer thee
In Sermon ſhort, I am content,
And ſayes thy Simulitudes unſlie
Are nawayes very pertinent,
Thy tyr'd Compariſons a sklent
Are monſtrous like the Mule that made them,
Thy borrowed Barkings violent.
Yet were they worſe let Men out-war them

Alſo I may be *Chancer*'s Man,
And yet thy Maſter not the leſſe:
But Wolfe that waſtes on Cup and Kan,
In Gluttony thy Grace I gueſſe;
Ga drunken Dyvour thee addreſs,
And borrow thee embaſſed Breiks.
To hear me now thy Praiſe expreſs.
Knave if thou can without wat Cheiks,

Firſt of thy juſt Genealogie
Tyke I ſhall tell thee Truth I trow,
Thou was begotten ſome ſayes me,
Betwixt the Devil and a dun Kow,
One Night that when the Fiend was fow
At Banquet Bridland at the Beir,
Thou ſowked ſyne a ſweit brod Sow.
Amang the Middings many a Year,

On Ruites and Runches in the Field
With Nolt thou nouriſh'd was a Year,
Whill that thou paſt baith Poor and Peild
Into *Argyle* ſome Lair to leir,
As the laſt Night did well appeir,
When thou ſtood fidging at the Fire,
Faſt fykand with thy Heiland Chear.
My Flyting forc'd thee ſa to tyre,

Into the Land where thou was born
I read of nought but it was skant,
Of Cattel, Clething, and of Corn

Where

Where Wealth and Well-fair baith doth want.
Now Tade-face take this for no Tant,
I hear your Houſing is right fair,
Where howlring Howlets ay doth hant,
With Robin-Red-breſt but repair.

The Lords and Lairds within that Land
I knaw are Men of mekil Rent
And Living, as I underſtand,
Whill in an Innes we be content
To leive and let their Houſe in Lent,
In Lentron Month and the lang Sommer
Where twelve Knights Kitchens hath a Vent
Quhilke for to furniſh dois them cummer.

For Store of Lambs and lang tail'd Wedders
Thou knawes where many Couples gaes,
For Stealing tyed faſt in Tedders
In fellon Flocks of anes and twaes
Abrod athort your Banks and Braes,
Ye do abound in Coal and Calk,
And think as Fools to fley all Faes,
With Targets, Tuilies and toom Talk.

Alas poor Hood-pykes, hungerbitten
Accuſtom'd with Scurrility,
Rydand like Boyſtures all beſhitten,
In Fields without Fertility:
Bare barren, with Sterility,
For fault of Cattle, Corn and Gerſe,
Your Banquets of moſt Nobility

Dear of the Dog brawen in the Merſe.

Witleſſe Vanter, were thou wiſe
Cuſtroun, thou would *Cor mundum* cry.
Ov'rlaiden Lown, with lang tail'd Lyce.
Thy doytit Dytings ſoon deny,
Trouker or I thy Trumpery try
And make a Legend of thy Life.
For flyt I anes, Folk will cry fy,
Then thou'l be ward with every Wife.

Polwart's *Medicin* to Montgomery, *being ſick.*

SIR Swingeor ſeeing I want Wares
And Salves to ſlake thee of thy Saires,
This preſent from the 'Pothecares
Me think meet to amend thee.

Firſt for thy Fever feed in Folly,
With faſting Stomack take Oyl-doly
Mixt with a mouthful of Melancholy
From Flyame for to defend thee.

Syne paſſe a Space and ſmell a Flowre
Thy inward Parts to purge and ſcowre:
Take thee three Bites of ane black Howre
And Ruebarb baach and bitter.

This duly done but ainy Din,
Sup ſyne ſix Sops but ſomething thin

Of

Of the Devil ſcald thy Guts within
To heal thee of thy Skitter.

Unto thy Bed ſyne make thee bown,
Take ane ſweet Syrop worth a Crown,
And drink it with the Devil ga down
To recreat thy Sprite.

And laſt of all, Craig in a Cord,
Send for a Powder and pay for't,
Called the Vengeance of the Lord,
For thy Mug Mouth moſt meet.

If this preſerve thee not frae Pain,
Paſs to the 'Pothecares again,
Some Recepies dois yet remain
To heal Bruick, Byle or Bliſter.

As *Diadragma* when ye dine,
Or *Diabolicon* wat in Wine,
With Powder I drait fellon fine,
And mair yet when ye miſter.

Montgomerie's Anſwer to *Polwart.*

VIle venemous Viper, wanthrifteſt of Things,
Half an Elf, half ane Aip, of Nature deny it,
Thou ſlait with a Country the quhilk was the Kings,
But that Bargan, falſe beaſt, dear ſhall thou buy it,
The Cuff is well wared that twa hame brings,

This Proverb foul Pelt to thee is applyit,
Firſt Spyder of Spite, thou ſpews out Springs,
Yet wanſhapen Vowbet of the Weirds invytit,
I can tell thee how, when, were, and what gat thee,
The quhilk was neither Man nor Wife
Nor Human Creature on Life,
Thou ſtinkand Stirrer up of Strife,
Falſe Howlet have at thee.

In the hinder-end of Harveſt on All-hallow-even,
When our good Neighbours dois ride, if I read right,
Some buckled on a Bunewand and ſome on a Been,
Ay trottand in Troups from the Twilight.
Some ſaidled a ſhee Ape, all grathed into green,
Some hobland on a Hemp Stalk, hovand to the Hight,
The King of Pharie and his Court with the Elf Queen,
With many Elfiſh *Incubus* was ridand that Night,
There an Elf on an Ape an Unſel begat,
Into a Pot by *Pomathorne*
That Bratchart in a Buſſe was born,
They fand a Monſter on the Morn,
War faced nor a Cat.

The weird Siſters wandring, as they were wont then,
Saw Ravens rugand at that Ratton by a Ronruit,
They muſed at the Mandrake unmade like a Man,
A Beaſt bund with a Bunewand in an auld Buit,
How

How that Gaiſt had been gotten to gueſs they
began,
Well ſwill'd in a Swins Skin, and ſmeird o're with
Suit,
The Belly that it firſt bair full bitterly they ban,
Of this miſmade Moidewart Miſchief they muit,
The crooked Camſchoch Croyl, unchriſten they
curſe,
They bad that Baich ſhould not be but
The Glengore, Gravel and the Gut,
And all the Plagues that firſt were put
Into *Pandora*'s Purſe.

The Coch, & the Connoch, the Collick, & the Cald,
The Cords, & the Cout-evil, the Claſps & the Cleiks,
The Hunger, the Hartill, & the Hoiſtſtill, the Hald,
The Botch, and the Barbles, with the *Cannigate*
Breicks,
With Bock-Blood and Benſhaw ſpewen ſprung
in the Spald,
The Ferſie, the falling Evil that feels many Freiks,
Overgane all with Angleberries as thou growsald,
The Kinkhoſt, the Charbucle, and Worms in the
Chieks.
The Snuffe and the Snoit, the Chaud-peece and
the Canker,
With the Blaids and the Belly-thraw,
The Bleiring Bats and the Bean-ſhaw,
With the Miſchief of the Melt and Maw,
The Clape and the Shanker.

The

The Frencie, the Fluxes, the Feyk and the Felt,
The Fevers, the Fearcie, with the ſpeinzie Flies,
The Doit, and the Diſmal, indifferently delt,
The Powlings, the Palſey, with Pocks like Pees,
The Swerf, and the Sweiting with Sounding to ſwelt,
The Weam-ill, the wild Fire, the Vomit & the Vees,
The Mair and the Migrame, with Meaths in the Melt,
The Warbles, and the Wood-worm whereof Dog dies,
The Teaſick, the Tooth-aik, the Titts & the Tirles.
The painful Popleſie, and Peſt,
The Rot, the Roup, and the auld Reſt,
With Parleſſe and Pluriſies oppreſt,
And nip'd with the Nirles.

Wo worth (quoth the *Weirds)* the Wights that thee wrought,
Threed-bair be their Thrift, as thou art wan-threvin:
Als hard be their Handſel that helps thee to ought,
The rotten Rim of thy Wamb with Rooks ſhall be revin
All Bounds where thou bides to Bail ſhall be brought,
Thy Gal and thy Guiſſern to Gleds ſhall be given
Ay ſhort be thy Solace, with Shame be thou ſought,
In Hell mot thou hant thee & hide thee fra heaven,
And as thou auld growes ſo eikand be thy anger,
To leive with Limmers and Out-lawes,

With

With Hurcheons eatand Hips and Hawes,
But when thou comes where the Cock crawes,
Tarry there na langer.

Shame and Sorrow on her Snout that ſuffers thee to ſuck,
Or ſhe that cares for thy Cradil, cauld be her Caſt,
Or brings any Bedding for thy blae Bowke,
Or louſes of thy Lingals ſa lang as they may laſt,
Or offers thee any Thing all the lang Owke,
Or firſt refreſheth thee with Food, howbeit thou ſould faſt,
Or when thy Duds are bedirten that gives them a Douk.
All Grooms when thou greits at thy Ganting be a Gaſt.
Als froward be thy Fortune as foule is thy Form.
Firſt ſeven Years be thou dumb and deif,
And after that a common Thief:
Thus art thou marked for Miſchief,
Foul unworthy Worm.

Outrow'd be thy Tongue, yet tratling all Times;
Ay the longer that thou lives thy Luck be the leſſe,
All Countries where thou comes accuſe thee of Crimes,
And falſe be thy Fingers but leath to confeſs,
All raving and raging in rude Ratrymes,
And ill be thou uſand and ay in Exceſſe,
Ilk Moon be thou mad frae paſt be the Primes,
Still plagued with Poverty thy Pride to oppreſſe,

With

With Warwolfes and wild Cats thy Weird be to wander,
Dragleit through dirty Dubs and Dykes,
Touſled and tuggled with Town Tykes:
Say louſie Lyar what thou lykes,
Thy Tongue it is na Slander.

Fra the Siſters had ſeen the Shape of that Shit,
Little Luck be thy Lot there where thou lyes,
Thy fumard Face quoth the firſt to flyt ſhall be fit.
Nicneven quoth the next ſhall nouriſh thee twyſe,
To ride Poſt to *Elphine* nane abler nor it,
To drive Dogs but to drite. The third can deviſe,
All thy Days ſhalt thou be of a Body but a Bit;
Als Faith is this Sentence, as ſharp is thy Siſe,
Syne duly they deemed what Death it ſhould die:
The firſt ſaid ſurely of a Shot,
The ſecond of a running Knot,
The third be throwing of the Throat,
Like a Tyke out owre a Tree.

When all the Weird Siſters had thus voted in one Voce
The Deid of the Dablet then ſyne they withdrew,
To let it ly all alane, they thought it little Loſs,
In a Den be a Dyke on the Day Dew.
Then a clear Companie came ſoon after cloſs,
Nicneven with her Nymphs, in number anew,
With Charms from *Caitneſs* and *Chanrie* in *Roſs*,
Whoſe Cunning conſiſts in caſting a Clew,
They ſeeing this farie Thing, ſaid to themſelves,
This

This thriftleſs Thing is meet for us,
And for our Craft commodious,
An ugly Ape and *Incubus*
Gotten with an Elf.

Thir venerable Virgins, whom the Warld call Witches,
In the time of their Triumph, tirr'd me the Tade,
Some backward raid on Brodſows, and ſome Black-bitches,
Some inſtead of a Staig over a ſtark Monk ſtraid,
Fra the How the Hight ſome hobbles, ſome hatches,
With their Mouths to the Moon Murgeons they made;
Some be Force in effect the four Winds fetches,
And ninetimes Witherſhins about the Throne raid,
Some glowring to the Ground, ſome grievouſlie gaips,
Be Craft conjure and Fiends perforce
Furth of a Catine beſide a Croſs,
Thir Ladies lighted from their Horſe
And band them with Raips.

Syne bare-foot and bare-legged to baptize that Bairn,
Till a Water they went be a Wood Side,
They fand the Shit all beſhitten in his awn Shearn,
On threeheaded *Hecatus* to hear them they cry'd,
As we have found in the Field this Fundling forfairn,

Firſt his Father he forſakes in thee to confyde,
Be vertue of thir Words and this raw Yearn,
And while this thriſe thretty Knots on this blue Threed,
And of thir Mens Members well ſowed to a Shoe
Which we have tane from Top to Tae,
Even of a hundred Men and mae,
Now grant us Goddeſſe or we gae
Our Duties to doe.

Be the Hight of the Heavens, be the Howneſs of Hell,
Be the Winds and the Weirds, & the Charlewain,
Be the Horns, the Hand-ſtaff, and the Kings Ell,
Be Thunder, be Fire-flaughts, be Drouth & be Rain,
Be the Poles & the Planets, & the Signs all twell,
Be Mirkneſs of the Moon, let Mirkneſs remain,
Be the Elements all that our Craft can compell,
Be the Fiends infernal, and the Furies in pain,
Gar all the Gaiſts of the Dead that dwells there down
In *Lethe* and *Styx* thir ſtinkand Strands,
And *Pluto* that your Court commands,
Receive this Howlat off our Hands,
In Name of *Mahown.*

That this Worm in our Wark ſome Wonders may wirk,
And through the Poiſon of this Pouder Partiks prevail
To cut off our Cumber fra coming to the Kirk,
For

For the half of our Help, and has it in their hail;
Let never this Undought of Ill-doing irk,
But ay blyth to begin all Barret and Bail,
Of all Bleſs let it be as bair as the Birk,
That titteſt the Taidrel may tell an ill Tail,
Let no Vice in this Warld in this Wanthrift be wanted.

Be they had ſaid the Fire-flaughts flew,
Baith Thunder, Rain and Winds blew,
Where be their coming Cummers knew
Their Asking was granted.

When that the Dames devotly had done the Devore
In having this Hurcheon, they haſted them hame,
Of that Matter to make remained no more,
Saving next how that Nuns that Worlin ſhould name;
They know'd all the Kytral the Face of it before,
And nib'd it ſae doon near, to ſee it was a Shame;
They call'd it peild *Powart*, they puld it ſo ſore.
Where we clip, quoth the Cummers, there needs na Kame,
For we have Height to *Mahown* for Handſel this Hair:

They made it like a ſcraped Swyne,
And as they cow'd they made it whryne,
It ſhaw'd the ſell ay one ſenſyne,
The Beard was ſa baire.

Fra the Cummers that Crab had with *Pluto* contracted,

They promeiſt as Parents ſyne for their awn pairt,
A Mover of Miſchief & they might for to make it,
As an Imp of all Ill moſt apt for their Art,
Nicneven as Nouriſh, to teach it, gart take it,
To ſail ſure in a Seif but Compaſs or Cart,
And Milk of a Hair Tedder, though Wives ſuld be wrackt,
And a Cow give a Chopin was wont to give a Quart,
Many Babes and Bairns ſhall bleſs thy bair Bains,
When they have neither Milk nor Meil,
Compell'd for Hunger for to ſteil,
Then ſhall they give thee to the De'il
Able oftner nor anes.

Beand after Midnight their Office was ended,
At that Tyde was nae Time for Troumpours to tarry,
Syne backward on Horſeback bravely they bended,
That Cam-noſed Cocatrice they quite with them carry,
To *Kait* of *Creif* in a Creil ſoon they gar ſend it,
Where ſeven Year it ſat baith ſinged and ſairie
The Kin of it be the Cry incontinent kend it,
Syne fetch Food for to feed it forth from the Pharie,
Ilk Elf of them all brought an Almonds Houſe Oyſter,
Indeed it was a dainty Diſh,
A foul flegmatick a foulſome Fiſh,

In-

Inſtead of Sauce on it they piſh,
Sik Food feed ſik a Foſter.

Syne fra the Fathers ſide finely had fed it,
Many *Monks* and *Marmaſites* came with the Mother,
Black both fall the Breiſt & the Belly that bred it.
Ay offered they that Undought fra one to another,
Where that Smatched had ſuked, ſa ſair it was to ſhed it,
But believe it began to buckle the Brother,
In the Bark of a Bourtree whilom they bed it.
All Talking with their Tongues the ane to the other,
With Flirting and Flyting their Phyſnome they ſlipe.
Some ſeeking Lyce in the Crown of it keeks,
Some chops the Kids into their Cheeks,
Some in their Oxſter hard it cleiks
Like an auld Bag-pipe.

With Mudyeons & Murgeons & moving the Brain
They lay it, they lift it, they louſe it, they lace it,
They grap it, they grip it, it greets & they grane;
They bed it, they baw it, they bind it, they brace it,
It skitred and skarted, they skirl'd ilk ane,
All the Kye in the Country they skared & chaſed,
That roaring they wood ran & routed in a Reane,
The wild Deer fra their Den has diſplaced,
The Cry was ſo ugly of Elfs, Apes and Owles,
That

That Geeſe and Gaiſling cryes and craiks,
In Dubs douks down with Duiks and Draiks,
All Beaſts for fear the Fields forſakes,
And the Town Tykes yowls.

Sik a mirthleſs Muſick their Minſtrels did make,
While Ky caſt Caprels behind with their Heels,
Little Rent to their Tyme the Town let them take,
But ay tammeiſt redwood, & raveld in their Reels;
Then the Cummers that ye ken came all macklack,
To conjure that Coidyoch with Clews in their Creils,
While all the Bounds them about grew blaikned and black,
For the Din of thir Daiblets rais'd all the De'ils,
To concur in the Cauſe they were come ſa far,
For they their God-bairn Gifts would give,
To teach the Child to ſteal and rive,
And ay the langer that it live
The Warld ſhould be the warr.

Polwart's Third Flyting againſt *Montgomery*.

INternal fraward feaming Furies fell
Curſt, cankred, crabed *(Coltho)* help to quell
Yon *Canibal*, yon Cative execrable,
Provide my Pen profoundly to diſtel
Some dure Deſpite to daunt yon Devil of Hell
And drive with Dool to Death deteſtable
This made malicious Monſter miſerable,

A Tyke tormented troting out of Toon,
Then runs red wood at ilk mids of the Moon.
Renew your roaring Rage and eager Ire,
Inflam'd with fearful thundring Thuds of Fire,
To plague this poyſoned Pykthank, Peſtilent
With flying Fire-flaghts burning bright & ſhire
Devore yon deviliſh Dragon, I deſire,
And waſte his wearied Venom violent,
Conjure this beaſtly Begger impotent,
Suppreſſe all Power of this evil Sprite,
That bids and barks in him as black as jeit.
But reekie Rocks and Ravens or ye rive him,
Deſiſt, delay his Death while I deſcrive him,
Syn ripely to his Raving rude reply,
To dreadful Dolour dearfly or ye drie him
Through *Pluto*'s Power, pleaſure to deprive him,
The Lown may lick his Vomit, and deny
His ſhameleſs Sawſſe like Satan ſlaviſh ſmy,
Whoſe Manners with his miſmade Members here
Doth correſpond, as plainly doth appeir.
His peilet Palad and unpleaſant Pow,
They fulſome Flocks of Flies doth overflow
With Wames & Wounds all blakned full of Blains
Out owr the Neck athort his nitty Now,
Ilk Louſe lyes linkand like a large Lintbow
That hurts his Harneſs & pierce them to his Pains
While Wit and Vertue vaniſh'd fra the Vains
With Scars and Scors athort his frozen Front,
In Rankels run within the Stews, all burnt.
His Lugs baith lang and lean who cannot lack

That to the Tron hath tane ſo many a Tack,
With blaſted Bowels, bowden with bruiſed Blud
And hapning Haires blown witherſhins aback,
Foot foundred Beaſts, for fault of Food full weat
Hes not their Hair ſo ſnod as other good,
The bleard Buck and boiſtrous to conclude,
His right trim Teeth ſomewhat in a Thraw
A topped Turd right teughly for to taw.
With laidly Lips and lyning Side turned out,
His Noſe well lit in *Bacchus* Blood about,
His ſtinking End, corrupt as Men well knaws.
Contagions, Cankers carves his ſneaking Snout,
His ſhoven Shuders ſhaves the Marks no doubt
Of teugh Tail there's Tyres and other Tawes,
And Girds of Galeys growand now in gaws.
Swa all his fulſome Form thereto effeirs,
The which for Filth I will not file your Ears.

The Second Part of Polwart's *Third Flyting.*

BUt of his Conditions to carp for a while,
And compt you his Qualities, compaſt with
Appardon me Poets to alter my Stile, (Cair,
And wiſle my Verſe for fyling the Air,
Returning directly again to *Argile*
Where laſt that I left him baith bairfit and bair,
Where rightly I reckoned his Race very vile
Deſcending of Devils as I declare.
But which of the Gods will guide me aright
Abhorring ſo abominable
So doolful and deteſtable,

So

So knaviſh cankred execrable
And wearied a Wight.
In *Argile* amang the Gaits he gaid within Glens,
Ay there uſing Offices of a bruit Beaſt,
While bleſſeſs was baniſht for handling of Hens,
Syne forward to *Flanders* faſt fled or he ceaſt.
From poor anes Pultrie he plucked the Pens,
Delighting in Thift, the Heart of his Breaſt,
And Courage enclin'd to Knav'ry Men kens,
To peſtilent Purpoſe plainly he preaſt:
But trulie to tell all the Truth unto you
In nowiſe was he wiſe,
He uſed both Carts and Dice,
And fled no Kind of Vice,
Or few as I trow.
He was a falſe Schiſmatick notoriouſlie nam'd,
Both Whoredom and Homicide unſel he uſed,
With all the ſeven Sins the Smatchet was ſham'd;
Pride, Ire and Envy, this Undought abuſed,
For greedy Covetouſneſs bitterly blamed,
For Baudrie and Bordeling luckleſs he ruized:
Triſt, Trines and Drunkneſs, the Dyvor defam'd,
Falſe Feinzeir, with Flyting and Flattrie infuſed,
Maiſt ſinful and ſenſual, ſhame to rehearſe,
Whoſe feckleſs Fooliſhneſs
And beaſtly Brukleneſs
Can no Man as I gueſs
Well put it into Verſe.
A Warlock and a Warwolf, a Vowbet but Hair,
A Devil, a Dragon, a dead Dromedarie,
A counterfit Cuſtron that cracks, does not cair,

A clavering Cohooby that cracks of the Pharie,
Whoſe favorleſs Phiſnome doth duely declare
His Vices and Viciouſneſs, although I wold vary
Arcandam's Aſtrologie, a Latern of Lair,
Affirms his Bleaidneſs to Wiſdom contrary,
Betakning baith Babling and Baldneſs of Age,
Great Fraud and foul Deceit,
Capped with quit Conceit,
Witneſs ſome Verſe he wrate
Half dead in a Rage.
His Anagram alſo concerning that Caſe,
Says ſurelie its a Sign of a leacherous Lown,
His Paleneſs next partlie with Brown i'th' Face,
Arcandam aſcrives to Babling ay bown,
And tratling intemperate, timeleſs but Place,
A Coward yet cholrick and drunk in each Town,
And als his Aſs Ears they ſing in ſhort Space,
The frantick Fool ſhall grow mad like *Mahown*;
But yet ſhal he live long, which alas were a Loſs,
For ſuch a tried Traitour,
A babling Blaſphemator
Was never form'd of Nature
So gouked a Gooſe,
Whoſe Origine noble the Note of his Name,
Cal'd Etymologie bears rightly record,
His Sirname doth flow from 2 Terms of Defame
From *Mont* & *Gomorah* where De'ils be th' Lord,
His Kinſmen were clearly caſt out to his Shame,
That this is the Clan whom Chriſt hath abhor'd,
And bears of the Birth-place their horrible Name,
Where *Sodomite* Sinners with ſtinking were ſmord.

Now

Now ſen all is ſuith that is ſaid of this Smy
Unto that caped Clark
And pretty Peice of Wark,
That bitterly doth bark,
I may this reply.

Polwart's laſt Flyting againſt *Montgomery*.

VIle Villain vain, and war than I've tald thee,
Thy withered Wame is damnified and dried
Beſhitten Byſtour, baldly I forbade thee,
To mel with me, or elſe thou ſhuld dear buy it,
The Speach but Purpoſe, Porter is eſpied,
That writs of *Witches*, *Warlocks*, *Wraths* & *Wratches*,
But Invectives againſt him well defied,
Rob Stein thou raves, forgetting whom thou matches,
Leave Bogles, Brownies, Gyre-carlings & Gaiſts,
Daſtard thou daffs that with ſuch Devilry mels
Thy Reaſons ſavours of Reek, and nothing elſe,
Then Sentences of Suit ſa ſweetly ſmels,
Thou ſat ſo near the Chimney-nuik that made'em
Faſt by the Ingle, amang the Oyſter Shells,
Dreidand, my Danger durſt not well debar'em.
Thy tratling Truiker, wald gar Tades ſpew
And Carl-cats weep Vinegar with their Eine,
Thou ſaid I borrowed Blads that is not true,
The contrary, falſe Smatchet, ſhall be ſeen,
I never had of that making ye mein
A Verſe in Writ, in Print, or yet perqueir,
Whilk I can prove, and cleanſe me wonder cleir,
Though ſingle Words no Writer can forbeir.

To prove my Speeches probable and plain
Thou muſt confeſs thou uſed my Invention,
I reckoned firſt thy Race, ſyne thou again
In that ſame ſort made of thy Maſter mention,
Thy Wit is weak with me to have Diſſention,
For to my Speech thou never made Reply;
At Liberty to lie is thy Intention,
I anſwer ay which thou cannot deny,
Thy Friends are Fiends, of Apes thou feinzies mine,
With my Aſſiſtance ſaying all thou can,
I count ſuch Kindred better yet nor thine,
Without which thou might have barked waiſt;
I laid the Ground whereon thou beſt began,
To big the Brig whereof thou brags maiſt.
Thy Lack of Judgment may be als perceived,
Thir twa chief Points of Reaſon wants in thee,
Thou attributes to Aips, where thou has reaved
The Ills of Horſe, a monſtrous Sight to ſee,
Na Marvel though ill won, ill wared be.
For all theſe Ills thou ſtaw, I am right certain,
From *Semple*'s Ditements of a Horſe did die,
Of *Porterfield* that dwelt into *Dumbarton*,
Amang the Ills of Aips that thou haſt tauld,
Though to a Horſe pertaining properlie,
Thou puts the Spaven in the forder Spauld,
That uſeth in the Hinder-hogh to be,
Fra Horſemen anes thy Cunning hear and ſee
I fear auld *Allan* get na mair ado,
Alas poor Man he may lay down and die,
Sine thou's ſucceed to wear the Silver Shoe.
Farder thou flees with other Fowls Wings,

O're-

O'reclade with clearer Colours than thy awn,
But ſpecially with ſome of *Semple*'s Things,
Or of a plucked Gooſe thou had been knawn,
Or like a Cran, in Manting ſoon ov'rthrawn,
That muſt take ay nine Steps before ſhe flee,
So in the Gout thou might have ſtand & blawn
As long as thou lay gravel'd like to die.
I ſpeak not of thy vicious Diviſions,
Where thou pronounces & yet propones but part
Incumbred with ſa manie tryed Confuſions,
Quhilk ſhaws thy Rime but Rhetoric or Art,
Thy Memorie is ſhort beſhrew thy Heart,
Telling one Thing over twice or thrice at anes,
And cannot from a proper Place depart,
Except I were to frig thee with Whin-ſtanes.
The Things I ſaid if that thou would deny,
Meaning to wry the Verity with Wiles,
Lick where I laid and pickle of that Pye,
Thy Knavery Credence frae thee quite Exiles,
Thy feckleſs Folly all the Air defiles,
I find ſa many Faults ilk an over another,
Firſt I muſt tell thee all thy ſtatelie Stiles,
And ſyne bequeath thee to thy birken Brother.
Fond Fliter, ſhit Shiter, Bacon Byter, all defil'd
Blunt-bleitar, Paddock-pricker, Pudding-eater perverſe,
Hen-plucker, Cloſet-mucker, Houſe-cocker very vild,
Tany Chieks, thou ſpeaks with thy Breiks, foul Erſe,
Wood Tike, Hood-pike, ay like to live in Lack,

Flouer

Flouer the Pin, ſcabed Skin, eat in that thou ſpake,
Gum gade, bald skade, foul-fac'd, why ſlate thou foul?
I tell you, fill tow, thou dow not defend thee,
Quha kend thy End, falſe Fiend, phantaſtick Mule,
Theif ſmy, thy wald cry fy, fy, to gar end thee.
Sweit Sow, doild Cow, ay fow, foul fa thy Banes,
Very wild, defil'd, ay wood ilk Month anes,
Tany Tade thou's defeat, now debate, if thou dow.
Huch Padle, lick Ladle, ſhite Sadle, do thy beſt.
Creiſhie Souter, Shoe-clouter, Winch-mouter, dare thou,
Ragge-railer, Sheep-ſtealer, double Dealer, thou's be dreſt,
Follie prief, bein Thief, Miſchief fall thy Lips.
Bleird-Baird, thy Reward is prepar'd for thy Hips,
Erſe-ſlaiker, glyde Glaiker, Room-raiker for Relief,
Lunatick, Frenatick, Schiſmatick, Swingeour Sob,
Turd fac'd, ay chas'd, almaiſt fyl'd for a Thief,
Miſliekite, an thou flyte, I'll drite in thy Gob,
Tuit Mow, wild Sow, ſoon bow or I wand thee,
Land-louper, light Skouper, ragged Rouper like a Raven,
Halland-ſhaker, Draught-raker, Bannock-baiker, all beſhitten,
Craig-in-Peril, toom Barrel, quit the Quarrel, or be ſhaven,
Rud Ratler, common Tratler, poor Pratler, outflitten.
Hell-ſpark, ſcabbed Clark, an thou bark, I ſhall belt thee.

Scad

Scad Scald, over bald, ſoon fald, or melt thee.
Louſie Lugs, leap Jugs, toom the Mugs on the Midden,
Tanny Flank, Red-ſhank, Pike-thank, I muſt pay thee.
Spew bleck, niddie Neck, come and beck at my Bidden.
Falſe Loun, make the Boun, *Mahown* mon have thee.
Rank Ruiter, ſcurlie Whiter, and Juiter, nane fower.
Decreſt, oppreſt, poſſeſt with *Pluto*'s Power,
Capped Knave, proud Slave, ye raveay unrocked,
Whiles ſlavrand, whiles ravand, whiles wavrand with Wine,
Greedy gouked, poor plucked, ill inſtructed, ye's be knocked,
Gley'd Gangrel, auld Mangrel, to the Hungrel and Sapine.
Calumniator, Blaſphemator, vile Creature untrue,
Thy Cheiping and Peiping with Weeping thou ſhalt rue,
Mad Maunter, vain Vaunter, ay Haunter, in Slavery.
Pudding-pricker, ban the Bicker, nane quicker in Knavery.
Kaily Lips, kiſs my Hips, into Grips, thou's be bind,
Bail-Brewar, Poiſon Spewer, mony trouer has been pyn'd,
Swine-keeper, Land-leeper, tir'd Sleeper, from the Druith.

Lean

Lean Limmer, ſteal Grimmer, I ſhall skimer
i' thy Mouth.
Fly'd fool, made Mule, die with Dool, on an Aik,
Knave kend, Chriſt ſend, ill End, on thee now.
Pudden Wright, out of Sight, thou's be dight,
like a Draik.
Jock-blunt, thrawn Frunt, kiſs the C--- of the
Cow,
Purſe-peiler, Hen-ſtealer, Cat-killer, now I quel
thee,
Rubiator, Fornicator by Nature, foul befal thee.
Tyke-ſticker, poiſon'd Viccar, Pot-licker, I mon
pay thee.
Jock blunt, dead Runt, I ſhall punt while I ſlay
thee.
Tyr'd Clatterer, Skin Batterer, and Flatterer of
Friends.
Wild widdered, miſordered, Confederat with
Fiends.
Blind Brock, louſie Dock, bor'd Block, baniſh'd
Towns.
Hoie Thiefs Face, there's na Grace, for that Grunzie.
Beld biſſed, marmiſſed, Lanſprezed to thy Lowns,
Dead Dring, dry'd Sting, thou will hing, but a
Sunzie.
Lick Butter, Throat-cutter, Fiſh-gutter, fill the
Fetters,
Come bleitand and greitand, faſt citand thy lad-
ly Letters.

The VIII. following POEMS were writ by Sir *Robert Aytoun*, Secretary to *Anne* and *Mary* Queens of *Great-Britain*.

I. *On* Diophantus *and* Charidora.

WHEN *Diophantus* knew
The Deſtinies Decreet,
How he was forced to forgoe
His Dear and only Sweet,
Ov'rvaulted with the Vail
Of Beam rebeating Trees;
And gaſtly gazing on the Ground,
Even Death ſtroke in his Eyes:
Oft preſſed he to ſpeak,
But whyll he did eſſay
The agonizing Dreads of Death
His wreſtling Voice did ſtay.
At laſt, as one that ſtrives
Againſt both Woe and Shame,
Dear *Charidora*, ah! he cryes,
My High-adored Dame;
Firſt I atteſt thy Name,
And then the Gods above,
But Chief of thoſe, the Boy that bears
The ſtately Styll of Love.

Let thoſe record with me
What was my conſtant Part;
And if I did not honour thee
With an well hallowed Heart:
I ſacrific'd to thee
My ſecret chaſt Deſires,
Upon the Beauties Altar burnt
With never quenching Fires:
Thou was that Idol ſtill,
Whoſe Image I adored,
The Saint to whom I made my Vows,
Whoſe Pitties I implored;
The Star that ſav'd my Ship
From Tempeſt of Deſpair,
When the Horizon of my Hope
Ov'rclouded was with Care:
Thou was the ſovereign Balm,
That ſweet *Catholicon*,
Which cured me of all my Cares,
When I did grieve and groan;
Tho' now ſuch ſtrange Events
Are interveen'd ſinceſyne,
As I dare not avow to ſay,
Or think that thou art mine;
Which makes me thus inſert
In thoſe my ſorrowing Songs,
The Hiſtory of my Miſhap,
My Miſeries and Wrongs;
Not that I can accuſe
My *Charidora*; no:
I only execrate the Fates,

Chief

Chief Workers of my Woe.
Should ſhe whom I have lov'd
So many loathſome Years,
For whom my dear diſtilling Eyes
Has ſhed ſuch Streams of Tears;
Should ſhe, I ſay, be made
A Prey to ſuch an one,
Who for her ſake yet never gave
Not one untymely Groan:
No ſurely, ſurely no;
The Fates may do me wrong,
And make her by their bad Decreet
To whom they pleaſe belong:
Yet I dare boldly ſay,
And peradventure vant,
That ſhe is mine by Lot of Love,
Tho' Luck in Love I want;
And tho' my Horoſcope
Envy my Worldly Things,
Yet unto Love it gave me Leave
For to compair with Kings.
And if I knew the Vyer
Under the Starry Sky,
That durſt avow to love my Dame
More faithfully than I,
I ſhould tear out this Heart
That entertains my Breath,
And caſt it down before her Feet,
To dy a ſhameful Death.
But ſince both Time and ſhe
Have try'd me to be true,

And found ſuch Faithfulneſs in me
As ſhall be found in few;
I reſt ſecure in this,
And cares not who pretend
The moe perſues, the more my Pairt
Proves perfect to the End:
And others faithleſs Faiths
In Ballance weigh'd with mine,
Shall make my Faith for to triumph
And as the Sun to ſhine.
There ſhall no Change of Things,
Of Time, of Soyl, nor Air,
Inforce me to forgoe the Vows
Made to my faireſt Fair,
Which here I do renew
In ſolemn Form again;
To witneſs, as I did begin,
So ſhall I ſtill remain.
I ſwear by thoſe two Eyes,
My only deareſt Dear,
And by the *Stygian* Stanks of Hell,
Whereby the Gods did ſwear;
That thou art only ſhe
Whoſe Countenance I crave,
And ſhall be both in Life and Death
Thy beſt affected Slave:
That there ſhall no Deceits
Of lovely laughing Eyen,
No ſugard Sound of *Syren* Songs,
With far fetch'd Sighs between,
Deface out of my Mind

What Love did ſo ingrave.
Thy Words, thy Looks, and ſuch Things elſe,
As none but Angels have.
And this which here I ſwear
And ſolemnly proteſt,
Thoſe Trees, which only preſent are,
Shall witneſs and atteſt.
But chiefly above all
This holy Shade and Green,
On which the Cyphers of our Names
Character'd ſhall be ſeen.
O happy, happy Tree,
Into whoſe tender Rynd
The Trophies of our Love ſhall live
Eternally inſhryn'd;
Which ſhall have Force to make
Thy Memory remain,
Sequeſtrate from the baſtard Sort
Of Trees which are prophane.
And when with careleſs Looks
The reſt ov'rpaſt ſhall be,
Then thou ſhall be ador'd and kiſt
For *Charidora*'s Tree.
And peradventure too,
For *Diophantus* ſake,
Some civil Perſon that comes by
Shall Homage to thee make.
Thus bleſt ſhall thou remain,
While I unhappy prove,
And doubtful where I ſhall be bleſt,
When I ſhall leave my Love.

Indeed all is in doubt;
But thus I muſt depart,
The Body muſt a Pilgrim be,
And ſhe retain the Heart.
The Thoughts of which Exile,
And dolorous Divorce,
Works Sorrow, Sorrow doth from me
Thoſe ſad Complaints inforce:
For while I was reſolv'd
To ſmoother up my Grief,
Becauſe it might but move in Men
More Marvel than Belief.
The never ceaſing Frowns
of male-encountrous Fates
Extorted thoſe abortive Births
Of importune Regretes,
To witneſs to the World
That my Miſhaps are ſuch,
As tho' I mourn like one half mad,
I cannot mourn too much;
For if of all Miſhaps
This be the Firſt of all,
To have been highly happy once,
And from that Heighth to fall,
I'm ſure I may well ſay,
That *Diophantus* Name
Is the Synonyme of Miſhaps,
Or elſe exceed the ſame.
Or if there be no Hell
But out of Heav'n to be,
Conſider what her Want ſhould work,

Whoſe

Whoſe Sight was ſuch to me.
I think all theſe that ſpeak
Of Sorrow, ſhould think ſhame,
When *Diophantus* ſhall be heard,
Or *Charidora*'s Name;
Her Worth was without Spot,
His Truth was unreprov'd:
The one deſerv'd at leaſt to live,
The other to be lov'd.
Yet hath the dev'liſh Doom
Of Deſtinies ordain'd,
That he ſhould loſs both Life and Love,
And ſhe a faithful Friend.
Wherefore all you that hears
Thoſe am'rous tragick Plays,
Beſtow on him a World of Plaints,
On her a World of Praiſe.

II. *On Love.*

THere is no worldly Pleaſure here below,
Which by Experience doth not Folly prove;
But amongſt all the Follies that I know,
The ſweeteſt Folly in the World is Love:
But not that Paſſion which with Fools Conſent
Above the Reaſon bears imperious Sway,
Making their Lifetime a perpetual Lent,
As if a Man were born to faſt and pray.
No, that is not the Humour I approve,

As

As either yielding Pleaſure or Promotion:
I like a mild and lukewarm Zeal in Love,
Altho' I do not like it in Devotion;
For it has no Coherence with my Creed,
To think that Lovers die as they pretend:
If all that, ſay they, dy, had dy'd indeed,
Sure long e're now the World had had an End.
Beſides, we need not love but if we pleaſe;
No Deſtiny can force Men's Diſpoſition,
And how can any die of that Diſeaſe,
Whereof himſelf may be his own Phyſician:
But ſome ſeems ſo diſtracted of their Wits,
That I would think it but a Venial Sin
To take ſome of thoſe Innocents that ſits
In *Bedlam* out, and put ſome Lovers in;
Yet ſome Men rather than incur the Slander
Of true Apoſtates, will falſe Martyrs prove.
But I am neither *Iphis* nor *Leander*,
I'll neither drown nor hang my ſelf for Love:
Methinks a wiſe Man's Actions ſhould be ſuch,
As always yields to Reaſon's beſt Advice.
Now for to love too little or too much,
Are both Extreams, and all Extreams are Vice;
Yet have I been a Lover by Report,
Yea I have dy'd for Love, as others do:
But prais'd be God, it was in ſuch a ſort,
That I reviv'd within an Hour or two.
Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
And find no Reaſon to repent me yet;
And whoſoever otherways will do,
His Courage is as little as his Wit.

III. *On Mrs.* Margaret Leſly, *Lady* Maderty.

RElegious Relicts of that ruinous Place,
Which ſometimes gloried in the Glore of Saints,
Now hath no Glore but one, whereof it vaunts
That no Saints Beauty makes it Heav'n of Grace
In Balmie Fields which fairds her flowry Face
With ſweet Perfumes of Corns, of Trees, of Plants;
While *Neptune* ſwells with Pride, where there he haunts,
And longs for Joy ſuch Beauty to embrace:
Bear me Record, that while I paſſed by,
I did my dutious Homage to your Dame;
How thrice I ſigh'd, thrice on her Name did cry,
Thrice kiſt the Ground for honour of the ſame.
Then left thoſe Lines, to tell her, on a Tree,
That ſhe made Them to live, and Me to dy.

IV. *On a Woman's Inconſtancy, and the Anſwer.*

I Lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the Grief, as is the Blame;
Thou art not what thou waſt before,
What Reaſon I ſhould be the ſame?

He that can love unlov'd again,
Hath better Store of Love than Brain.
God ſend me Love my Debts to pay,
While Unthrifts fools their Love away.
Nothing could have my Love o'erthrown,
If thou had ſtill continued mine;
Yea, if thou had remain'd thy own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy Freedom did recal,
That if thou might elſewhere inthral;
And then how could I but diſdain
A Captive's Captive to remain.
When new Deſires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the Object of thy Will,
It had been Lethargy in me,
No Conſtancy, to love thee ſtill:
Yea it had been a Sin to go
And proſtitute Affection ſo,
Since we are taught no Pray'rs to ſay
To ſuch as muſt to others pray.
Yet do thou glory in thy Choice,
Thy Choice of his good Fortune boaſt:
I'll neither grieve, nor yet rejoice,
To ſee him gain what I have loſt:
The height of my Diſdain ſhall be
To laugh at Him, to bluſh for Thee,
To love thee ſtill, but go no more
A begging at a Beggar's Door.

The Anſwer, by the Author, at the King's Majeſty's Command.

THou that lov'd once, now loves no more,
For fear to ſhow more Love than Brain;
With Hereſy, unhatch'd before,
Apoſtacy thou doſt maintain.
Can he have either Brain or Love,
That doth Inconſtancy approve?
A Choice well made no Change admits,
All Changes argues After-wits.
Say that ſhe had not been the ſame,
Should thou therefore another be?
What thou in her as Vice did blame,
Can thou take Vertue's Name in thee?
No, thou in this her Captive was,
And made thee ready by her Glaſs;
Example led Revenge aſtray,
When true Love ſhould have kept the Way.
True Love has no reflecting End,
The Object good ſet it at reſt,
And Noble Breaſts will freely lend
Without expecting Intereſt.
'Tis Merchants Love, 'tis Trade for Gain,
To barter Love for Love again:
'Tis Uſury, yea worſe than this,
For Self-idolatry it is.
Then let her Choice be what it will,
Let Conſtancy be thy Revenge;

If thou retribute Good for Ill,
Both Grief and Shame ſhall check her Change,
Thus may'ſt thou laugh when thou ſhall ſee
Remorſe reclaim her home to thee;
And where thou beg'ſt of her before,
She now ſits begging at thy Door.

V. *On King* James *the* VI.

THe old Records of analized Fame
Confirms this Wonder with the World's Aſſent,
That once that Iſle which *Delos* heght by Name,
In *Neptune*'s Boſom like a Pilgrim went,
After when great *Apollo* was content
To grace it with the Bliſs of his Birth-day;
Then thoſe inconſtant Motions did relent,
And it began to ſtand and ſtay.
Delos when I admire thy Hape, I needs muſt ſay,
In this our *Albion* none may with thee compare:
Before our *Phœbus* Birth we were a Prey
To civil Motions, toſſed here and there;
But ſince our Birth-Star did o'erſhine our State,
We ſtand ſecure redeem'd from all Debate.

VI. *To Queen* Anne, *on a New-year's Day* 1604.

MADAM,

WHo knows your Greatneſs, cannot but with Fear

Draw

Draw near your Altar, to make Offrings there;
But whoſo knows your Goodneſs, may make bold,
And with a Mite as with a Mine of Gold,
As confidently ſacrifice to you:
And this is it that muſt plead Pardon now,
Both for the poorneſs of my Gifts and Lines.
Princes are Gods, Gods laugh to ſee their Shrines
Adorn'd with any Gift but of that kind,
That Beggars may as well as *Cræſus* find:
They know how Worldlings perſonate their Parts,
And mask with Gold Preſents of Leaden Hearts.
They know how Gifts at Court are but a Train
To ſteal from great ones twice as good again.
Now I have no ſuch End; my poor Oblation
At this auſpicious Time of Salutation,
Had it a Tongue, this only would it ſay,
Heav'n sheap upon you many a New-Year's Day.

VII. *On Prince* Henry's *Death, To Prince* Charles.

ADmired Phœnix, ſpringing up apace
From the Aſhes of another Phœnix Bones,
Which too too courteous yielded thee his Place,
Leſt Earth were burden'd with two Birds at once
Of that rare kind which love to live alone,
Whoſe only Eſſence is to be but one.

VIII. *On*

VIII. *Upon Sir* William Alexander's *Monarchical Tragedies.*

WEll may the Programe of thy tragick Stage
Invite thy curious Pomp expecting Eyes,
To gaze on preſent Shows of paſſed Age,
Which juſt Deſert *Monarchick* dare baptize.
Crowns thrown from Thrones to Tombs, dethron'd ariſe,
To match thy Muſe with a Monarchick Theme,
That while her Sacred Soaring cuts the Skies,
A vulgar Subject may not wrong the ſame.
And which gives moſt of Luſter to thy Fame,
The worthieſt Monarch that the Sun can ſee,
Doth grace thy Labour with this glorious Name,
And daigns Protector of thy Birth to be.
This All-Monarchick-Patron Subject Stile,
Makes thee the Monarch-tragick of this Iſle.

The Country Wedding.

ROB's *Jock* came to wooe our *Jennie*
On a Feaſt Day when he was fow;
She busked her and made her bonnie
When ſhe heard *Jock* was come to wooe:
She burniſh'd her baith Breaſt and Brow,
Made her as clear as any Clock.
Then ſpake our Dame, and ſaid, I trow
You're come to wooe our *Jennie*, *Jock!*

Ay

Ay Dame, ſays he, for that I yern
To lout my Head, and ſit down by you:
Then ſpake our Dame, and ſaid, My Bairn
Has Tocher of her awn to gi' you.
Tee hee, quoth *Jennie*, teet I ſee you;
Minnie this Man makes but a Mock.
Why ſay ye ſae, now leeſe me o' you,
I came to wooe you *Jennie*, quoth *Jock*.

My Bairn has Tocher of her awn,
Although her Friends do nane her lend,
A Stirk, a Staig, an Acre ſawn,
A Gooſe, a Gryce, a clocking Hen,
Twa Kits, a Cogue, a Kirn there ben,
A Keam but and a keaming Stock,
Of Diſhes and Ladles nine or ten.
Came ye to wooe our *Jennie*, *Jock?*

A Trough, a Trencher, and a Tap,
A Taing, a Tullie, and a Tub.
A Sey-diſh and a Milking Cap,
A Greap into a Grupe to grub,
A Shode-ſhool of a Holin Club,
A Froath-ſtick, a Can, a Creel, a Knock,
A Braik for Hemp, that ſhe may rub,
If ye will marry our *Jennie*, *Jock*.

A Furm, a Firlot and a Peck,
A Rock, a Reel, a gay Elvand,
A Sheet, a Happer, and a Sack,
A Girdle, and a good Wheel-band.

Syne

Syne *Jock* took *Jennie* by the Hand,
And cry'd a Banquet, and ſlew a Cock;
They held the Brydal upon Land,
That was between our *Jennie* and *Jock*.

The Bride upon her Wedding went
Barefoot upon a Hemlock Hill;
The Bride's Garter was o' Bent,
And ſhe was born at *Kellie-Mill*.
The firſt Purpine he heght her till
He heght to hit her Head a Knock,
She baked and ſhe held her ſtill;
And this Geat gat our *Jennie Jock*.

When ſhe was wedded in his Name,
And unto him ſhe was made Spouſe,
They haſted them ſoon hame again,
To Denner to the Brydal-houſe,
Jennie ſat jowking like a Mouſe,
But *Jock* was kneef as any Cock:
He ſays to her, Had up your Brows,
And fa to your Meat my *Jennie*, quoth *Jock*.

What Meat ſhall we ſet them beforn,
To *Jock* Service loud can they cry,
Serve them with Sowce and ſodden Corn,
Till a' their Wyms do ſtand awray:
Of Swine's Fleſh there was great Plenty,
Whilk was a very pleaſant Meat,
And Garlick was a Sawce right dainty
To ony Man that pleas'd to eat.

They

They had ſix Laverocks fat and laden,
With Lang-keal, Mutton, Beef and Broos,
A Wyme of Paunches tough like Plaiden,
With good gay Butter, Milk and Cheeſe.
Jennie ſat up even at the Meace,
And a' her Friends her beſide,
They were a' ſerv'd with ſhrewd Service;
And ſae was ſeen upon the Bryde.

Out at the Back-door faſt can ſhe ſlyde,
And loos'd a Buckle wi' ſome Bends,
And cakied *Jockie* for a' his Pride,
And jawed out at baith the Ends,
So ſtoutly her Mother her defends,
And ſays, my Bairn's looſe in the Dock,
It comes o' Cald to make it kend,
Think nae Ill o' your *Jennie Jock.*

Now Dame, ſays he, your Daughter I've married,
Although you held it never ſo tough,
And Friends ſhall ſee ſhe's no miſcarried,
For I wat I have Gear enough:
I had an ald ga'd Glyde fell o'er the Heugh,
A Cat, a Cunning, and a Cock;
I wanted Eight Oxen, tho' I'd had the Pleugh,
May not this ſer'e you my *Jennie*, quoth *Jock.*

I have good Fire for Winter-weather,
A Cod o' Caff wou'd fill a Cradle,
A Halter, and a good Hay Teather,
A Duck about the Doors to padle,

The Pannel of an ald Sadle;
And *Rob* my Emme heght me a Stock,
Twa lov'ly Lips to lick a Ladle.
Now *Jennie* and I agree, quoth *Jock*.

A Treen Spit, a Ram-horn Spoon,
A Pair o' Boots o' Barked Leather,
All Graith that's meet to coble Shoon,
A Thrawcrook for to twine a Teather,
A Sword, a Sweel, a Swine's Bladder,
A Trump o' Steel, a feathered Lock,
An ald Skull Hat for Winter-weather,
And meikle mair, my *Jennie* quoth *Jock*.

I have a Trap to catch a Mouſe,
A Girſe-green Cloak, but it will ſtenzie;
A Pitch-fork to defend the Houſe,
A pair of Branks, a Bridle-Renzie;
Of a' our Store we need no Plenzie,
Ten Thouſand Flechs intil a Pock;
And is not this a wakerife Menzie,
To gae to Bed wi' *Jennie* and *Jock*.

Now when their Dinner they had done,
Then *John* himſell began t'advance,
He bad the Piper play up ſoon,
For be his Troth he wou'd gae dance.
The Piper piped till's Wyme gripped,
And a' the Rout began to revel:
The Bride about the King ſhe skipped,
Till out ſtarts Carle and Cavel.

Well

Well danc'd *Dickie*, ſtand aſide *Sandie*;
Well danc'd *Eppie* and *Jennie!*
He that tynes a Stot o' the Spring,
Shall pay the Piper a Pennie.
Well danc'd *Hugh Fiſher*,
Come take our Bride and kiſs her.
Well danc'd *Beſſie* and *Ste'en!*
Now ſick a Dance was never ſeen
Since *Chriſt's Kirk on the Green.*

The PARALLEL.

OUR Love of others is but Senſe,
Againſt which Reaſon has ſome Fence;
But ye our Reaſon do ſubdue,
And it us Captives leads to you;
For nothing can your Charms exceed,
Except the Vertues which them breed.

They imploy *Cupid* and his Darts,
But without Wounding ye gain Hearts;
Theſe no ſooner begin to burn,
But in their Flames they find their Urn:
But, like the Sun, ye warm all here,
And burns but ſuch as come too near.

Their Love can ſatisfy but one,
Becauſe 'tis Senſe that's doted on;
But ſo infinit your Vertues be,

That they bleſs as many as you ſee,
And ſuch as ſee not Fetters wear,
For Fame does take them by the Ear.

Wiſhes to them, and Compliment,
Are a Liturgy when on you ſpent:
We flatter them, but cannot you,
For ye make all our Flatteries true:
Our Nonſenſe on you's more than Wit,
For it is an extatick Fit.

Yet glorie not to break poor Hearts,
Your Image will ſhew leſs in Parts,
They Subjects are, let it be ſeen,
You're not a Tyrant, but a Queen,
The Tode and Spider they can kill,
But to enliven 's Divine Skill.

Theſe Hearts the Temples are where we
Do you adore; then muſt it be
Great Sacrilege to wrong that Place
Where hangs the Image of your Face:
But if we in your Flames muſt dy,
We'll glorious Martyrs be thereby.

A Paraphraſtical Tranſlation of Ovid's 10. *Eligie,* Lib. 3. Amorum.

I Have too long endur'd her guilty Scorn,
Too long her Falſeneſs my fond Love has born;

My

My Freedom and my Wit at length I claim,
Begone baſe Paſſion, fly unworthy Flame,
My Life's ſole Torment, and my Honour's Stain,
Quit this tir'd Heart, and end my lingring Pain:
I have reſolv'd to be my own once more,
Long baniſh't Reaſon to her Rights reſtore,
And throw off Love's tyrannick Sway, that ſtill incroaching Power.
My growing Shame I ſee at laſt, tho' late,
And my paſt Follies both deſpiſe and hate:
Hold out my Heart, and let her Beauties move,
Be conſtant in thy Anger, as thy Love;
Thy preſent Pain ſhall give thee future Eaſe,
As bitter Potions cure, tho' they diſpleaſe.
'Tis for this End, for Freedom more aſſur'd,
I have ſo long ſuch ſhameful Pains endur'd,
Like a ſcorn'd Slave before her Door I lay,
And proud Repulſes ſuffer'd every Day,
Without complaining; baniſht from her Sight,
On the cold Ground I ſpent the tedious Night,
Whilſt ſome glad Rival in her Arms did ly,
Glutted with Love, and ſurfeited with Joy.
Thence have I ſeen the tired Favourite come,
Dragging a weak exhauſted Carcaſs home;
And yet this Curſe a Bleſſing I'd eſteem,
Compar'd with that of being ſeen by him:
By him diſcry'd attending in the Street,
May my Foes only ſuch Diſgraces meet.
What Toil and Time has this falſe Woman coſt?
How much of unreturning Youth has for her ſake been loſt?

How

How long did I, where Fancy led, or Fate,
Unthank'd, unminded, on her Rambles wait?
Her Steps, her Looks were ſtill by mine purſued,
And watch'd by me, ſhe charm'd the gazing Crowd:
My dil'gent Love, and overfond Deſire,
Has been the Means to kindle others Fire.
What need I mention ev'ry little Wrong,
Or curſe the Softneſs of her ſoothing Tongue;
The private Love-ſigns that in publick paſs,
Between her and ſome common ſtaring Aſs.
The Coquet Arts her faithleſs Heart allows,
Or tax her with a Thouſand broken Vows:
I hear ſhe's ſick, and with wild haſte I run,
Officious haſte, and viſit Importune;
Entring, my Rival on her Bed I ſee,
The politick Sickneſs only was to me.
With this and more oft has my Love been try'd,
Some other Coxcomb let her now provide,
To bear her Jilting, and maintain her Pride.
My batter'd Bark has reach'd the Port at laſt,
Nor fears again, the Billows it has paſt:
Ceaſe your ſoft Oaths, and that ſtill ready Shower,
Thoſe once dear Words have loſt their wonted Power;
In vain you flatter, I am now no more
That eaſy Fool you found me heretofore;
Anger and Love a doubtful Fight maintain,
Each ſtrive by Turns my ſtagg'ring Heart to gain:
But what can long againſt Love's Power contend?
My Love I fear will conquer in the End;

I'll

I'll do what e're I can to hate you ſtill,
And if I love, know 'tis againſt my Will.
As th'Ox fatigu'd, ſhuns Ploughmans Yoke to wear,
Yet, ſpite of him, the hated Load muſt bear.
So I, to Fury by her Lewdneſs rais'd,
Did often think the madding Fit had ceas'd;
But artful Beauty ſoon that Storm appeas'd:
And, ſpite of me, my ſelf I do enſnare,
For Falſe and Vicious is varniſh'd ov'r with Fair.
Both with her and without her I'm in pain,
And rage to looſe what I ſhould bluſh to gain,
Uncertain yet at what my Wiſhes aim,
Loath to abandon Love, or part with Fame.
That Angel Form, ill ſuits a Soul all Sin:
Ah! be leſs fair without, or more within.
When thoſe ſoft Smiles my yielding Powers invade,
In vain I call her Vices to my Aid,
Tho' now diſdaining the Diſguiſe of Art,
In my Eſteem her Conduct claims no Part:
Her Face a natural Right has to my Heart.
No Crimes ſo black are, to deform her Eyes,
Thoſe Clouds muſt ſcatter when theſe Suns ſhall riſe.
Enough, fair Conquerour! the Day's your own,
See at your Feet Love's vanquiſh't Rebel thrown
By thoſe dear Joys, Joys dear tho' they are paſt,
When in the kindeſt Links of Love we held each other faſt.
By the injured Gods your falſe Oaths did prophane,
By all thoſe Beauties that inſpir'd Diſdain.

For-

Formula Lauream Candidatis dandi in Collegio (1) *Buterenſi.*

EGO Authoritate ſolum.
Qua fundatores noſtri olim
Donârunt Collegium noſtrum,
Te Jacobum Hay (2) *Magiſtrum,*
In artibus potabilibus,
Et ſcientiis bibibilibus,
Creo conſtituo & proclamo;
(Quia te non parum amo.)
Poteſtatem do tibique
Compotandi bibendique
Aa ſumma pocula implendi
Et hauſti exhauriendi
Cujuſvis ſint capacitatis
E rotundis aut quadratis.
In ſignum ut manu mittaris,
Adornet caput hic galerus
Quod tibi felix ſit fauſtumque
Obnixè comprecor multumque.
Do tibi demum calicem
Impletum ut des ſpecimen
Ingenii tui huic Choro
Aut cætui quod facias oro.

Terror

(1) *A publick Change-houſe at the* End *of* Errol's-*Gate, ſo called from the Landlord* Peter Butter. (2) *A Servant of the* E. *of* E. . . .

Terror Bajanorum.

TAke heed unto your Theme,
Reſponde (3) *Peter Butter*;
Of blawn Drinks think Shame,
You'll never get the Name,
'Till thrice ye bed the Gutter.
E'er to my School ye go,
By me ye muſt be try'd;
Whether you will or no,
Drink all the Healths you know,
And one more beſide. *Satis.*

Theſes Collegii Butterenſis, Anno 1699.

1.

'GAinſt any Man of Senſe,
Aſſerimus ex pacto,
Upon his own Expenſe,
Quod vere datur ens
Potabile de facto.

2.

Cogito (ergo ſum)
That Thirſt doth us Harm,
Sit ſtill upon your Bum
'Till the Divet ſtop the Lum,
Drink o'er the left Arm.

(3) *The foreſaid Landlord.*

3.

If you expect Degrees,
Drink off your Cup and fill;
We're not for what you pleaſe,
Our abſolute Decrees
Admit of no Free-will.

4.

Salubrius eſt nil
Zy ho illupulato.
Drink thrice, then paſs your Skill,
Concluding with a Gill,
Sed prorſus epotato.

5.

The *Scepticks* were but Fools,
Who doubted of good Drink.
When drunk within their Schools,
The Carles were in Creels,
And knew not what to think.

6.

The longer we do ſit,
The more we hate all Quarrels,
(Let none his Quarters flit)
The more we do admit
Of *Vacuum* in Barrels.

7.

By Arguments moſt ſound,
Ex capite pergravi,
'Tis evidently found
That all the Earth runs round
In ſpite of *Tycho Brahe*.

Probl.

Num Beer or Ale be fitter
To ſettle the Disjune
Of thoſe that have the Skitter,
Num Uſquebea and Butter
Be beſt at Night or Noon.

Alt. (4) *Philip* Præſes. Vindiciæ ad D. *Alexandrum Crookſhanks*, Patronum.

1.

MOſt worthy Patron we,
Præfati Candidati,
With th'old School-Men agree,
As we ſhall let you ſee
O Tite, *Tute*, *Tati*.

2.

'Twas *Ariſtotle*'s Wiſh,
Who glamped at the Truth,
And tipled like a Fiſh,
To drink well and to piſh,
And not to die for Drouth.

3.

The beſt of our great Guns
Refreſh'd himſelf when dry;
To wit *John Scot* of *Duns*,
Swept off ſo many Ounce,
And gave his Reaſons why.

(4) *Another Servant of the* E. *of* E. . . . *an able Drinker.*

4.

Both *Cartes* and *Le Grand*,
Tho' they did break no Glaſſes,
To tipple did not ſtand:
So did Pope *Hildebrand*,
As ev'ry Man confeſſes.

5.

Meſ. *George Buchanan*, yea
Et multi recentiores,
At Ale and Uſquebea,
Sat ſometimes Night and Day,
And told *Jus Regni* Stories.

6.

Since *Cartes* took his Glaſs,
And ſo did *Ariſtotle*,
Let's call the College Laſs
When thirſty, he's an Aſs
With's Friend will baulk a Bottle.

7.

Let *Mahomet* drink Wine,
And *Mercury* drink Nectar;
Set thou thy Foot to mine,
We hold our Ale's as fine
As (5) *Oliver*'s Protector.

Diploma (6) *Georgii Dorward*, Novam *Caledoniam* adeuntis.

TO all and ſundry who ſhall ſee this,
What e'er his Station or Degree is,

We

(5) *A Bailie and Apothecary in* Peterhead, *a* bon Companion, *not only for* Crambe, *but alſo refers to his Father's keeping a Brewary.* (6) *A young Man who had ſpent all his Patrimony in the ſaid College.*

We, Maſters of the *Butt'ry* College,
Send Greeting, and to them give Knowledge,
That *George Dorward*, *præſentium lator*,
Did ſtudy at our *Alma Mater*
Some Years, and hated fooliſh Projects,
But ſtiffly ſtudied liquid *Logicks*,
And now he's as well skill'd in Liquor,
As any one that blaws a Bicker;
For he can make (7) our College Theme,
A *Syllogiſm* or *Enthymeme.*
Tho' he confute not *cum præmiſſis*,
Yet his Concluſion never miſſes.
Since now we have him manumitted,
In Arts and Sciences well fitted,
To recommend him we incline
To all be South and North the Line,
To all Men unacquaint with *Bruma*,
To *Preſter John* and *Montezuma*,
To Black and White, tho' they live as far
As *Cape Good-hope* and *Madagaſcar*,
Him to advance: Becauſe he is
Juvenis bonæ indolis.
In Teſtimony that this true is,
Our College-Seal affix'd hereto is,
Confirm'd by our ſubſcribing Hands.
(8) *Coclay* Principal, who commands.
(9) *Philip*, *Forreſt*, *Moriſon*, and *Hay*,

Pro-

(7) *A particular Glaſs to every Man's Health of your Knowledge and Acquaintance, and one more*; *without doing this, none are admitted into the foreſaid College.* (8) *A P. Teacher ſettled two Years ago in old A. . . . a great Tipler at Uſquebea.* (9) *All Servants of the E. of E. or depending upon his Lordſhip.*

Profeſſors of Philoſophy.
In *gratiam Georgii* is this Line,
Dated in *July* Ninety-nine.

Catalogus Librorum in Bibliotheca *Buterenſ*

Books in large *Folio.*

1 MAximilian Maltkiſt, *de principiis liquidi.*
2 Mr Humphry Hogſhead, *in uſum ſtudioſorum.*
3 Sebaſtianus Standfat, *de operationibus Barmiferis & vi ſpumaticâ.*
4 Cornelius Caldrons *de condenſatione liquidi.*
5 Kircherus Kettles, *de eodem Themate.*

Books in leſſer *Folio.*

6 *Valerius Water-Tubs* Hydroſtatiques, 4 Tom.
7 *Opera* Bibuli Barellii, *ubi de conſervatione liquoris, & de vacuo problematice diſputatur.*
8 Mr. Yachus Yetling, *de refrigeratione ſubſtantialibus.*
9 Symon Stands, *Tractat. contra Vinibilos*, proving to a Demonſtration the *Zythobibi* to be the only true Philoſophers.
10 *Miſcellanea* Frederici Fatſtone, *cum annotationibus* Petri Butter.
11 Bellarminus Bowies, *de Feſtinatione*, 8 Vol.

Books in large *Quarto.*

12 *BUckets* Hydroſtaticks.
13 Emblemata Ducis *de Alva*, 6 Tom.

3 *Bar-*

14 *Barbaroſa Butter-kit*, *Badenochenus*, de Propoſitionibus compoſitis in uſum *Montanorum*.

15 *Quevedo Quarti* Syſtem of Philoſophy.

Books in leſſer *Quarto*.

16 *Tremellius Three-chopins*, cum notis *Titi Turntimber*, 2 Tom.

17 *Celebrius Cummercap* de privatis hauſtibus.

18 Cogita Novo-antiqua *Chriſtophori Cut-lugs*.

19 *Balbinus Botelus*, a Neoterick Philoſopher approven by our Maſters, with Principal *Thomſon*'s Annotations.

20 *Petronius Pynteus* de Philoſophicis Bibendi Legibus, in uſum præſentis Principalis (10) *Georgii Leith*, 12 Vol.

Books in *Octavo*.

21 VUlgaris Philoſophia *Conſtantini Chopin-Stoup*, commented on by Mr. *Moriſon*, Tom. 10.

22 *Corbredus Chapins*, de Retorquendis argumentis.

23 *Barnabii Beer-glaſs*, de lavando gutture.

24 *Machiavel Mutchkin*'s Metaphyſical Enchiridion, tranſlated out of *French* into *Scots*, by *Chriſtopher Findlay*, which our Maſters love better in the Original.

25 *Compendium ejus*, for weaker Capacities.

Leſſer

(10) *A young Gentleman, who keeps the College for the moſt part Night and Day.*

Leſſer Volumes.

26 MAnuale *Gideonis Gill*, de Syllogiſmis recte concludentibus.
27 Compendium ejus de Enthymemate.
28 *Briarius Brandie-Glaſs*, de ſupplemento Naturæ.
29 *Stephen Snuff-Box*, a nauſeous Author yet approven.
30 *Findlay Fireſide*, de Circulari poculorum motu.

THESES PHILOSOPH. Collegi *Buterenſis*, Anno 1700.

PRæſtantiſſimo & generoſiſſimo, *Domino* (11) D. Alexandro Forbes *de* Craigie; Aberd. *bi prætori, viro ore manuque promptiſſimo, mercatorum* Scoticorum *Corypheo, mellitiſſimorum liquorum Theſaurario fideliſſimo, in rebus liquidis & hauſtibi libus verſatiſſimo, de noſtro Collegio optime merito illiuſque inſtitutori, funditori propenſiſſimo, &c Theſes haſce Philoſophicas (quas Zithobibi aliquo Juvenes e Collegio* Butterenſi, *cum laureâ Magiſte riali, emittendi ad diem* Februarii *fluctuandas pro ponunt) in debiti amoris teſſeram D. D. C. Q.* Joannes Moriſon, *Præſes & Candidati* 36.

Abov

(11) *A lote B. . . . in* Aberdeen, *who not only drank ſtrongly himſelf, bu likewiſe furniſhed the College with Liquors.*

1.

ABove theſe Thouſand Years,
And Seven Hundred now,
Moſt clearly it appears,
That Philoſophers and Friars
Have made the World ado.

2.

My Candidates do ſay,
John Moriſon the Preſes
Will end this Century
With true Philoſophy,
As witneſſeth my *Theſes*.

3.

Your Logicks heretofore
Were both jejune and dry,
Logomachies in ſtore,
But Fancies we abhore,
That want Liquidity.

4.

We barr each empty Notion,
All ſubtil Quiddities,
Unfit for Life and Motion,
Commend us to a Potion,
That puts our Head in Bees.

5.

We'll not admit among us
Ideas void of Senſe,
Ariggas ens Rationis,
Amicus ſit comptonus,
Upon his own Expenſe.

6.

That Logick we or Art,
Or Science will maintain,
Which Precepts do impart
To madify the Heart,
And keep the Liver clean.

7.

As College Ale doth elevate us,
So it is good for Drouth,
And doth conduce to animate us;
Qui bene bibit eſt beatus,
Is an eternal Truth.

Illuſtriſſ. Principi, P-----*Regi*, S-----*Duci* Rom. *Imp. Elect. &c. Theſes haſce, quas ad diem* Aprilis *decimum publice propugnabunt juvenes aliquot*, *D. D. C. Q.* Joannes Forreſt de Greenhill *Præſes*, *& Candidati* 26.

Theſes Collegii *Butter*. *Anno* 1701.

1.

SInce many do condole
The Dryneſs of our Caſe,
Who dwell ſo near the Pole;
Therefore upon Parole
We'll take the other Glaſs.

2.

'Tis lawful for to pledge,
'Tis *fortior* to drink:
If we with *Danes* engage,

Leſt

Left with a murthering Edge
They cause the Throat to shrink.

3.

The Doctrine of *France*,
Brought into this Nation,
We will not advance,
Unless 'tis that we chance
On the (12) *Biscay* Impression.

4.

The Spirits, we do grant,
Have their Arise from Liquor,
Each Animal and Plant
(13) A Neoterick Gaunt
Of late took off his Bicker.

5.

On Propositions cold
The Lesson to begin,
Sorites we best hold
The *ad summum* Trill of old,
Were Quarts unto the Brim.

6.

The chief Sense is Tasting,
We'll prove it *a priore*
Against all Contesting,
Sed bonum est, if Casting,
Quod placet in ore.

7,

In Schola qui furit

(12) *A Part in* Spain, *from which Wines are allowed to be imported.* (13) *Mr.* R. . . . *late Teacher at* Aberdeen, *who used to drink freely at all times, but once drunk to such Excess, in the* E. *of* M. . . . . *House, that he spewed openly.*

Det pœnas ocius,
Et illa lex duret,
Perſolvet qui jurat
Toties quoties.

8.

(14) *Euge*, Germane,
Non edis ſed bibis,
Is praiſe-worthy, *ſane*
Si tu ſapis mane
Delum adibis.

9.

For to find out a *Parallaxis*
We'll not our Minds apply,
Save what a Toſt in (15) Corbreed makes us,
(16) Whether the Moon moves on her *Axis*,
Ask *Black* and *Gregory.*

10.

That Bodies are a *parte rei*
To hold we think it meeteſt,
Some cold, ſome hot, ſome moiſt, ſome dry,
Tho' all of them ye taſte and try,
The Fluid is the ſweeteſt.

11.

Poſt ſextam ſemi hora,
At Night no Friend refuſes
To come *lavare ora*,
Eſt melior quam aurora
And fitter for the Muſes.

Good

(14) *A Servant that was with my Lord* H... *in* Germany. (15) *A Drinking Quaf, ſo named in the Catalogue of their Books.* (16) *A controverted Point betwixt Mr.* W. B. *and Mr.* J. G. *betwixt whom there is a hot Planetary War.*

12.

Good Ale's the Chief of Food,
And moves us for to reſt.
The Life lies in the Blood,
All Governments are good,
But Levelling the beſt.
Hoc bibe quod poſſis ſi tu vis vivere ſanus.

The Tunnice-Court.

THe World's a Tunnice-Court, Man is the Ball
Toſs'd againſt the Wall;
High ſoaring Hopes and languiſhing Deſpairs
The Rackets are;
Contempt's the Cord with Strames of over and under,
Like Claps of Thunder.
Bid all that build their Hopes in Tow'rs of Air,
Since fall they muſt, ſee that their Fall be fair:
Laſt Night I look't up to Promotion's Sky,
And there I ſpy
A Star whoſe Greatneſs was with Glory mixt,
But was not fixt;
For when the *Pleides* began to play,
It ſhrunk away,
And taught our Stargazers to know,
That Meteors be not Subſtance, but a Show.
From thence I went unto the Church to pray,
'Twas Holy-day;

Where

Where from afar the High-Prieſt's Ghoſt did cry,
O come not nigh.
Our Sanctuary's with Blood defil'd,
And Truth exil'd:
Bethel, *Bethamen*, *Doeg* hath trode down
The High-Prieſt's Mitre, and th' Imperial Crown.
Affrighted with ſuch horrid Shouts at laſt,
Mine Eyes I caſt
Up to Great *Charles*'s Wain, and there I find
That *Boreas* Wind
Had blaſted *Atlas* Hopes, and made him try
Th' Uncertainty
Of Humane Glory, who with flatt'ring Smiles
At firſt inebriates, and at laſt beguiles.
O ſtrange! our Spiders from their Bowels ſpin
A tiffny Gin,
To catch a Gnat, whilſt Man with anxious Care
Contrives a Snare
For his own Feet, whilſt wretched he
Strives to be free.
He wills in vain, for who can ſhun to fall,
When Heav'ns writ *Mene-tekel* on the Wall?
Farewell you phrantick Pleaſures, get you gone,
Let me alone;
I'll drink the Brook, and taſte the Honey-comb
In Peace at home,
Not ſtriving to be great, but good, for lo
The End doth ſhow,
That outward Guidings do not ſerve to hide
The rotten Ruins of an inward Side.

The

The Election.

SOme loves a Woman for her Wit,
Some Beauty does admire,
Some loves a handſome Leg or Foot,
Some upwards does aſpire;
Some loves a Miſtreſs nice and coy,
Some Freedom does approve;
Some like their Perſons to enjoy,
Some for *Platonick* Love.
Some loves a Widow, ſome a Maid,
Some loves the Old, ſome Young;
Some love until they be betray'd,
Some till they be undone:
Some love for Money, ſome for Wórth,
Some love the Proud and High;
Some love for Fancy, ſome for Birth,
Some love, and knows not why.
Some love the Little, Plump and Fat,
Some love the Long and Small:
Some loves for Kindneſs, and 'tis that
Moves me beyond them all.

Old-Long-ſyne, Firſt Part.

SHould old Acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon,
The Flames of Love extinguiſhed,
And freely paſt and gone?

Is

Is thy kind Heart now grown ſo cold
In that Loving Breaſt of thine,
That thou canſt never once reflect
On Old-long-ſyne?

Where are thy Proteſtations,
Thy Vows and Oaths, my Dear,
Thou made to me, and I to thee,
In Regiſter yet clear?
Is Faith and Truth ſo violate
To the Immortal Gods Divine,
That thou canſt never once reflect
On Old-long-ſyne?

Is't *Cupid*'s Fears, or froſty Cares,
That makes thy Sp'rits decay?
Or is't ſome Object of more Worth,
That's ſtoll'n thy Heart away?
Or ſome Deſert, makes thee neglect
Him, ſo much once was thine,
That thou canſt never once reflect
On Old-long-ſyne?

Is't Worldly Cares ſo deſperate,
That makes thee to deſpair?
Is't that makes thee exaſperate,
And makes thee to forbear?
If thou of that were free as I,
Thou ſurely ſhould be Mine:
If this were true, we ſhould renew
Kind Old-long-ſyne.

But ſince that nothing can prevail,
And all Hope is in vain,
From theſe rejected Eyes of mine
Still Showers of Tears ſhall rain:
And though thou haſt me now forgot,
Yet I'll continue Thine,
And ne'er forget for to reflect
On Old-long-ſyne.

If e'er I have a Houſe, my Dear,
That truly is call'd mine,
And can afford but Country Cheer,
Or ought that's good therein;
Tho' thou were Rebel to the King,
And beat with Wind and Rain,
Aſſure thy ſelf of Welcome Love,
For Old-long-ſyne.

Second Part.

MY Soul is raviſh'd with Delight
When you I think upon;
All Griefs and Sorrows take the Flight,
And haſtily are gone;
The fair Reſemblance of your Face
So fills this Breaſt of mine,
No Fate nor Force can it diſplace,
For Old-long-ſyne.

Since Thoughts of you doth baniſh Grief,
When I'm from you removed;
And if in them I find Relief,
When with ſad Cares I'm moved,
How doth your Preſence me affect
With Ecſtaſies Divine,
Eſpecially when I reflect
On Old-long-ſyne.

Since thou has rob'd me of my Heart
By thoſe reſiſtleſs Powers,
Which Madam *Nature* doth impart
To thoſe fair Eyes of yours;
With Honour it doth not conſiſt
To hold a Slave in Pyne,
Pray let your Rigour then deſiſt,
For Old-long-ſyne.

'Tis not my Freedom I do crave
By deprecating Pains;
Sure Liberty he would not have
Who glories in his Chains:
But this I wiſh, the Gods would move
That Noble Soul of thine
To Pity, ſince thou cannot love
For Old-long-ſyne.

The Indifferent Lover.

'TIS not your Beauty nor your Wit,
Which did my Heart obtain,

Nor

No, thoſe could ever conquer yet
Either my Breaſt or Brain;
For if ye prove not kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Your Slave I'll henceforth ſcorn to be,
Or dote upon you more.

When that I ſtrive your Heart to move,
The further ye refuſe,
Intending to increaſe my Love,
My Patience ye abuſe:
Shall I go render Love for Hate,
Still ſerve you at Command,
Or be induc'd for to intreat
For Pity at your Hand?

Whilſt you make Nice for to afford me
Either Look or Smile,
Or grant me one obliging Word,
My Sorrows to beguile;
Think not my Fancy t' overcome
By proving thus unkind,
No ſmoothing Smile, nor ſhining Frown
Can ſatisfy my Mind.

I know the Secrets of your Sex
Moſt perfectly e're now,
When Maidenheads are laid at Stakes,
What Women oft can do.
No, let *Platonicks* play thoſe Pranks,
Such Folly I deride,

For Love at leaſt I will have Thanks,
And ſomewhat elſe beſide.

Then be ingenuous with me,
As I ſhall be with you;
Let all Actions be as free
As Vertue will allow:
If ye intend to love me ſtill,
Then do it but Conſtraint;
And if that Time hath chang'd your Mind,
But tell me, I'm content.

I mind to love, but not to dote,
I love for Love again;
And when I know you love me not,
I'll laugh at your Diſdain:
If ye prove loving, I'll prove kind,
If true, you'll conſtant be;
If Fortune chance to change your Mind,
I'll change as ſoon as ye.

Since our Affections then ye know
In eqnal Terms does ſtand,
'Tis in your Power to Love or no,
Mine's likewiſe in my Hand;
Diſpenſe with your Auſterity,
Inconſtancy abhore,
Or, by Great *Cupid*'s Deity,
I'll never love thee more.

The Conſtant Lover.

THE Adamant doth draw indeed
Iron, a Thing moſt heavy,
But thou doth draw both Fleſh and Blood,
All who thee ſees would have thee;
When thou does touch, they ſtraight muſt yield,
Tho' they were never ſo Witty:
To ſave thy Dart, there is no Art,
I never rue I lov'd Thee.

Thy Body and thy Mind's compleat,
Nature ne'er framed better;
Thy Actions all are ſo diſcreet,
The World remains thy Debtor.
The Mold is loſt that did thee caſt,
So much more is the Pitie:
'Tis be my Song both firſt and laſt,
I never rue I lov'd thee.

Tho' thou ſhould ever prove unkind,
And never ſhow me Favour,
Yet ſtill thou has my Heart confin'd,
My Fancy cannot waver;
The Starry Heavens I do atteſt,
The Firmament above me:
Then would I have my Mind at reſt,
If thou would ſay thou lov'd me.

The Careleſs Lover.

I Scorn the State of that Lover's Condition,
Who pines for her that regards not his Pain:
I ſcorn the State of that foolish Ambition,
That fondly requits true Love with Diſdain;
I love them that loves me, my Humour is ſuch,
And thoſe that do hate me, I hate them as much.
Thus I am reſolv'd, however it go,
And care not whether I get her or no.

What if another her Favour inherit,
Which only by Right is due unto me;
Or if I reap the Fruit of another Man's Merit,
Shall that make me gladder or ſadder to be?
Shall I ſigh when I'm forc'd, or laugh when I'm lov'd?
Shall I chid when ſhe is angry, or mourn when ſhe's mov'd?
Shall I break my Heart, being forſaken ſo?
No, not a whit care I whether I get her or no.

More fickle than Fortune, more light than the Wind,
More britle than Water her Sex doth remain;
Her Tempeſts are turn'd Calms now we do find,
And oft-times her Sun-ſhine doth fall into Rain.
Thus look we or lack we, a looſe Grip we have;
What comes with the Wind, muſt go with the Wave:
I'll bear my Sails equal, howe'er the Wind blow,
And cares not by whether I get her or no.

Lady

Lady Anne Bothwel's *Balow.*

Balow my Boy, ly ſtill and ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep;
If thou'll be ſilent, I'll be glad,
Thy Mourning makes my Heart full ſad:
Balow my Boy, thy Mother's Joy,
Thy Father's bred me great Annoy.
Balow, &c.

Balow my Darling, ſleep a while,
And when thou wakes, then ſweetly ſmile,
But ſmile not as thy Father did,
To cozen Maids, nay, God forbid;
But in thy Face his Looks I read,
Who overthrew my Maidenhead.
Balow, &c.

I was too credulous at the firſt
To grant thee that a Maiden durſt;
And in thy Bravery thou did'ſt vaunt,
That I no Maintenance ſhould want:
Thou ſwear thou lov'd, thy Mind is moved,
Which ſince no otherwiſe has proved.
Balow, &c.

When he began to court my Love,
And with his ſugar'd Words to move,
His tempting Face and flattering Chear
In time to me did not appear;

But

But now I ſee that cruel he
Cares neither for his Babe nor me.
Balow, &c.

I wiſh I were a Maid again,
From young Men's Flatt'ry I would refrain;
For now unto my Grief I find,
They are all faithleſs and unkind.
Their tempting Charms, which bred my Harms,
Witneſs my Babe lyes in my Arms,
Balow, &c.

I take my Fate from beſt to worſe,
That I muſt needs now be a Nurſe,
And lull my young Son in my Lap;
From me, ſweet Orphan, take the Pap:
Balow my Boy, thy Mother mild
Shall ſing, as from all Bliſs exil'd.
Balow, &c.

Balow my Child, weep not for me,
Whoſe greateſt Grief's for wronging thee;
Nor pity her deſerved Smart,
Who can blame none but her kind Heart,
For too ſoon truſting, lateſt find,
That faireſt Tongues have falſeſt Minds.
Balow, &c.

Balow my Boy, thy Father's dead,
When he the thriftleſs Son has play'd;
Of Vows and Oaths forgetful, he

Pre-

Preferr'd the Wars to thee and me:
But now, perhaps, thy Curſe and mine,
Makes him eat Acorns with the Swine.
Balow, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falſeſt Youth,
That ever kiſs'd a Woman's Mouth;
Let never any after me
Submit unto thy Courteſy;
For if ſhe do, O! cruel thou
Will her abuſe, and care not how.
Balow, &c.

I wiſh I were into that Bounds
Where he lies ſmother'd in his Wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for Air,
My Name, whom once he call'd his Fair:
No Woman is ſo fiercely ſet,
But they'll forgive, tho' not forget.
Balow, &c.

Now Peace, my Comfort, curſe not him,
Who now in Seas of Grief doth ſwim,
Perhaps at Death, yea who can tell,
Whether the Judge of Heaven and Hell,
By ſome predeſtinate daſtard Lad,
Revenging me, hath ſtruck him dead.
Balow, &c.

If Linnen lacks for my Love's ſake,
Then quickly to him would I make

My Smock, once for his Body meet,
And wrap him in that Winding-ſheet:
Ay me, how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein!
Balow, &c.

Balow my Boy, for this I ſee,
That all this Wailing is for thee;
Thy Griefs are growing to a Sum,
God grant thee Patience when they come,
Born to bewail thy Mother's Shame;
A happleſs Fate, a Baſtard's Name!
Balow, &c.

A Diſſwaſive from Women.

COme away, do not purſue
A Shadow that will follow you,
Women lighter than a Feather,
Got and loſt, and all together:
Such a Creature may be thought
Void of Reaſon, a Thing of Nought.

Come away, let not thine Eyes
Gaze upon their Vanities;
Nor thy better Genius dwell
Upon a Subject known ſo well;
For whoſe Folly at the firſt
Man and Beaſt became accurs'd.

Come

Come away, thou canſt not find
One of all that's fair and kind:
Brighter be ſhe than the Day,
Sweeter than a Morn in *May*,
Yet her Heart and Tongue agrees
As we and the *Antipodes*.

Come away, or if thou muſt,
Stay a while, yet do not truſt
To her Sighs, nor what ſhe ſwears;
Say ſhe weeps, ſuſpect her Tears:
Though ſhe ſeem to melt with Paſſion,
'Tis old Deceit but in new Faſhion.

Come away, admit, there be
A Natural Neceſſity;
Do not make thy ſelf a Slave
For that which ſhe deſires to have.
What ſhe will, or do, or ſay,
Is meant the clean contrary Way.

Come away, or if to part,
Soon from her affects thy Heart;
Follow on thy Sports and ſmile,
Laugh and kiſs and play a while;
Yet as thou loves me, truſt her not,
Leſt thou become I know not what.

An Anſwer.

STay, O ſtay, and ſtill purſue,
Bid not ſuch Happineſs Adieu.

 Know'ſt

Know'ſt thou what a Woman is?
An Image of Celeſtial Bliſs:
Such a one is thought to be
The neareſt to Divinity.

Stay, O ſtay, how can thy Eye
Feed on more Felicity?
Or thy better Genius dwell
On Subjects that do thus excel?
Had it not been for her at firſt,
Man and Beaſt had liv'd accurs'd.

Stay, O ſtay, has there not been
Of Beauty and of Love a Queen!
Does not Goodneſs term a She
Worthy its only Shrine to be?
And where will Vertue chooſe to ly,
If not in ſuch a Treaſury?

Stay, O ſtay, would'ſt thou live free,
Then ſeek a Nuptial Deſtiny;
'Tis not Nature's Bliſs alone,
She gives but Heav'ns, and that in one.
What ſhe will, or do, or ſay,
Never from Truth ſhall go aſtray.

Stay, O ſtay, let not thine Heart
Afflicted be, unleſs to part
Soon from her Sport, kiſs and play,
Whilſt no Hours enrich the Day;
And if thou doſt a Cuckold prove,
Impute it to thy want of Love.

Elegy

Elegy on the Death of a Miſtreſs.

DEar Soul farewell, thou, now with Glory crown'd,
Beholds me here into Affliction drown'd;
Thy Vertue's ſad Admirer I remain,
Misfortune's Object, and the World's Diſdain:
I know not but the Exceſs of my Care
Might reach the furtheſt Limit of Deſpair,
Did not Religion dictate to my Senſe, (mence
That Heavenly Powers ſhall once again com-
My Happineſs by Death, in viewing thee,
My Wiſhes Object, next the Deity.
I would, if Sorrow could allay my Cares,
Pour forth my Heart, and ſpend my Soul in Tears;
My Blood ſhould ſerve to animate my Guile,
To trace my Thoughts, and to expreſs my Will,
And Duty both; but when I mean to ſpeak,
My Soul it fainteth, and my Heart doth break,
Oppreſt with Grief to find it ſelf depriv'd
Of thee, its Joy, for whom it only liv'd:
If Vertue, Wit, or Beauty could prevent,
(Yea Piety join'd, to a chaſt Intent)
This ſudden Change, thou might have liv'd entire
Till Heav'n and Earth had been conſum'd by Fire;
Or had the Fates deferr'd thy lateſt Breath,
Till fraught with Years, unto the Stroke of Death,
I had lamented less; but thus to ſee
Thee Step, ſo ſoon, into Eternity!
Whom I ſo dearly lov'd! Great is my Loss,
Great

Great, yea the greateſt of all Human Croſs.
The more I live, the more I ſhall regret
My ſad Misfortune, but communicate
My Thoughts to none, ſave to the Heav'ns & thee,
'Till God be pleas'd to end my Miſerie.
Then all you Follies of the preſent Age,
Farewell fond World, no further I'll engage
My Truſt to thee; and farewell Fortune too,
I know the utmost that thy Rage may do:
Thy higheſt Favours half oblige at beſt,
But oft thy frowns can never be redreſs'd.
Let others fear a Change of their Eſtate,
I'll live ſecure now from the Frowns of Fate:
The worſt is paſt, and in thy Death I find
The greateſt Grief of an afflicted mind.
No ſecond Sorrow can produce in me
So deep a Senſe as this Calamity;
For loſing thee, in whom I wiſh'd to live,
I have loſt more than all the world can give,
Or Death it ſelf hereafter take away,
Ev'n from the preſent to the Judgment-Day.
None will my juſt Reſentment count a Crime,
Since Youth, nor Age, nor all conſuming Time,
Can breed Oblivion of thy high Deſert,
Within the Compaſs of my bleeding Heart.
Thou being gone, in whom I liv'd content,
The World to me ſhall prove indifferent;
And when that Time ſhall happily portend,
By ſure Preſage, my near approaching End;
How gladly then ſhall I my Soul reſign,
To be conjoin'd eternally with thine

In

In Happineſs within the higheſt Heaven,
Where unto thee a Crown's already given,
That ſo in Glory there thou may'ſt excel,
As here in Good. Then once again, farewell,
Dear Soul, the Object of my faithful Love,
Whilſt here on Earth, ſo now in Heav'n above!

On the Lady Caſt - - - n.

WHen *Aurelia* firſt I courted,
She had Youth and Beauty too,
Killing Pleaſures when ſhe ſported,
All her Charms were ever new.

Subtil Time hath now deceiv'd her,
Which her Glories did uphold;
All her Arts can ne'er reprive her,
Poor *Aurelia* is growing old.

Thoſe airy Spirits, which invited,
Are retir'd, and move no more;
And thoſe Eyes are now benighted,
Which were Comets heretofore.

Want of thoſe abate her Merits,
Yet I've Paſſion for her Name:
Only kind and am'rous Spirits
Kindle and maintain a Flame.

In

In Praiſe of Women, by Montroſe.

WHEN Heav'ns great *Jove* had made the World's round Frame,
Earth, Water, Air, and Fire; above the ſame,
The ruling Orbs, the Planets, Spheres, and all
The leſſer Creatures, in the Earth's vaſt Ball:
But, as a curious Alchimiſt, ſtill draws
From groſſer Mettals finer, and from thoſe
Extracts another, and from that again
Another that doth far excel the ſame.
So fram'd he Man of Elements combin'd,
T' excel that Subſtance where he was refin'd:
But that poor Creature, drawn from his Breaſt
Excelleth him, as he excell'd the reſt:
Or as a ſtubborn Stalk, whereon there grows
A dainty Lilly or a flagrant Roſe;
The Stalk may boaſt, and ſet its Vertues forth,
But take away the Flow'r, where is its Worth?
But yet, fair Ladies, you muſt know
Howbeit I do adore you ſo:
Reciprocal your Flames muſt prove,
Or my Ambition ſcorns to love:
A Noble Soul doth ſtill abhore
To ſtrike, but where its Conquerour?

On Black Eyes, by my Lord Gordon.

BLeſs me, how ſtrange a Light appears!
Shrewded within thoſe Jettiſh Spheres,
Where

Where no Viciſſitude is known;
But Day ſtill bears Dominion:
Dark Circles, which about them run,
Are but like Shadows to the Sun,
Which curious Nature only meant
Not in Defect but Ornament.

A Lover's Lamentation.

KING *Priamus* had no more Pain
With *Echo*, with *Echo*,
When he believ'd *Thisbe* was ſlain,
With many weary Woe's me!
With no leſs Sorrow I remain,
Thy Abſence doth ſo grieve me.
Farewel! Adieu my only Love,
Alas that I muſt leave thee.

What Abſence doth procure more Woe,
With *Echo*, with *Echo*,
When Lovers doth from others go
With many a weary Woe's me!
Alas that I ſhould part from thee,
Thy Parting doth ſo grieve me.
Farewel! Adieu my only Love,
Alas that I muſt leave thee.

What greater Torments can ye have,
With *Echo*, with *Echo*,

Nor want the Preſence that ye crave,
With many a weary Woe's me!
O if I were into my Grave,
Where no Man would reprove me.
Farewel! Adieu my only Love,
Alas that I muſt leave thee.

Queen *Dido* did no more lament
With *Echo*, with *Echo*,
When fair *Æneas* from her went
With many weary Woe's me!
No Earthly Joy can me content,
Of Reſt thou doth bereave me.
Farewel! Adieu my only Love,
Alas that I muſt leave thee.

When I am off the Country gone,
With *Echo*, with *Echo*,
What can I do but ſigh and groan
With many weary Woe's me!
Believe me well I muſt depart,
Thy Abſence doth ſo grieve me.
Farewel! Adieu my only Love,
Alas that I muſt leave thee.

When I am gone out of thy Sight,
With *Echo*, with *Echo*,
I muſt bewail the longſome Night,
With many weary Woe's me!
For all the Night my Bird ſo bright,
Of Reſt thou doth bereave me.

Ten Thouſand Times Adieu, my Love,
Alas that I muſt leave thee.

Inconſtancy reproved.

I Do confeſs thou'rt ſmooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found, the ſlighteſt Prayer
That Lips could ſpeak, had Power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be lov'd by none.

I do confeſs thou'rt ſweet, yet find
Thee ſuch an Unthrift of thy Sweets,
Thy Favours are but like the Wind,
That kiſſeth every Thing it meets;
And ſince thou canſt love more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be lov'd by none.

The Morning Roſe that untouch'd ſtands,
Arm'd with her Briars, how ſweetly ſmells,
But pluckt, and ſtrain'd through ruder Hands,
Her Sweets no longer with her dwells,
But Scent and Beauty both are gone,
And Leaves fall from it one by one.

Such Fate e're long will thee betide,
When thou haſt handled been a while,
Like fair Flowers to be thrown aſide,
And you ſhall ſigh when I ſhall ſmile,

To ſee thy Love to every one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd be none.

On the Death of John *Earl of* Errol.

GReat and Illuſtrious! what Tongues of Men
Or bolder Pen,
Dare draw the lively Picture of thy Fame,
Or ſing thy Obſequies
In duller Lays,
Than thoſe did flow from the great *Homer*'s Bays,
The Divine Vertues of thy Soul blaſpheme?
Too ſcantie I
To aim ſo high,
As the vaſt Empire of the God of Verſe,
Muſt be content
My humbler Thought to vent, (Herſe.
And drop my ſpeaking Tears upon thy glorious

II. *STANZA.*

Thou was not for this wretched Age deſign'd;
But Heaven was kind,
So to divide thy Days, as Earth might ſhare
A Half, ſince ſuch a Man on Earth was rare,
Whoſe Feet ſtood fixed on a Square
In Peace and War.
No Blaſt could ſhake the Firmneſs of thy Mind,
No melting Courtier or inſulting Prince,
E'er by Perſwaſion could prevail
Or Threat aſſail

The

The well built Fortreſs of thy Innocence;
For ſtill thy Juſtice was its own Defence,
And Loyalty
Thy ſecond Deity,
Which through the Conduct of thy Life with Luſtre ſhin'd.

III. *STANZA.*

No Clouds could marr thy Courſe, thy fixed Soul
Was both the Artick and Antartick Poll,
The Pilot of thy Judgment ſteer'd ſtill right
In darkeſt Night;
No Broils or Wars
'Mongſt little Stars,
Could darken or eclipſe thy piercing Sight,
No ſudden Blackneſs of the Horizon
Could caſt thee down, (frown:
Nor no Conjunction of the Planets make thee
But knew Light would at laſt appear
With all the Glories of the Hemiſphere;
And well thou knew, and well thou ſaw how far
A Meteor differ'd from a fixed Star.

IV. *STANZA.*

To ſum up all thy Goodneſs were a Theme
Too large; a Dream,
A common Text, unworthy of thy great illuſtrious Name,
Although each one were drawn at large in thee,
Yet I'll contrive them in Epitomie.
The ſplendid Glories of thy ancient Race,
What

What can deface,
Till there's an End of Nature, Time and Space?
The Moral Vertues of thy Noble Mind,
With Grace enthron'd, in ſolemn Council join'd,
At once t'aſtoniſh and attract Mankind,
The Paſſions were ſo ſeated in thy Breaſt,
That each poſſeſt
A quiet Reſt,
Calm as the ſoft Enjoyment of the Bleſt:
Nor did the outward Beauties of thy Face
Want their due Place
In that well order'd Symetrie
Of the wiſe Builder's Architecturie,
Which temp'red it 'twixt Mildneſs, Majeſty and Grace.

V. *STANZA.*

And now farewell, bleſt Shade, immortal Ghoſt,
While we are toſs'd,
Thy welcome Soul is landed on the Coaſt;
All that a Muſe unglorify'd can do,
Is to purſue
Thy Paths, ſo far as we can keep thee in our View.
But now a Blaze of Glory ſhining bright,
With uncreated Light,
Dazles our Eyes, and takes thee from our Sight,
Which flam'd about thy Sacred Duſt;
Such is the Retribution of the Juſt.
And now the Shadows of the Grave do fly,
And Death is ſwallow'd up in Victory:
The Sacred Incenſe of thy Name
Shall in a Lambeck Flame

Aſpire

Aſpire, and like a Conſtellation ſhine,
With Rays Divine,
In the eternal World, and Hemiſphere ſublime.

On the Death of Sir C. . . M . . . land.

WHat melancholy Rumour's this I hear,
That fills my Soul with Grief, and grates mine Ear?
The killing Sound ſtill nearer does approach,
And does all Hearts with Grief & Sorrow touch.
Ah! fatal Sound! But thou can'ſt not be fled:
The Sweet, the Young, mild METELLANUS Dead!
Too true: He's gone, gone like a new ſprung Roſe,
Whoſe opening Leaves does fragrant Sweets diſcloſe,
Torn from the Stalk by an untimely Blaſt,
And all the ſcattered Leaves 'mong Weeds are caſt;
Ah! why ſhould Goodneſs make ſo ſhort a Stay?
Why was he only ſhown, and ſnatch'd away.

What e're ripe Virgins wiſh for, or deſire,
When they're inflam'd with Love and *Hymen*'s Fire,
And in their Fancies ſtudied Beauties wed,
Was all in Him, could all in him be had;
Sprightly and cheerful, and had every Grace
That could adorn a Body or a Face.

His

His Head well ballanc'd, and a generous Mind,
To no baſe, mean, ignoble Thing inclin'd,
And He, like Heaven, to all was juſt and kind.

In's Converſation there was clearly writ
The active Vigour of his Youthful Wit;
But not like thoſe who wittily offend
Heaven, or Religion, or their deareſt Friend.
None's Fame he hurt, gave no chaſt Ear Offence,
Still true to Friendſhip, Modeſty and Senſe.

The boyling Paſſions never did moleſt
The calmer Region of his gentle Breaſt:
That all was calm within we clearly knew,
By's courteous Smiles and his unclouded Brow:
His Mind did with ſuch ſerene Calmneſs move,
As did reſemble the great Mind above.

But's Merits are too noble and refin'd,
For the groſs Senſes of a vulgar Mind;
And had Fate mean't to have his Vertues told,
She would have let him live till he'd been Old.
Fair were our Hopes, that he would ſoon aſpire
To the Noble Virtues of his worthy Sire.

When Man is young, too weak to fly away,
Bold Vice purſues him like ſome Bird of Prey;
But when once wing'd with Vertue and more Years,
He ſoars above her Reach, and ſhe retires;
So he to this high Pitch was ſoaring faſt;
Vaſt were our Hopes! but ah how quickly daſht!
His Faults might all be on his Forehead wore,
And the wide World be his Confeſſor:

He'd

He'd Faults, but juſt enough to let us ſee
That Heaven is true; that all Men Sinners be:
Youth pleads Excuſe, and leſſens a Treſpaſs.
How little Poyſon cracks a Cryſtal Glaſs!

On the Death of Sir John *the* Grame.

HEre lies Sir *John* the *Grame*, baith wight and wiſe,
One of the Worthies, reſcu'd *Scotland* thrice;
A better Knight not to the World was lent,
Nor was good *Grame* of Truth and Hardiment.

Mente manuque potens & Vallæ *fidus* Achates,
Conditur hic Gramus *bello interfectus ab* Anglis.

Of Mind and Courage ſtrong,
And *Wallace* true *Achates*;
Here lies Sir *John* the *Grame*,
Slain by the *Engliſh* Baties.

Vivit poſt funera virtus.

Lady Callendar's *Epitaph.* 1659.

HEre lies the *Phœnix* of her Sex, the Ark
Where Loyalty and Honour did imbark

The Day of our Deluge; what had ſhe been,
Had She been He, a Soul ſo Maſculine!
Bruce, *Wallace* ſhould remounted have the Stage
Of Action, with the worthieſt of that Age.
She was a Woman, (I'll not ſhame Men much)
But had our Lords and Leaders all been ſuch,
Our King and Country had not been ſold by Knaves,
Nor ſhould we now go ſupplicate like Slaves.

On Judge Smith *and* Moſeley, *by* Samuel Colvin. 1667.

Smith, *Moſely* and Neceſſity
Reſemble one another;
Neceſſity it hath no Law,
Nor *Smith*, nor *Moſely* neither.

Yet they have Conſcience, for they are
Moſt liberal to the Poor;
They bribe, and, what they gain, beſtow
Upon a needy Whore.

Smith courts by Day, *Moſely* by Night,
After the Ten-Hour-Bell;
The one the other doth relieve,
As *Leda*'s Sons from Hell.

They

They ſay they do not ſin, but pray;
If this be a Miſtake,
Their Honours prays with Breeches down,
And ſhe prays on her Back.

The Woman's Univerſe, 1652.

WIT's Blue-ey'd Maid, *Induſtrious Art*,
By Reaſon's Diſquiſition,
Hath ſo anatomiz'd each Part
Of Nature's Conſtitution;
That nothing now in Nature can
Ly hid, obſcure or ſecret,
But by the Induſtry of Man
Her Miſteries are made naked.

How Azure Spheres do trip and dance,
How *Primum Mobile* capers,
Whence Day affords his Radience,
How Darkneſs blows her Tapers;
How Hot, how Cold, how Moiſt, how Dry
Dwells in their ſeveral Center,
Man knows, and by his Induſtry
Their Diſcords can contemper.

What Earth doth in her Boſom keep,
How Winds blow from their Treaſure,
What Alteration in the Deep,
How Clouds drop Rain by Meaſure;

What Number is of Conſort's Frame,
How Bodies keep Proportion,
Man knows, and rears a Diadem
From this their ſtrict Extortion.

Now while that Man, by Reaſon's Frame
Proves ſovereign ſole Commander
O'er Nature, and makes all her Train
As Vaſſals for to render:
There reſts yet one Thing undiſcry'd,
Which Senſe accounts but common;
Yet never Art hath well bewray'd,
And this we call a *Woman.*

The PAINTER.

For will ye raiſe *Apelles* Ghoſt,
And make him ſit and paint her,
He'll quit the Task, and ſwear he's loſt
The Colours that frequent her:
Her Eyes and Mind are ſo at Strife,
By Luſt her inward Lurker,
That when ſhe is labour'd to the Life,
She falſifies the Worker.

ALCHIMIST.

Were *Reymond Lillie* yet alive,
To hazard his Projection,
His Fire would fail, his Glaſs would rive,
E're he attain'd Perfection;
For let him calcine to his Skill,
Coagulat and increaſe,

And

And multiply as faſt's he will,
She ay more fixeth the leſs.

ASTRONOMER.

Were *Ptolomeus* ſet to try
Her Faſhions by her Figure,
He'd find in her Nativity
A very World of Vigour;
For all her Stars are dignify'd,
Except that Part of Fortune,
By which 'tis plainly ſignify'd,
She cares not who importune.

PHYSICIAN.

Hippocrates for all his Skill
In Nature's hid Diſeaſes,
Could never cure her Falling-ill,
Which takes her when ſhe pleaſes:
The Symptomes of her Paroxiſm
Shows plainly ſhe's Aſthmatick;
No Wonder, for her Priapiſm
Did firſt make her Aquatick.

DIVINE.

Ask at the Divine what an Ape
She proves in Rules of Piety,
He'll tell you that ſhe may be Pape
For ſimulate Sobriety:
Her Looks are Puritain's, her Life
Proves her to be Catholick;

'Tis

'Tis Reaſon, for ſhe's *Peter*'s Wife,
And he was Apoſtolick.

LAWYER.

The Twelve pure Laws which were ſometimes
Ingrav'd in Golden Tables,
Are now too weak to point her Crimes,
She flirts at them as Fables:
Her Practicks in the Innerhouſe,
Made ſtrong by Inſtitution,
Doth make the Pandects for to pouſe,
The Cods for Contribution.

GRAMMARIAN.

In Grammar ſhe is ſo perfect,
To try her were but Folly,
For ſhe has taken ſuch Delight
In *omni viro ſoli*,
That never Man had Subſtantive
Yet fram'd of ſuch Perfection,
But ſhe o'erthrew't with Adjective,
By way of Interjection.

LOGICIAN.

In Logick ſhe is ſo perquire,
She ſcorns all *Ramus* Criticks;
For when her Topicks prove unſure,
She lives by'r Analyticks:
Her Demonſtrations do not care
For διότι, but ὅτι

Her

Her bocardiſing Captions are,
From πῦ, or elſe from πότε.

MUSICIAN.

Amphion's Senſe-bewitching Harp
Ne'er warbled half ſo ſweetly,
As ſhe can play on Lute or Harp;
And ſtring her but diſcreetly:
She knows a Minim by a Brief,
A Crotchet by a Quaver,
Let Beef above her be her Clief,
Her Prick-ſong cannot waver.

ARITHMETICIAN.

Has ſhe Arithmetick? Yes, at Will,
To help her Calculation,
She'll add, divide, ſubſtract, but ſtill
She loves Multiplication;
Yet ſhe's no Uſurer for to take
Hard Intereſt for the Hunder,
But like a Saint, for Conſcience Sake,
She works, and lies at under.

MERCHANT.

The Scholars being huſh'd and gone,
Let's ſee how Tradeſmen know her:
The Merchant comes, is quite o'erthrown,
Not paying what he owes her;
He puts a Cypher to her Score,
To reckon up his Tinſel,

But yet he proves a Diver, for
He never pays the Princ'pal.

MARINER.

Ne'er *Palinurus* prov'd ſo ſtout
In Tempeſt on the Ocean,
As ſhe can ride it bravely out
'Twixt Wind and Waves Commotion;
For, put the Helm into her Hand,
And ſtrike the Topſail lower:
She neither fears for Rock nor Sand,
No Tempeſt can o'erthrow her.

SOLDIER.

For Skill in Military Sport,
She may be crown'd Commander;
For ſhe can charge, retire, exort,
And force her Foe to render:
She'll puſh a Pike, and fire her Pan,
And ſerve in ſo good Order,
That never Enemy yet wan
A Foot within her Border.

SMITH.

The Smith, becauſe he wears the Crown,
Thinks beſt he can deſcribe her;
Upon his Forge he lays her down
To make his Graver try her.
But O! her Stuthy is ſo fix'd,
His Hammers ſtill retorted,

And e'er his Mettals can be mix'd
His Sinders are diſſorted.

TAYLOR.

The Taylor comes ſome better ſpeed,
He fits her to the Faſhion;
His Elwand and his Baiſing-Threed
Do cure her Iliack Paſſion.
But O! her Trials are ſo quick
She'll make a Prentice tremble,
And e'er he ſow a Needle Stick,
She burns him with the Thimble.

WEBSTER.

The Webſter with his jumbling Hand
And Dornick-champion Napries,
Will make the coyeſt Wench to ſtand
A Prentice to his Fop'ries.
But O! his Shuttle is ſo ſhort,
He wants Waft e'er the Middle,
And makes his Client to comport
With Plain inſtead of Twiddle.

SUTOR.

Then comes the Sutor with his Laſt,
Minds by her Foot to wooe her:
A long Eleven's the fitteſt Laſt
He can preſent unto her.
But when he falls unto his Work
His Shoes are ſo unhandſome,

That ſhe doth foil him in the Dark,
And unawars ſhe wants him.

MASON.

The Maſon's Rule, and plumbing Stones,
In no ways do ſuffice her;
Terquinque of them all at once
Not able are to pleaſe her:
For put a Graver in her Hand
She'll carve a Tomb at leiſure,
That all the Maſons in this Land
By Art cannot it meaſure.

WRIGHT.

Now comes the Wright for to repair
The Bottom of her Beef-Stand,
No wonder though her Heart be ſair,
She's not the better at his Hand:
For why? his Wumble is ſo weak,
That e're he bore an Inch in
It makes the Couple for to break,
She may not well forbear him.

CONCLUSION.

God help me! What a Wretch is this,
Whom neither Art nor Nature,
Can paint her well in Pain or Bleſs,
With Colours of due Feature?
Then why ſtrive I thus for to wed,
Euridice to faſhion:

Though *Orpheus* got her Maiden-Head,
Yet *Pluto* knows her Paſſion.

Theſe Seven following by Montroſe.

I.

MY dear and only Love, I pray
This noble World of thee,
Be govern'd by no other Sway
But pureſt Monarchie.
For if Confuſion have a Part,
Which vertuous Souls abhore,
And hold a Synod in thy Heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like *Alexander* I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My Thoughts ſhall evermore diſdain
A Rival on my Throne.
He either fears his Fate too much,
Or his Deſerts are ſmall,
That puts it not unto the Touch,
To win or loſe it all.

But I muſt rule and govern ſtill,
And always give the Law,
And have each Subject at my Will,
And all to ſtand in awe.

But 'gainſt my Battery if I find
Thou ſhun'ſt the Prize ſo ſore,
As that thou ſet'ſt me up a Blind,
I'll never love thee more.

Or in the Empire of thy Heart,
Where I ſhould ſolely be,
Another do pretend a Part,
And dares to Vie with me,
Or if Committees thou erect,
And goes on ſuch a Score,
I'll ſing and laugh at thy Neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be conſtant then,
And faithful of thy Word,
I'll make thee glorious by my Pen,
And famous by my Sword.
I'll ſerve thee in ſuch noble Ways,
Was never heard before:
I'll crown and deck thee all with Bays,
And love thee evermore.

The Second Part.

MY dear and only Love, take heed,
Leſt thou thy ſelf expoſe,
And let all longing Lovers feed
Upon ſuch Looks as thoſe.
A Marble Wall then build about,
Beſet without a Door;

But if thou let thy Heart fly out,
I'll never love thee more.

Let not their Oaths, like Vollies ſhot,
Make any Breach at all;
Nor Smoothneſs of their Language plot
Which way to ſcale the Wall;
Nor Balls of Wild-fire Love conſume
The Shrine which I adore:
For if ſuch Smoak about thee fume,
I'll never love thee more.

I think thy Virtues be too ſtrong
To ſuffer by Surpriſe:
Which Victual'd by my Love ſo long,
The Siege at length muſt riſe,
And leave thee ruled in that Health
And State thou was before:
But if thou turn a Common-Wealth,
I'll never love thee more.

But if by Fraud, or by Conſent,
Thy Heart to Ruine come,
I'll ſound no Trumpet as I wont,
Nor march by Tuck of Drum:
But hold my Arms, like Enſigns, up,
Thy Falſhood to deplore,
And bitterly will ſigh and weep,
And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as *Nero* did,
When *Rome* was ſet on fire; Not

Not only all Relief forbid,
  But to a Hill retire;
And ſcorn to ſhed a Tear to ſee
  Thy Spirit grown ſo poor:
But ſmiling, ſing until I die,
  I'll never love thee more.

Yet for the Love I bare thee once,
  Leſt that thy Name ſhould die,
A Monument of Marble-ſtone
  The Truth ſhall teſtifie;
That every Pilgrim paſſing by,
  May pity and deplore
My Caſe, and read the Reaſon why
  I can love thee no more.

The golden Laws of Love ſhall be
  Upon this Pillar hung,
A ſimple Heart, a ſingle Eye,
  A true and conſtant Tongue.
Let no Man for more Love pretend
  Than he has Hearts in ſtore:
True Love begun ſhall never end;
  Love one and love no more.

Then ſhall thy Heart be ſet by mine,
  But in far different Caſe:
For mine was true, ſo was not thine,
  But lookt like *Janus* Face.
For as the Waves with every Wind,
  So ſails thou every Shore,

And leaves my conſtant Heart behind,
How can I love thee more?

My Heart ſhall with the Sun be fix'd
For Conſtancy moſt ſtrange,
And thine ſhall with the Moon be mix'd,
Delighting ay in Change.
Thy Beauty ſhin'd at firſt moſt bright,
And wo is me therefore,
That ever I found thy Love ſo light,
I could love thee no more.

The miſty Mountains, ſmoaking Lakes,
The Rocks reſounding Echo;
The whiſtling Wind that Murmur makes,
Shall with me ſing Hey ho.
The toſſing Seas, the tumbling Boats,
Tears droping from each Shore,
Shall tune with me their Turtle Notes,
I'll never love thee more.

As doth the Turtle chaſte and true
Her Fellow's Death regrete,
And daily mourns for his Adieu,
And ne'er renews her Mate;
So though thy Faith was never faſt,
Which grieves me wond'rous ſore,
Yet I ſhall live in Love ſo chaſt,
That I ſhall love no more.

And when all Gallants rides about
Theſe Monuments to view, Where-

Whereon is written in and out,
Thou traiterous and untrue;
Then in a Paſſion they ſhall pauſe,
And thus ſay, ſighing ſore,
Alas! he had too juſt a Cauſe
Never to love thee more.

And when that tracing Goddeſs *Fame*
From Eaſt to Weſt ſhall flee,
She ſhall Record it to thy Shame,
How thou haſt loved me;
And how in Odds our Love was ſuch,
As few has been before;
Thou loved too many, and I too much,
That I can love no more.

II.

THere's nothing in this World can prove
So true and real Pleaſure,
As perfect Sympathy in Love,
Which is a real Treaſure.

The pureſt Strain of perfect Love
In Vertue's Dye and Seaſon,
Is that whoſe Influence doth move,
And doth convince our Reaſon.

Deſigns attend, Deſires give place,
Hopes had no more availeth;
The Cauſe remov'd the Effect doth ceaſe,
Flames not maintain'd ſoon faileth.

The

The Conqueſt then of richeſt Hearts,
Well lodg'd and trim'd by Nature,
Is that which true Content imparts,
Where Worth is join'd with Feature.

Fill'd with ſweet Hope then muſt I ſtill
Love what's to be admired;
When frowning Aſpects croſs the Will,
Deſires are more endeared.

Unhappy then unhappy I,
To joy in tragick Pleaſure,
And in ſo dear and deſperate Way
T'abound yet have no Treaſure.

Yet will I not of Fate deſpair,
Time oft in End relieveth,
But hopes my Star will change her Air,
And joy where now ſhe grieveth.

III.

UNhappy is the Man
In whoſe Breaſt is confin'd
The Sorrows and Diſtreſſes all
Of an afflicted Mind.

The Extremity is great,
He dies if he conceal,
The World's ſo void of ſecret Friends,
Betray'd if he reveal.

Then break afflicted Hearts,
  And live not in theſe Days,
When all prove Merchants of their Faith,
  None truſts what other ſays.

For when the Sun doth ſhine,
  Then Shadows do appear;
But when the Sun doth hide his Face,
  They with the Sun retire.

Some Friends as Shadows are,
  And Fortune as the Sun;
They never proffer any Help
  Till Fortune firſt begin.

But if in any Caſe
  Fortune ſhall firſt decay,
Then they as Shadows of the Sun
  With Fortune run away.

IV.

BUrſt out my Soul in Main of Tears,
And thou my Heart Sighs Tempeſt move,
My Tongue let never Plaints forbear,
But murmure ſtill my croſſed Love;
  Combine together all in one,
  And thunder forth my tragick Moan.

But, tuſh, poor Drop, cut Breath, broke Air,
Can you my Paſſions expreſs?

No:

No: rather but augment my Care,
In making them appear the leſs.
Seeing but from ſmall Woes Words do come,
And great ones they ſing always dumb.

My ſwelling Griefs then bend your ſelf
This fatal Breaſt of mine to fill,
The Center where all Sorrows dwell,
The Limbeck where all Griefs diſtil,
That ſilent thus in Plaints, I may
Conſume and melt my ſelf away.

Yet that I may contented die,
I only wiſh, before my Death,
Tranſparent that my Breaſt may be,
E're that I do expire my Breath;
Since Sighs, Tears, Plaints, expreſs no Smart,
It might be ſeen into my Heart.

V.

CAN little Beaſts with Lions roar,
And little Birds with Eagles ſoar;

Can ſhallow Streams command the Seas,
And little Aunts the humming Bees?

No, no, no, no, it is not meet
The Head ſhould ſtoup unto the Feet.

VI.

Epitaph on King Charles I.

GReat, Good and Juſt, could I but rate
My Grief to Thy too Rigid Fate!
I'd weep the World in ſuch a Strain,
As it would once deluge again:
But ſince Thy loud-tongu'd Blood demands Supplies,
More from *Briareus* Hands, than *Argus* Eyes,
I'll tune Thy Elegies to Trumpet-ſounds,
And write Thy Epitaph in Blood and Wounds!

VII.

On Himſelf, upon hearing what was his Sentence.

LEt them beſtow on ev'ry Airth a Limb;
Open all my Veins, that I may ſwim
To Thee my Saviour, in that Crimſon Lake;
Then place my purboil'd Head upon a Stake;
Scatter my Aſhes, throw them in the Air:
Lord (ſince Thou know'ſt where all theſe Atoms are)
I'm hopeful, once Thou'lt recollect my Duſt,
And confident Thou'lt raiſe me with the Juſt.

King

King *Charles*'s Lament.

YOu Gods and Goddeſſes that rules in Helicon,
Look me upon;
Help to relieve a Pris'ner out of Thrall,
Let not theſe ſavage Hearts, as Furies ſent from Hell,
Torment me ſtill,
Who have in Store no Mercy, none at all.
Alcides *come for to defend me,*
And wave thy Club about,
Or elſe they will my Perſon kill
Before they let me out.
For wicked Cerberus, *my Porter,*
Doth bear me great Deſpite,
And ſeeks by Death to ſtop my Breath;
He can both bark and bite.

To me moſt patient penſive Pris'ner left
Of Joy bereft;
My Griefs and Troubles cannot numbred be:
A hopeleſs, helpleſs, harmleſs Man lies here forlorn,
And held in Scorn,
By thoſe who once were Subjects unto me;
Who through the Mercies that I uſed
While I was in full Power,
Moſt merc'leſly oppreſs they me,
And vex me every Hour:
I have releas'd many bond Slaves,
And ſet the Pris'ners free,
Yet helpleſs I in Priſon ly,
Without all Remedy.

It

'Twould make a Heart of Flint relent to ſee my Woes
Done by my Foes,
Who once had all Things at my own Command;
No Cloaths to wear, no Food for me to eat,
No Drink or Meat,
But what is given by my En'mies Hand.
My Friends are all from me departed,
Though ſore againſt their Will:
Not one is here that comes me near,
But thoſe that wiſh me ill.
A Thouſand Ways they do practiſe
To work my Life's Decay.
Hap Well, hap Wo, it muſt be ſo,
The bond Man muſt obey.

To try and vex my Patience, to my Charge they lay,
Day after Day,
Such horrid Crimes, of which I never knew.
Their Tongues like poys'ning Aſps or double edged Swords,
Speak byting Words,
Which are as falſe as any Thing is true.
Even ſo with their falſe Accuſations,
They raiſe a deadly Strife,
To ſeparate and breed Debate
Betwixt me and my Wife;
My Children alſo are abus'd,
As to the World is known,
And others they do now enjoy
That which was once my own.

Beſides my Keepers Cruelty is over much,
Never was ſuch
A Captive Pris'ner kept in Slavery.
There is no Friend dare come my Perſon near,

And

And that for Fear,
Without Admittance from my Enemy.
Each Day and Hour I ſtand in Danger
Of theſe my deſperate Foes,
Who do not ſpare, 'tis known they dare
To give me bloody Blows,
If they but ſay I do offend them,
Though I know not the Cauſe;
They ſhow their Might, and with me fight.
Theſe are their new made Laws.

Thus am I ev'ry Day moſt barbarouſly uſed,
Baſely abuſed
By ſome of them, for whom I have done good,
And ſome in whom I put my Truſt,
Have prov'd unjuſt,
And are moſt ready for to ſhed my Blood.
Ev'n as that curſed Traitor Judas
His Maſter did betray;
So my falſe Friends for their own Ends,
Have ſold my Life away.
No faithful Friend dare come me near
At all to take my Part,
But ev'ry Man doth what he can
To break my wounded Heart.

How happy is the Man that labours all the Day
For little Pay,
For he at Night may ſafely go to Reſt;
And he that travails up and down, and takes moſt Pains
Receives the Gains,
And takes his Lodging where it likes him beſt.
Theſe Men have Liberty to labour,
A ſweet and pleaſant Thing;

And

And in their Fare more happy are
Than is a troubled King.
The Country Swains, the ſilly Shepherds,
And Tradeſmen eek alſo,
Have Liberty, while here I ly
In Sorrow and in Wo.

Is't not a Father's chiefeſt Comfort for to ſee
Theſe Things to be,
His own dear Children, ever in his Sight?
Is't not the Mirror of a Husband's Life
To ſee his Wife,
And have her in his Preſence Day and Night.
All theſe ſweet Pleaſures are kept from me,
While I on Earth remain,
Except the Wind will prove ſo kind,
As to turn the Tide again:
Till then with Patience will I wait,
Wiſhing Health, Wealth and Peace
To theſe that be at Liberty,
And wiſh for my Releaſe.

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SPECIMEN OF TYPE.

SON. 61.

How long shall I bestow my time in vaine,
And sound the praises of that spitefull boy;
Who whilst that I for him my paines imploy,
Doth guerdon me with bondage and disdaine?
O, but for this I must his glorie raise,
Since one that 's worthie triumphs of my fall;
Where great men oft to such haue bene made thrall,
Whose birth was base, whose beautie without praise,
And yet in this his hatred doth appeare,
For otherwise I might my losse repaire,
But being as she is exceeding faire,
I'm forc'd to hold one that 's vngratefull deare.
These euerchanging thoughts which nought can bind,
May well beare witnesse of a troubled mind.

SON. 62.

When as the sunne doth drinke vp all the streames,
And with a feruent heate the flowres doth kill;
The shadow of a wood, or of a hill,
Doth serve vs for a targe against his beames:
But ah, those eyes that burne me with desire,
And seeke to parch the substance of my soule,
The ardour of their rayes for to controule,
I wot not where myselfe for to retire:
'Twixt them and me, to have procur'd some ease,
I interpos'd the seas, woods, hills, and riuers;
And yet am of those neuer emptied quiuers,
The obiect still, and burne, be where I please:
But of the cause I need not for to doubt,
Within my breast I beare the fire about.

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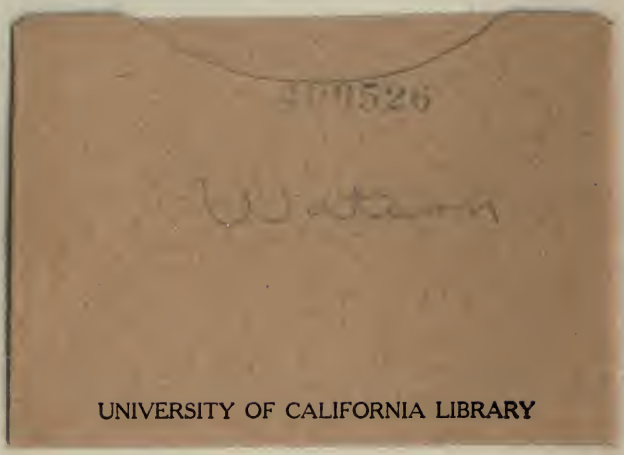
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